

New Peaks

of speed, power and safety



As Thrilling in Beauty as in Performance

In appearance and value, as well as performance, Hudson is the most talked of car of the year. It has captured public imagination as no other car ever shown. Its dramatic welcome rapidly swept to new sales peaks, far exceeding the greatest factory output Hudson ever produced. And this leadership is still ascending on nation wide acknowledgment of the new meaning which the released Super-Six principle gives to performance.

The Super-Six has the smoothness of an electric motor. Four years' development led to full release of its capacity in power, stamina and safety. Your Hudson Super-Six never extends itself. It always has reserve power for the approaching hill or for greater speed. And its four-wheel brakes with the flexibility of the motor permit a flashing nimbleness you will like.

There is a car in its seven new body types that meets any desire for beauty, comfort and luxury.

The Super-Six Principle freed to the Limit **HUDSON**

Standard Coach \$1650 - Standard Sedan \$1780

Custom Built Models

Roadster \$1925 - Phaeton \$2055 - Brougham \$2020

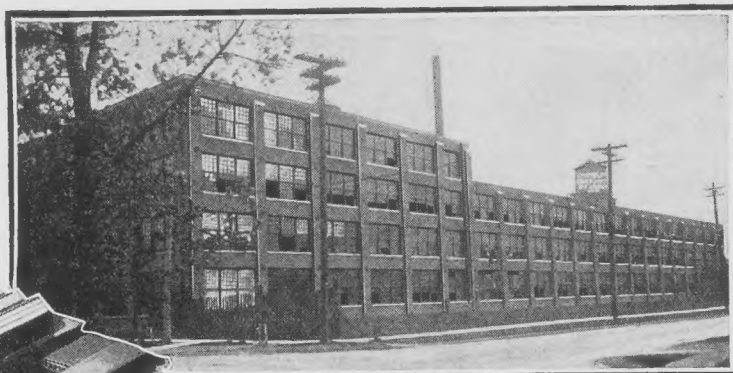
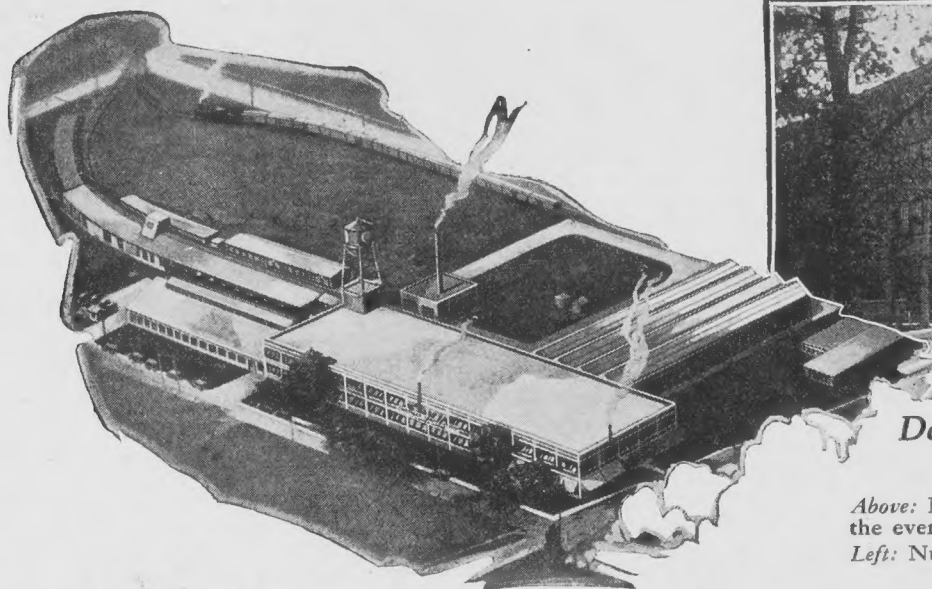
5-Passenger Sedan \$2245 - 7-Passenger Sedan \$2375

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Taxes Extra

Super-Six

CHRYSLER

Fourth in Dollar Volume of Sales
by Reason of Public Endorsement



*Demand for Canadian-Built Chryslers
Results in Huge Expansion*

*Above: Number 2 Plant recently acquired to keep pace with the ever-increasing demand for Canadian-built Chrysler cars.
Left: Number 1 Plant of the Canadian-built Chrysler car.*

DURING the last six months of last year, the car-buying public—led on by a new vision of value—has completely overturned the lineup among automobile manufacturers and lifted Chrysler to *fourth place in dollar volume* among the world's largest motor car producers.

Chrysler is now preceded only by that other great individual manufacturer who gave the world standardized quantity—as Walter P. Chrysler introduced Standardized Quality—and two units of the largest corporate group in the industry.

The significance of this amazing advance of Chrysler in public esteem is very plain: people have once more

proven that they will always seek out the individual operator who disregards outworn principles and practices and brings them something unmistakably new, unmistakably progressive, and unmistakably superior in service.

In Canada, as throughout the world, people have found—in Chrysler "50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—qualities and values which are not to be found elsewhere and which therefore place each Chrysler unmistakably apart from all other cars in its price-class.

Last year, Chrysler business in Canada increased 93%—and, to meet

the ever-increasing demand, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, took over in January another plant, securing 300% increased facilities for 1927 production and realizing the long-cherished ambition of having Chryslers built largely of Canadian materials in Canadian plants by Canadian workers.

The Chrysler dealer in your vicinity will welcome an opportunity to place a Chrysler car at your disposal. Take out the car. See for yourself how it settles all arguments by demonstration and by differences so obvious that you cannot fail to class it as unique and literally above competition.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

Chrysler "50"

SIX BODY STYLES

\$1045 to \$1220

50 miles and more per hour

Chrysler "60"

SIX BODY STYLES

\$1470 to \$1770

60 miles plus—with ease

Chrysler "70"

NINE BODY STYLES

\$2010 to \$2590

70 miles plus

Chrysler Imperial "80"

ELEVEN BODY STYLES

\$3635 to \$5225

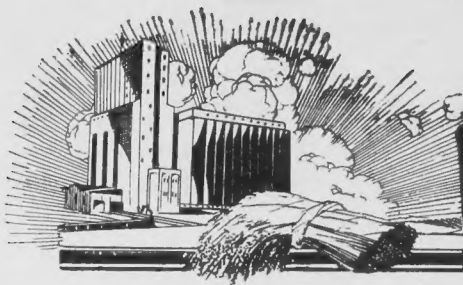
80 miles plus—92 horsepower

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added), including all taxes and complete equipment.

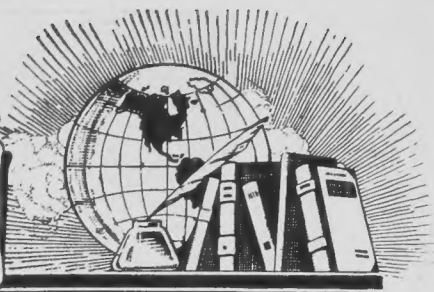


THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS





EDITORIAL



Motherhood

IF WE can justify the practice of setting apart certain days for remembering worthy deeds or worthy people, then surely there is justification for giving Motherhood a first place in the Roll of Honor. It is true that in a public way womankind does not generally care to exercise her influence, but, in the realm of home where tastes, habits and ideals are formed, and where character is established, she wields a silent power that is unrivalled.

*"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Attilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'er run
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest;
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the
best?"*

So we cheerfully acknowledge the silent moulding force of a mother's sweet personality. Compared with it all other influences are but secondary. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

If motherhood has such high honor she pays the price in sacrificial devotion, in patient suffering, in midnight watching, in tearful worry. For the one thing a mother cannot escape is the feeling of responsibility, and with it necessarily come griefs and heartaches, such as men can never know; silent anxieties and secret soul-troubles that are breathed only to the One that knows and feels it all.

There is, however, this glorious compensation, that those who feel the deepest grief can likewise experience the greatest joy. To mothers alone are given the sweetest smiles of babyhood, the whispered confidences of childhood, the worship of adolescence and the full-hearted devotion or memory of manhood.

"Mother!" calls the child a hundred times a day. "Mother!" calls the gray-bearded man when he comes to the last great struggle. Unselfish love and patient endurance—when other virtues fail, these continue to exert their power—in all lands, in all ages, despite the customs which often place woman in a position of inferiority, motherhood reigns, and we do well to recognize her power and pre-eminence.

The Habit of Betting

IN ANY legitimate transaction there is a benefit to both parties; in betting one gains without giving anything in return.

It is not good argument to say that the loser has the excitement of the bet. The fact that the loser agrees to pay in case he loses, differentiates betting from stealing, but in essence the two things are the same. It is right for a man to get money by giving an equivalent, or by receiving it as a gift, but both betting and stealing mean getting something for nothing. It is gain to one through the loss of another, and therefore it is unethical.

Betting has as its origin—the craving of men for adventure or sport. This is a worthy desire if given healthy expression, but no adventure should be undertaken unless the object is worthy. Betting also gives color to life and one can almost tolerate it in people whose environment is drab and gray. Yet in reality there is no defence for the practice. There is, however a reason why we should seek to build a social order which will provide a healthier outlet for the spirit of adventure.

Betting degrades games. It proclaims that sport in itself has no sufficient enticement. In business there is an element of risk and speculation which is unavoidable. In farming there is even a greater risk than in business. But stock-gambling, horse-race betting, and the like, are anti-social in their character. Gambling persisted in induces a feverish passion which is destructive of the sense of right and wrong.

Outline of Modern European Literature

The future Canadianism of the West will be a fabric of many colors, a compound of half a hundred elements. An essential condition for the development of that Canadian type of the future is mutual knowledge and sympathy. The nationals who come from every corner of Europe bring with them rich traditions of literary and artistic achievement. An affectionate understanding of those traditions will help to establish a common bond of Canadian citizenship, and to incorporate precious elements into our own growing traditions.

We have been fortunate in securing for the "Western Home Monthly" a series of articles which will seek to further this consummation. The series is entitled: "An Outline of Modern European Literature," and is being written exclusively for the "Western Home Monthly" by the well-known Canadian scholar, Professor Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S., of Wesley College, Winnipeg. Professor Kirkconnell has travelled widely, and has studied all of the languages and literatures of Europe without exception. It is probable that no other Canadian today is so well qualified to write a survey of the whole field of European literature. In his articles will be incorporated his own verse translations from all of the languages involved.

The first article of the series will be a general survey of all the languages of Europe, and will appear in our June issue. Some of the later subjects will be: "The Great Ages of Polish Literature," "The Poets of Polyglot Switzerland," "The Genius of Modern Scandinavia," "Czechoslovakia's Intellectual Past," and "The Flowering of Modern Greece."

This unusual series of articles will enhance the interest of "The Western Home Monthly" both for the Anglo-Canadian and for the Newer Canadian whose cultural past is being set forth.

The Aeroplane

THERE are two views which may be held—one helpful and the other discouraging, and they are well expressed in the words of Sir Samuel Hoare in the British House of Commons and Mr. Garvin, writing in *The Observer*:

Sir Samuel said: "If air policy is to be of any value it must be on a big scale. It must be imperial and not local; it must be mobile and not static. We must have Empire air routes over which we can move quickly and safely both our civil and our military machines. That fundamental doctrine of air policy was fully accepted by the representatives of the Imperial Conference."

"There is also a move in the direction of co-operation in the matter of airships. At the imperial Conference we had a number of most valuable discussions upon the future of airships from the point of view of commercial lines for the benefit of the Empire, and I am glad to say that the Prime Ministers of South Africa and Canada have both agreed to include in their Estimates for this year substantial sums for building masts without which it would be impossible successfully to carry out this programme of airship development."

"For the air can bring the capitals of the Empire nearer together than ever before. There is no technical reason why you should not by means of aeroplane and airship bring England within two

days of Canada, five days of India, six days of South Africa, and eleven days of Australia. Our policy, whether it be expressed in the training of pilots or in the scientific and technical improvement of machines and engines, ought to be focused upon this objective.

"On the one hand, the air force must be made as mobile as possible; on the other civil aviation must direct its aim, not on to the enclosed spaces and the storms and fogs of Europe so much as to the boundless expanses and wide horizons of the British Empire. By this means I see a prospect of using the air force as an instrument of economy and not as a stimulus to greater expenditure. I see a prospect of making aviation an asset and not a liability to the British Empire."

Not as a pessimist but as a prophet Mr. Garvin had this to say:

"The grim thought remains. No real policy of defence in the air is possible for any country. Security depends upon the deterrent efficacy of the power of counter-attack. In air-war, and this is a new point of hope as well as terror—no country can be exempt from invasion. Irreparable devastation would be mutually inflicted before any belligerent could claim a victory. On these terms conflict, whatever the issue, would be an insane frenzy. No single nation will ever be allowed to make itself 'safe' in the air while possessing the power to shatter its neighbors."

"Are there no means of dissipating the nightmare? Is there no way to create a decisive confidence in the future of peace? We think such a way may be found, but only if the facts as we have depicted them are gravely confronted, and if the supporters of the League of Nations abandon their optimistic generalities and concentrate their minds upon the root of the matter."

"We repeat that we have no faith whatever in mechanical disarmament by itself. Physical armaments can be improvised only too easily. Armaments do not make themselves. They are created by industry and science. The mechanical sources cannot be destroyed. We believe in nothing but the disarmament of minds and hearts by the peaceful adjustment of differences and by measures for the mutual promotion of prosperity and security."

The Bond of Society

"I TRY to fix my thought on the good that is in every soul, and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures for you loyal helpers, worthy friends, and gets the work done. I do not believe in governing by force or threat or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear or discord, or hate or revenge. I will influence men if I can, but only by aiding them."

This, from Elbert Hubbard, is a motto for every one, whether head of a family or of an industrial organization; whether private citizen or member of a brotherhood. It is true of nations as of individuals. Love alone is eternal. The reaction to force is another force. The reaction to love is love itself.

Each For All

"THE mastodon and mammoth, the tiger and the lion and all such individuals remarkable only for their brute strength, and utterly deficient in social qualities, have either disappeared or have been left far in the rear. What goes ahead is the individual who can best comfort himself in company with other individuals; who can enter into the feelings of others, and have the most vivid sense of their unity with other men."

This quotation from Sir Francis Younghusband, contains the principle that underlies all social advance. Men cannot get to higher things by fighting, by clambering over one another's backs. They must all rise or fall together. What looks like success in the individual or the group is only temporary greatness, unless it is founded in unselfishness and good-will.



PEGGY AND LEONARD SWALLOW, children of Mrs. May E. Swallow of Winnipeg

"Irritable, continually out of sorts—my children were a daily trial"

"LAST SPRING around Easter I realized that the two younger children, Peggy and Leonard, were not feeling well.

"Both had lost their appetites. They were nervous and irritable—continually upset. I didn't know what to do with them.

"I had heard Fleischmann's Yeast highly spoken of as a tonic. So one day when I was down-town I bought half a dozen cakes to start them on.

"They seemed to like it from the first and ate it as you would celery—sprinkled with salt.

"Soon they were both in the best of

health again and I believe we have Fleischmann's Yeast to thank for their improvement."

MRS. MAY E. SWALLOW, Winnipeg, Man.

TO regain your health and energy you must keep your system *always clean and active*. Fleischmann's Yeast does just that.

Yeast is a fresh corrective food, a living plant, grown in nutritious grain extracts.

This active vegetable substance promotes digestion and cleanses the entire intestinal tract, preventing the poisons of putrefaction from being absorbed into the blood and keeping the skin clear and free from blemishes.

Unlike cathartics, yeast gradually strengthens the intestinal muscles and trains them to work by themselves.

Start today to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. S-5, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

This Easy, Natural Way to have your rightful, vigorous health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



"I AM A POLICEMAN—on night duty. I work six weeks out of seven, pounding the sidewalks. Some time ago I had to leave my beat. I even had to go to bed, I was suffering so from intestinal trouble brought on by constipation. A friend of mine told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it three times a day before meals and now I can honestly say that of all the things I tried I got real satisfaction only from Fleischmann's Yeast. It also worked wonders in ridding me of skin trouble. I continue to take Yeast for my athletic training, and today I can compete with the best in Canada in athletics."

WM. R. CLARK, Hamilton, Ont.



"I HAD got into a run down condition. Pimples began to break out all over my face and body. I actually hated to go out, and have people see me. Finally a friend of mine asked me to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I started by taking 4 or 5 cakes of Yeast a day. In about two weeks my skin started to clear up. I continued and was surprised at the way it helped me. My skin is now as smooth as a baby's."

EDWARD VINK, Vancouver, B. C.

RIGHT

"FOR A LONG TIME I had not been well. My digestion was very poor. I often had pains in my stomach and I was generally run down. I had heard of a remedy that everybody said was quite effective—Fleischmann's Yeast. But I did not try it at once. However, the pains in my stomach became more frequent. I lost all interest in food. Finally I decided to try three or four cakes of Yeast a day in the hope of effecting a change. After a few weeks I found that I could eat anything I liked without fear. This was a year ago. Fleischmann's Yeast improved my general health so much that I have continued its use—a cake dissolved in hot water three times a day. It keeps me entirely free from indigestion and in the best of health."

MARIA DUBOIS, Quebec, P. Q.

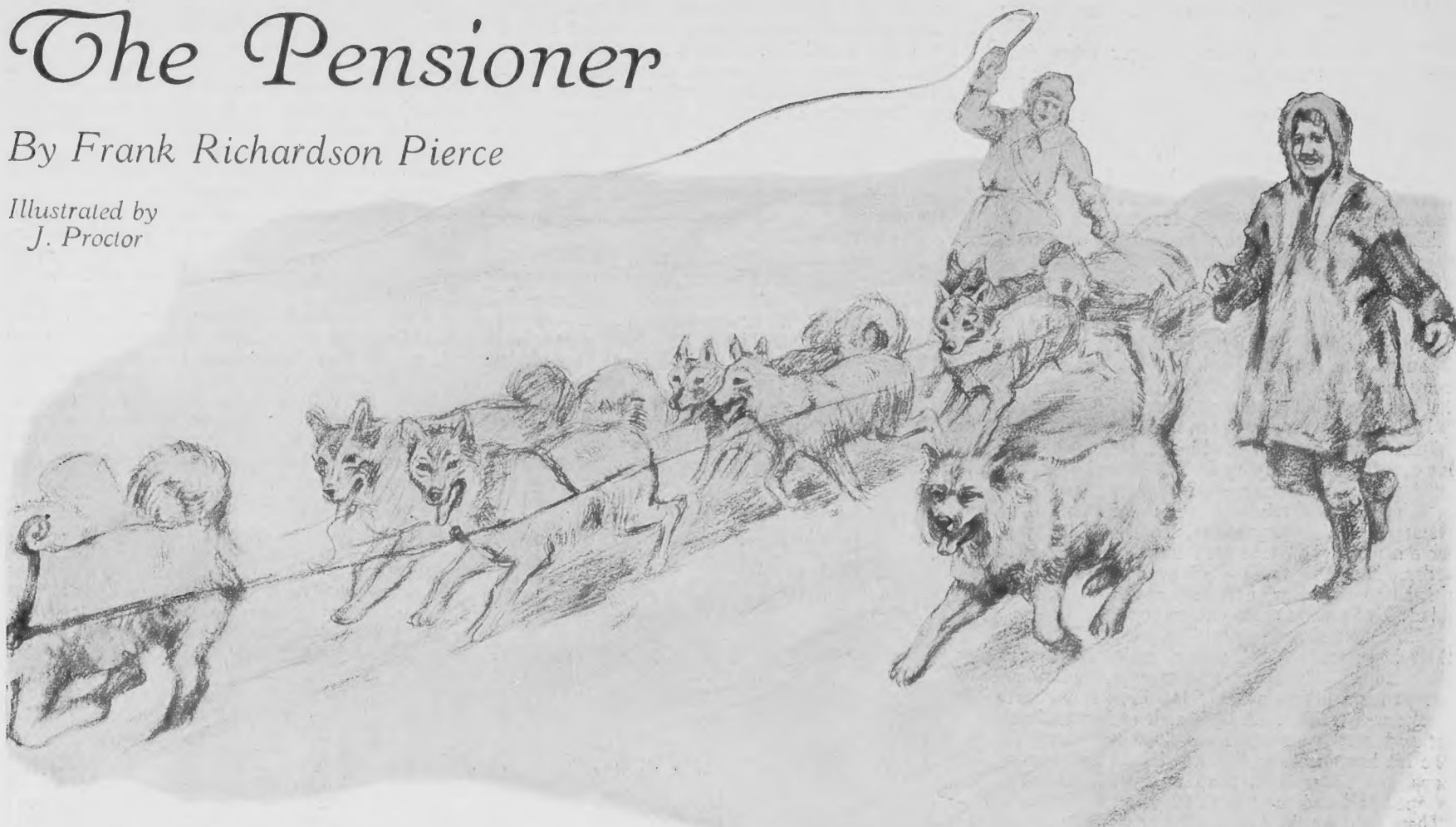


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA

The Pensioner

By Frank Richardson Pierce

Illustrated by
J. Proctor



Edith had been fitted out with moccasins and a light parka, and to vary the ride, or to lighten the load when the going was rough, she frequently ran behind with Arctic

THE pensioner stretched out before the stove, blinked his eyes and yawned; a canine patriarch who had almost lived his span of life and now in his declining years hovered nearer the fire than his old-time team-mates.

Not many years ago, the Malemute's powerful jaws had snapped an attacking wolf's paw clean off, and a second snap had stretched out another wolf with its throat gaping. Then, as the pack was about to tear the Malemute apart by weight of numbers, Evans had rushed to the rescue with a few well-placed shots from his thirty-thirty rifle.

Like an old man with memories, the pensioner enjoyed reliving the colorful days of his youth. Evans had saved his life that time, but then, to offset that the old Malemute had saved Evans from death on several occasions. A wonderful man was Evans in the pensioner's eyes. He rarely laid the lash across a dog's back; always thought of his team first and himself last. He was big, rangy, masterful, and the pensioner's observing eyes had noted the approving glances of more than one pretty girl; but Evans did not seem to care for them.

The pensioner did not care for women, either. There was one exception—a beautiful creature, with soft hands that thrilled him to the core when they stroked his ears or back. She lived in Seattle, a distant place of many noises, where the trail beneath a dog's pads is hard and where strange odors assail a dog's nostrils at every turn. He had spent a whole winter at Seattle and only once saw snow. It was a poor country for a Malemute.

His master liked this girl, too; he looked upon her with a wonderful light in his eyes, and often opened his arms to hold her close. In all his experiences the Malemute had never before witnessed such a foolish performance. When they had sailed from Seattle in the spring the girl had come to the dock to see them off. The next winter had been different.

Evans, his partner Grady, and the dogs had wintered high in the mountains that year. They had staked claims on different forks of a small river, but were sharing the same cabin for companionship. It was a time when food was low, and the men quarreled bitterly.

"Rot!" Grady had exclaimed; "you can't let sentiment rule your heart in this game. Arctic was a great dog in his day, but he's through. His teeth are gone except for a few snags, and you're feeding him boiled rice which we'll need ourselves before spring. The other dogs are getting lean, but there's lots of meat on Arctic's frame."

The light of murder had leaped into Evans' eyes.

He had leaned across the table, his eyes blazing with hate for the man he had once called his dearest friend. "God knows, I've got a sense of gratitude. Old Arctic and I have been in too many tight situations together for me not to see him through now."

"He's through!" Grady said evenly. "He's outlived his usefulness. You can't make a pensioner out of him with my grub, and that's final. If you're so chicken-hearted you can't do the sensible thing and shoot him, I'll do it for you." Grady had grasped Arctic by the scruff of the neck and started for the door.

"Let go, Grady!" Evans' face was ashen in the stress of his terrible rage. "Let go! Or—or—I'll kill you!" Grady was no coward, yet he shrank from the awful expression in the other's face. "Kill him!" Evans snarled, "kill the best pal, man or beast, I ever had, bar none? Toss that faithful body that has stood between me and death to the dogs for food? Curse you, Grady, for suggesting it! There's not room in this cabin for both of us—I'll clear out!"

They had divided their food to the last pound, and Evans, with half the dogs and equipment, had mushed a mile down the frozen North Fork of the river, then back up the South Fork another mile to an old cabin. In the midst of an Arctic winter he had cleared out rotting debris and turned it into a respectable abode. The next summer he reached bedrock and pay dirt. He toiled early and late, but when the salmon came to spawn and die he spent many a precious hour away from the sluice boxes while he caught and dried fish for the dogs.

DURING winter nights when the storms howled without and the draft sighed up the stovepipe, Arctic permitted himself the luxury of resting his eyes affectionately on his master. The corner shelf was the master's shrine for a photograph of the wonderful girl, and for several moosehide pokes stiff with gold. Of late, Arctic noticed Evans was restless and frequently looked upon the photograph several minutes at a time. Once he had exclaimed: "Only ten more days, little girl!" Then he whooped with joy.

"She's coming, old boy!" Evans told the dog one day. "Edith is coming to brighten this old place. She's a brave little girl to come 'way up here alone to marry a scrub like me, and we'll make it as nice for her as we can."

Evans overhauled the sled, loaded it down with heavy warm robes, a small tent, and provisions sufficient for the trip to the little settlement where

narrow bands of steel connected the interior with the ice-free port of Seward on the coast.

Jennings, the settlement storekeeper, greeted them as old friends. "Brought old Arctic along too, huh? You're a sentimental young fool, Evans, keeping an old pensioner on your pay-roll. He'll never be any more use to you."

"You infernal old hypocrite," retorted Evans, grinning, "if I didn't know you had a pensioner of your own in your kennels I'd take a healthy punch at you. Arctic's through; but he's earned his rest. I felt kind of sorry for the old boy, coming in."

"You've got half an hour till train time," said Jennings, so you'd better fix up. I'll take care of the dogs; soft stuff for Arctic and fish for the rest."

"Thanks, Jennings; and if it's not too much trouble, you might ask Mrs. Jennings to pack up a special box of grub a bride's likely to need when she starts up housekeeping. I got plenty of staples, but Edith will want to make some cakes, pies, and things, I suppose."

"Another good man gone," muttered Jennings facetiously.

"What's that?" interrupted Mrs. Jennings unexpectedly.

"The right way!" added Jennings hastily.

IT WAS the Alaska of song and story Edith Densmore faced as the "Victoria" made way up Resurrection Bay to Seward. The bay is perhaps twelve miles long and very narrow, walled in on either side by a mighty row of mountains, and the snow came down to the rocky shore.

The girl, warmly clothed, paced the deck, a picture of radiance, beauty and health, eagerly watching the scene. The wildness delighted, yet at the same time filled her with a strange dread, as if this rugged country intended to put her to the test.

"Oh, I love it!" she whispered, "love it and yet fear it."

As Evans gathered her into his arms, a considerable portion of Seward's male population looked on with hearty approval. Attentive ears heard a muffled "Archie!" in reply to his "Edith!" Then he gave instructions for the disposal of her grips.

"Thank heavens, the ship wasn't late," he said, getting back to earth. "The train leaves in a few minutes for Anchorage."

"And Arctic?" she queried. "How is the dear old fellow?"

"Fine as a fiddle, getting younger every day, except for his teeth. He's up the line, waiting for you at Jennings'."

Two days later after the wedding, when the train pulled out from Anchorage and headed into the vast land called the "interior," a score of newly-made old friends were on hand to bid them farewell. The train carried freight of all kinds—mail, passengers, and dogs. There were men in parkas, others in overcoats; some dressed for the trail, others dressed as though for a conventional business conference. They smoked cigars, cigarettes, and pipes, swapped trail experiences, and looked upon Malemutes and huskies with critical eyes.

"Now," Edith told Evans, "I know why dogs mean so much in this land. Do the thrilling adventures they tell of really happen, or do they tell me these things because I am a tenderfoot?"

He laughed. "No, they're not telling yarns. When a man leaves the last road-house behind, he's on his own hind legs, relying on himself and dogs."

"And when a woman—?"

"The same unrelenting rule; but this little woman needn't worry about that—she'll always have a man to do that for her, when worry is in order. But I've mushed all over this land and, thanks to my dogs, a strong back, and a weak mind; I've always come out on top."

"The next stop is ours!" Evans gathered up their bags, while Edith peered curiously through the window. The expanse of snow was unbroken, except for a little cluster of buildings from which smoke was trailing. A little sigh of homesickness escaped her; a strange lump filled her throat. She bit her trembling lips lest he see and perhaps not understand, then a cry of delight escaped her, and the lump and dread vanished. "There's old Arctic, Archie. You get off first and I'll follow and see if he remembers me."

The dog came trotting slowly toward the train ahead of Jennings and his wife. Evans set the bags down upon the snow as the dog came to him. Then the dog stopped abruptly, his nose sniffing the air. Like a flash he rushed toward the girl. "Brace yourself, Edith," warned Evans, "he's coming."

The great paws leaped upward until they quite touched her shoulders, and, while a paw rested on either shoulder, she was kept busy ducking her head to avoid enthusiastic osculations.

"Just the way I felt when I saw her, old man!" said Evans.

Mrs. Jennings did not wait for an introduction. "I'm right glad to see you, Edith!" she exclaimed. "I've had dinner waiting an hour. You're a brave little lady to come up here alone—even for Archie." And her beaming smile seemed to lighten everything with its radiance. Then she placed a motherly arm about the girl's waist and led her to the house.

LONG before daylight the following day, they were under way. Nine big Malemutes handled the heavy sled with ease. Edith, nestling within the warm robes, was snugly comfortable. By a method known only to the skilled freighter, Evans had stowed her steamer trunks and bags on the sled, making a formidable load.

"In this country we start early, so we can make the next camp by daylight," he explained; "the dogs are fresh and strong, so all you have to do is to sit here and enjoy life. Arctic's the only old one in the bunch, and he's running free."

Edith had been fitted out with moccasins and a light parka. To vary the ride, or to lighten the load when the going was rough, she frequently ran behind with Arctic, and marvelled at the skill displayed by both Evans and the dogs in handling the sled.

A cloud of steam constantly hovered over the laboring team. With each mile the country about grew wilder. The girl saw not the slightest sign of a trail, yet both dogs and man proceeded with confidence.

"The trail's here, all right," Evans explained later. "When we get off it, I can feel the difference immediately. Up here we have educated feet. It won't take you long to educate yours; just try running to either side, and you'll notice the difference." She experimented, and was delighted to find that even her inexperienced feet noted a difference.

They camped that night in a sheltered spot. There was little for Edith to do. She marvelled at the skill with which Evans mixed up a batch of sour-dough biscuits. With the aid of a small tree he

erected the tent and prepared the sleeping-bags. Edith crawled into her bag; then Evans leaned down and kissed her. "Don't forget to wind up the clock and put out the cat, dear!" she laughed.

Old Arctic poked his nose through the flap, looked around with approval, then lay down at her feet. "It's comfy," she told herself softly, "and Archie's good to me. Some day I'll know more of this life; then I'll not lean upon him so much."

Some time later she felt him shake her gently. "It's morning," he whispered. "You want to get up and look about!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed delightedly, "the dears!" They were surrounded by the heads of nine dogs, each head thrust beneath the bottom of the tent, the remainder of their bodies being outside. Arctic alone was entirely within.

"They always do that," said Evans; "the air is warmer inside the tent. Now, you stay here and I'll have some hot tea ready in a minute."

So the days passed, each bringing them into wilder country. Noon of the last day found Evans bending over the fire, stirring up a beef concoction.

"PTOMAIN!"

The single word was forced from Evans' set lips. Edith was right, the meat was not only stale but was unfit for even his strong constitution. Ever since eating he had been conscious of pain. Occasional twinges at first, then sharper with alarming frequency, until now he staggered along at the sled-handles on sheer nerve. The same magnificent fighting spirit that had always carried him through was again serving loyally.

"I got to make it to the cabin!" he snarled to himself; "I got to, for her sake. If anything should happen to me out here—good heavens, what would she do, alone? What could she do? I got to make it." He looked down upon all he held dear, as if seeking strength from sight of her. In the warmth of the robes and gently sliding sled, she was dozing. Again came the agonizing cramps, filling his body with their deathly warning. His face twisted with pain, yet he urged the dogs onward in a normal voice. She must not know.

"Twelve miles more!" he muttered: "two more, then seven across the lake, then three over the ridge and into the next valley . . . valley . . . up riv—"



Squarely over his body stood Arctic, making a final stand against the murderous fangs

"How far is our nearest neighbor?" she queried suddenly.

"I'm taking you to a mighty lonely place," he replied, straightening up. "There's only one man inside of fifty miles of our cabin—Grady. He's only about a mile off; but he's an enemy."

"Oh, that's too bad for both of you," she said, with quick sympathy.

"It is," he admitted; "when men quarrel up here it's tragic. But you know about our quarrel. Converting old Arctic into dog food was the one thing Grady should never have suggested to me."

"Perhaps he has thought it over and is sorry," she suggested.

"Not Grady!" he replied. "I would have things different if I could, but we cannot make men to suit ourselves. Well, dinner—oh, pardon me—luncheon is served. We'll eat the next meal at home. We should make it by dark."

"Ah, exclaimed Evans a moment later, "you don't like my mulligan!"

She flushed. "The mulligan is all right, but the meat tastes old. I'll fill up on something else. Anyway, I don't require much meat, I'm not doing heavy work."

"Sometimes the grub does become a bit stale up here, he explained; but as a class we are tough customers and thrive on stale meat and ancient, if not too ancient, eggs."

Evans' appetite, whetted by the fresh air and plenty of hard work, was equal to the occasion, and he consumed the stew to the last spoonful. "Now, let's go; we'll wash the dishes at home."

river . . . home!" The world seemed to whirl madly; his hands relaxed their grip and he pitched forward into the trail. With pathetic desperation he strove to cry out, but in the stress of his great pain he barely whispered, then lay silent in the trail, behind the sled, which continued on its way. . . .

A swift-moving figure of gray that had followed like a shadow for the past two miles peered cautiously down upon the fallen man, then from up-raised muzzle came the doleful wail of the wolf, almost a death-cry, that violated the peace of the land and disturbed the echoes in the lofty crags. From the timber a second figure cautiously emerged, then together they warily approached the fallen figure, sniffing the air, muscles tense, ready to flee, yet drawing nearer.

A quarter of a mile beyond, the team settled down for the stiff up-grade pull. Half way up, the lead-dog missed the trail, something struck the runner, a violent lurch and the sled overturned. Edith found herself face downward in the snow. She was up instantly, laughing. "A nice trick to play on your unsuspecting bride," she cried gaily, then the smile faded; a nameless, horrible dread gripped her. "Archie!" Awakened suddenly from her sleep she was unable fully to comprehend her position. "Arctic! Arctic!" He, too, was gone. The team had been stopped by the overturned sled. The dogs were squatting on their haunches awaiting someone to put things right and mush on.

Then a breath of the Arctic whipped about her, the advance guard of an onrushing storm. In another hour it would be snowing. Surmising the situation, Edith became strangely cool. She cut

the lashings and dragged her trunk and bags clear, then righted the sled, pulled the dogs around and started back. A short distance beyond the lead dog came to a stop, hair bristling in rage, fangs bared in a snarl. The horror and magnificence of the scene ahead was never to fade from her memory.

EVANS had not moved from where he had fallen. Squarely over his body stood Arctic, making a final stand, his faithful body and loyal old heart a shield for the helpless master he loved; a magnificent old pensioner, adding to the already overwhelming debt his master owed him; old, even feeble, yet ready to match his toothless gums against the murderous fangs of the two wolves circling slowly to attack.

For the first time in their experience, a team of Evans' felt the bite of the lash. It rose and fell until the team was racing. From the ridge above two more wolves loomed into view. Reinforced, the others stood their ground. "I'll never make it," she whispered; "Good old Arctic will be pulled down, and then—"

"Whoa!" The team halted, uneasily staring at the wolves. Edith blessed the big brother who had taught her to use a thirty-three, and Evans' rifle, which was lashed to the sled. She aimed carefully, fired, and one brute leaped stiff-legged into the air, and fell quivering to the snow; a second shot sent the other dragging its hind quarters into the brush. She brought down a third before it reached the woods. She replaced the rifle and urged the team onward.

"Oh, you poor dear! You are suffering so!" The tears sprang to her eyes unbidden as she touched his white, drawn face with her lips. Evans tried to smile, an attempt that wrenched her very soul.

"Ptomaine!" he whispered with an effort. "It's going to snow!" He paused to gather his strength. "Let me go . . . I'll . . . be . . . all right . . . Drive fast . . . before storm." Cramps twisted his body and features agonizingly, choking off his words. "Brave little wife," he faltered; "love . . . you . . . take . . . old Arctic . . . and . . ." The words died away to a whisper. She leaned closer.

"Oh, my darling, tell me what you want me to do! I'll never leave you here! Never! Never! Never! Archie! Archie! What of Arctic?" She shook him frantically to arouse him; to draw from the silent lips the phrase that might mean the difference between life and death to both. A strange peace seemed to have settled over Evans; the face lost its agony.

Then she dragged his limp form to the sled and covered it with robes. The lead dog was gnawing at an ice-ball in one of his pads. "Ready now!" she cried. "Find the way home!" She took her place at the sled. "Mush on!" Beneath her moccasined feet she felt the trail. Arctic trotted contentedly at her heels.

The first flurry of snow greeted her as she bucked her way through a rough spot. She had taken the only apparent course, yet when she emerged to easier going she no longer felt the trail.

A twinge of dread gripped her. She urged the dogs onward, allowing the leader his own judgment.

Presently he stopped, and she hurried ahead to find a way down a steep incline. The frozen lake, covered with snow, stretched out before her. Her frantic search to pick up the real trail was fruitless, but the silent figure on the sled goaded her to desperate measures, and she made a trail of her own. Once on the lake she permitted the leader to take his own course, urging the team on at a killing pace now that the going was good. The falling snow blotted out all landmarks.

With each footfall she hoped to feel the trail once more, to know they were not wandering aimlessly about, wasting precious moments. The suspense was maddening, and she lost all track of time, except that it was almost night. The lead dog swerved suddenly, the others followed, and a cry of joy burst from her lips. "A trail!" she sobbed, "A trail, and it's fresh. Oh, Archie, it means help for you."

Eagerly she stooped to examine the tracks. They were small for a man. "A woman!" she whispered. "Another woman here?" A dull, wounded look crept into her eyes, as if someone had lashed her across the face; her despair was tragic, terrible! The tracks were her own. She had made a complete circle without realizing it. And now the full realization of her dire straits swept through her. The lead dog was hopelessly lost; young, strong, and willing, yet he must be guided.

The figure on the sled was mantled with snow. The sight chilled her. She brushed aside the snow that had sifted to his face and kissed his cold lips. "Oh, my darling!" she whispered, "if those precious lips could speak but a word of guidance, and not depend upon poor, ignorant me."

On! On! Ever pushing aside that swirling curtain, peering eagerly ahead, only to have it close behind swiftly, yet never lift ahead. Once it did lift for a brief moment, and she saw Arctic standing erect, some distance away, looking toward her. His presence gave her a measure of comfort; then the curtain fell. The storm gradually grew worse and at times even the lead dog was hidden. Again she stopped. Arctic, too, had forsaken her. His actions were strange. Content to trot with the others day after day, now, in her hour of need, he persisted in remaining aloof.

At that moment, when her spirits were lowest, she suddenly realized that Arctic knew the way, was trying in his dumb way to lead. Age had not robbed him of his brave heart, magnificent spirit, or a sense of direction. Somewhere in the swirling cloud of flakes the old dog was pushing ahead. Was it too late? Was he even now beyond recall?

"Arctic! Arctic!" she cried. "Come, old fellow! Arctic! Arctic!" The very silence seemed to mock her; the shroud enveloping the silent figure on the sled was deeper now, she noticed. "Arctic! Arctic!"

And then the curtain parted a few feet away and Arctic bounded to her feet. Every inch of the old

pensioner's body bespoke the joy that had filled his heart at her call. "Let me show you the way," he seemed to plead; "those other dogs are nice young fellows, but they lack experience. Nothing like an old head at a time like this." She removed the harness from the lead dog, and slipped it onto Arctic. The old fellow was trembling in his eagerness to be off. Patiently he waited her command.

"Mush on, Arctic!" she ordered in a low voice, and with bated breath awaited the result. He swung to the right with such speed as almost to upset the sled, taking a course almost opposite the one she had followed. Apparently the old fellow was in doubt, for he zig-zagged uncertainly for several minutes, yet she did not interfere. At least, he could not make their situation any worse. The others, inspired by their former leader, seemed to take on new life. Tails that had been dragging, curled over woolly backs, and they speeded up to maintain a pace far too swift for the old pensioner—a pace he himself set.

And then, without preliminary warning, she suddenly felt a difference. It was almost too good to believe. Disappointed so many times, at first she refused to believe; yet there could be no doubt now. They were back on the old trail. With an angry cry she shook the shroud of snow from the robes covering Evans. "You sha'n't die! You sha'n't!"

WHEN the storm lifted some time later they had reached the opposite shore. New peaks reared abruptly about bewilderingly. A dozen routes were open, apparently, but the wise old dog never even looked up. Twisting this way and that he tugged the sled to the top of a ridge, then over a level stretch and down into a valley. They reached an opening in the woods. Before them was a frozen river.

The pensioner had taxed his old body beyond the limit. Now he commenced to lag. A strained tendon caused him to limp pitifully at times. It was cruel to keep him at it now, yet she dare not change. At the forks of the river he headed up the south tributary. "No! she ordered with quick decision, "we must take the other to Grady's—an enemy! This must be the trail to his cabin! Gee, Arctic, gee!" But Arctic knew. He had not taken the North Fork trail in a year and he continued stubbornly toward home. "Gee, Arctic, gee!" Her tone was sharper now, but he ignored her. Then she ran to his head and caught hold of the harness. "Don't resist, old fellow!" she pleaded; "we must have help if we can get it. He's dying on that cold sled, perhaps we are too late, and I'm tired, so tired! Come on, Arctic!"

Obedience had been instilled from his puppy days. It was wrong to enter enemy territory, yet he obeyed. Followed a heartbreaking mile during which she staggered along, clinging desperately to the sled. It came at last, a faint yellow light shining through a cabin window. Unutterable thankfulness filled her heart a moment, then gave way to dread. What manner of man was this who hated Evans and all that was his; who could slay a tried and true friend like Arctic and feed him to

the dogs? What sort of a bargain would he drive with a girl who came so suddenly from the night—the wife of his enemy?

Then, as her lowered glance rested a moment on the still, snow-enshrouded figure, she knew in her heart she would accept any terms if it meant life to him.

Two of Grady's fierce brutes darted from the door the instant their master opened it. She caught a brief glimpse of a burly form and bearded face outlined in the yellow light; then

her indomitable will faltered; silently she fell to the trail, a blurred picture in her mind of Grady's sharp-fanged Malemutes tearing at Arctic's defenseless sides.

Edith opened her tired eyes slowly. A rough hand was gently stroking her own; a bearded face was close

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A short distance beyond, the lead dog came to a stop, hair bristling in rage, fangs bared in a snarl. Evans had not moved from where he had fallen and the wolves were circling slowly to attack.

IT IS the fashion to begin a story with a sort of opening chorus of the elders. In tearful contralto and gloomy bass a middle-aged choir chants the misdeeds of that hackneyed heroine, the flapper. Thus heralded, there dashes into the tale the heroine herself—lip-stick, hip-flask, petters' parlance, 'n' everything. In her brittle, young soprano she then proceeds to develop the author's theme through a jazzy solo.

But this particular story is, I fear, a lame and unfashionable tale. For it has to do with that older generation which came of age in sentimental, pre-war days; a generation which learned to dance when dreams were set to waltz-time; a generation which was reared on the illusion of champagne rather than the stark realism of synthetic gin. And so, appropriately enough, the heroine of the story is Sally Pendleton, who in her third decade was derisively described by the flappers of her home town as "a perfect lady."

Sally was just that. When she was six years old she had for the first time heard the enthralling tale of creation—the Garden of Eden version, not the evolution heresy, of course—she had informed her uncle Peyton in her grave, funny little way:

"God made ladies."

Uncle Peyton had pursed his lips and quirked his eyebrows.

"I doubt that, baby," he said with a gravity equal to her own.

Sally's round blue eyes clouded and she sucked her under lip in. She looked hurt.

"But Aunt 'Berta told me so," she protested.

Uncle Peyton laughed.

"God made women," he conceded, "but ladies were made by man."

Although Sally did not understand this, there was something about it that she instinctively resented, and she ran off on her fat little legs as fast as ever she could to Aunt 'Berta.

"Aunt 'Berta," she appealed, "didn't God make ladies? Uncle Peyton says he didn't."

Aunt Roberta caught the child up to her flat, spinsterly bosom.

"Of course he did," she comforted. "Don't you listen to Peyton. Peyton doesn't know any better."

Later to her brother, Aunt Roberta expressed her indignation with less restraint.

"You ought to be ashamed to tease the child that way, Peyton. And putting your irreligious notions in her head."

Peyton shrugged his slouched shoulders.

"The child's in a fair way to be an awful prig, the way you're bringing her up, 'Berta. I was just trying to season her spiritual porridge with the spice of a little human doubt."

Two red spots burned in Aunt Roberta's thin cheeks.

"As long as you contribute nothing to her support and take none of the responsibility of her rearing, I'll thank you, Peyton, to keep your advice to yourself," she said.

"Sure," agreed Peyton easily. "There's justice in your point, my beloved sister. And as I'm certainly not going to tie myself down to the nursery, I'll try not to interfere with your choice of doll babies."

So Uncle Peyton withdrew to India or Australia



At first people did not know her. Then a gasp went around the room. "Why it's Sally Pendleton!"

it remembered, was 1912, when youth was neither so clamorous nor so heady as it is today. But maybe there was as much real gaiety when young feet danced sentimentally to the eternal heart-break of the violin as there is today when young feet dance fearlessly to the savage passion of the kettle-drum. At all events there was much laughter and much coquetry and much gallantry at Sally's party.

Sally herself was demurely dressed in filmy white, and all the guests, especially all the chaperons, said how very pretty she looked. She was asked to dance by every boy and every man at the party, for she was the hostess, and in 1912 there were such things as Conventions and Manners, spelled with a large "C" and a big "M."

But if anyone had been critical enough to notice, it might have been noticed that Sally was not "rushed" as certain of the other girls were. Not as much as Beth Mayfield, for instance, although Beth was a notorious hoyden; not as much as Marjorie Sherwood, though Marjorie was really not

pretty except for that naughty twinkle in her greenish eyes; not as much as Jessie Eaton, though Jessie had come back from a year's travel in Europe with several shocking habits—she rode horseback cross-saddle and was reported to swear "like a man," and Miss Effie Meekins had said that she had actually seen Jessie smoking a cigarette; but of course Miss Effie was a gossip.

In the years which swiftly succeeded Sally's debut-party, it became increasingly apparent to the most uncritical observer that she was not one of the popular girls of her set. In fact, so far as the onlooker could tell, she had but one real suitor. That one, however, was a shingly eligible and very-hard-to-please bachelor—Robert Baird. Robert was a successful lawyer who was entrusted with important cases by prosperous corporations and who never soiled his legal reputation by defending a criminal or appearing in a divorce suit.

Sally was twenty years old and he was past thirty-five when he first began to take her to dances and to spend his free evenings at the Pendleton house; and the affair created some little flurry among the gossips of the town because it was the very first time in his cool, careful life that he had paid "serious attentions" to a girl.

As has been said, Robert was the only beau Sally had ever had, so far as onlookers could tell. There was a little matter which was not known to onlookers—oh, not very much of a matter, nothing to speak of in the same breath with Robert's courtship.

ROBERT had a younger cousin, James Baird, dark and thin and a little too handsome, who was living up to the romantic Baird tradition of "a ne'er-do-well in every generation."

As he belonged to the older branch of his family, James had inherited the Baird estate, a lovely old colonial house set in a fine grove and with some quite extensive outlying acreage. It had once been three miles from town, but the town was edging up to it pretty rapidly now and it ought some day to bring in a good price, if James did not mortgage it to the hilt. He had already put a small mortgage on the house, and people shook their heads ominously.

or Africa—one of the ends of the earth to which he was continually travelling—and Sally was left to the orthodox guidance of her Aunt Roberta.

Thus protected from the one heretical influence that threatened her, Sally grew up to be a perfect lady. She was a sweetly deferential little girl who never spilled her mud pies on her starched, immaculate gingham frocks. She minded her manners and, in the matchless phrase of Uncle Remus, "learned how to don't." Mothers of other children eagerly sought her companionship for their less malleable youngsters, and she was always put first on the list for any children's party that might be in contemplation.

"Isn't Sally Pendleton a darling? And so pretty too." The phrase followed her from her perambulator to her debut party.

Not that Sally's coming-out party was actually called a "début." The social customs of her time and town were not yet formal enough for that. True, the pleasant old Southern town in which she had grown up was even then—in 1912—putting on the manners of a city.

Boosters' clubs were springing up; census statistics were being proudly printed; traffic policemen had been placed on guard at the two busiest corners in the business section. But society was still ruled by traditions of the past, and the conservatives who held the social reins considered that a "début," formally announced as such, was nothing but a crude Yankee fashion of saying that a girl was in the marriage market. Of course a perfect lady like Sally Pendleton would not make such a mistake as that.

But as Sally had just returned home from St. Mary's School, where she had been graduated with honor at the conventional age of eighteen, it was entirely within the proprieties for Aunt Roberta to bid the socially elect of the community to a welcome-home dance for her young niece. And Aunt Roberta accordingly dispatched a hundred rather stately invitations, each one written in her own delicate, spidery handwriting.

Everybody came, and the great square rooms of the old Pendleton house, after a long period of arid peace, were filled with the lyric clamor of gaiety, with the heady perfume of youth. This, be

James was a lawyer too, but he had a very different class of clients from those of his cousin Robert. His clients were failures who were being sued for debts, marital misfits who wanted their legal bonds loosened, citizens of questionable morals who had to be defended in court on charges of petty crimes. The fees that he collected from this practice were intermittent and small, and such thin income as trickled into his careless hands dribbled out again very quickly.

But to get back to that little matter between James and Sally. It was small even then; today it would be infinitesimal. It was nothing but a kiss. They were dancing together at Beth Mayfield's party, and it was a very warm evening, so Sally suggested that they stop dancing and sit out the rest of the number. There was a moon that night, and the Mayfields' verandah was shadowy and the stars were a little mocking and the scent of roses from the garden was a little heady. So James had caught her up in his hard, young arms and had kissed her a little cruelly with his hard young lips, and when he let her go he had said:

"You sweet, unawakened thing!" and he had laughed when he said it.

Sally had been indignant, of course. As had been explained several times, Sally was a lady. Because she was indignant and because she was a lady, she had tried to put the whole unpleasant episode out of her mind. But sometimes, lying awake on sultry nights, she would remember, and she would thrill and tingle to the memory in a manner which—to be perfectly honest—was not altogether disagreeable.

She was always just a little timid with James Baird after that and blushed whenever he asked her to dance, which amused him enormously. But after Robert had been calling on her with conspicuous regularity for three or four months and had thus, he felt, acquired certain proprietary rights, he told her that he wished she would not dance with his cousin James.

"Jim," he said, is the black sheep of our family. He is not the kind of man I like to see you with. It makes me pretty sick to watch him dance with you; he oughtn't to touch such a pure, white flower."

Sally, brought up on romanticism, thrilled to the smile. She loved being considered "a pure, white flower," and she loved Robert's protective attitude. So the next time she saw James Baird she gave him a very cool little nod and turned her blushing face away. It was the nearest thing to a direct cut that such a perfect lady as Sally could manage. The laughter in James' eyes chilled to amazement and the smile on his lips hardened to irony.

He looked at Robert, who stood by Sally's side, complacent and possessive; and then he looked back at Sally, prettily flustered, and there was contempt in his regard. After that he never asked Sally to dance, but sometimes across a ballroom or in passing her on the street he would make her a mocking exaggerated obeisance.

Having proved his power over Sally in this matter, Robert began to mold her pliant personality exactly to his taste. He had firm convictions about women; the things that women should do and the things they should not do. And Sally was nervously anxious to live up to his ideals. All her life she had lived up to the ideals of other people—to Aunt Berta's ideals, to the ideals of her teachers at school, to the ideals of Aunt Berta's friends, the ones who murmured "Sally's such a darling!" and now there was Robert's ideals.

Robert did not believe in women's clubs, so Sally refused to join the Wednesday Morning Club and The Idlers. It was no particular sacrifice to remain outside The Wednesday Morning Club, because that was composed of middle-aged matrons, with only a sprinkling of the younger set, and the sessions were devoted to a study of current events and stupid civic affairs.

But The Idlers was a different matter. All her contemporaries belonged to that club and they met once a week to play bridge. The most luscious refreshments were served, and over the frozen sweets one could hear the very latest gossip. Consequently in the matter of the Idlers, Sally felt that she was making a real sacrifice for Robert, and his commendation was precious to her.

"I'm very glad you're not one of these club-women," he said; and Sally glowed.

Robert did not like to see a woman drive a car unless the car were an electric. There was something refined and ladylike about an electric, he said, but he did not like to see a woman bending over the wheel of a gas-driven car. So Sally bought an electric instead of the roadster she had desired, and her driving was practically limited to town because the roads through the outlying country were a bit too rough for her gentle car.

Already the dancing was getting a little barbaric. Robert was outspoken in his disapproval of the fox-trot and the other new dances, and consequently Sally always sat out everything but the waltz and the one-step.

In the matter of clothes his preferences were equally strong. He thought these new, shoe-top dresses the women were wearing were disgraceful; and so Sally's skirts continued to touch her ankles, thereby giving her a slightly pathetic look, since nothing contributes so much to pathos as a skirt that is longer than the fashion.

And telephones—Robert had a great deal to say about the unmaidenly habit of calling men up on the phone. Whenever Sally planned a little party she had to write out all her invitations to her masculine guests, and as a result she usually had a frightful time getting her quota of men, because while her polite little notes were taking their leisurely way through the post-office, other girls were dating up the men on the telephone. It made things rather awkward, but then Sally had the satisfaction of knowing that in every particular she was living up to Robert's ideal.

ROBERT called upon her regularly twice a week and escorted her to all the dances and walked home with her from church each Sunday. Everyone

thought they were engaged, but really the affair had never assumed such formality. As a matter of unromantic fact, Robert had never definitely proposed to her. He was a cool, deliberate person and his bachelor apartment, with old Jeff to cook for him, was extremely comfortable, and Sally made no demands, so what was the hurry? Of course Sally made no demands; Sally was a perfect lady who waited patiently for man, the pursuer, to pursue.

During the first year of Robert's attentions people used to tease Sally about him and she would always blush and stammer, but she liked being teased, all the same. However, in the second year, people began to lift skeptical eyebrows. They wondered if Robert Baird really had any idea of marrying Sally, and in the third year they stopped teasing her.

Sally's standing in the community, even with the elderly women, subtly altered. She was being unsuccessful in woman's oldest business, in the business where women must succeed; and the very women who had said she was "a perfect darling" now began to whisper that she must be "a perfect fool." As for Robert, they thought none the less of him. Of course, he was being selfish, but that was man's prerogative.

And then, almost overnight, people lost interest in petty individual problems like Sally's. America went into the World War. Even peaceful towns, far removed from camps and seaports and munition factories, were thrown into turmoil. Sudden marriages and passionate farewells, and new, strange activities swirled madly about Sally now, but she stood calmly in the centre of the whirlwind, and continued to be a perfect lady!

Jessie Eaton—who was Jessie Towner now—wanted her to join the motor corps and volunteer for service up at the State capital. But Robert disapproved terribly of Jessie.

"The men can take care of this war, as they have taken care of wars since the beginning of the world," he said.

So, naturally, Sally couldn't join the motor corps. She wanted to go to Washington and do war work in the Government departments, but Robert disapproved of that too. Living conditions in Washington were intolerable for a delicately reared girl, he told her. Washington was packed to the gates with the riff-raff of the country since war had been declared.

The only thing that Robert seemed to think was all right was to roll bandages. Therefore Sally went every day to the Parish Hall of St. Mark's, where all the middle-aged and elderly women met to make bandages.

As for Robert, he went to Washington as a dollar-a-year man. Sally drove him to the train in her neat electric, and as she stood on the platform waving good-bye to him in his departing Pullman, she caught sight of James Baird watching her ironically from a day-coach. James was going to the nearest military camp; he had been one of the first to enlist after war was declared.

Aunt Berta had been in failing health for the last two or three years, and soon after Robert went away she died. Robert came home for the funeral and sat in the family pew with Sally at the services, but still he did not say anything about marriage. Sally had rather thought he would want to protect her now that Aunt Berta was gone and she was all alone, because Robert always expressed such a beautiful sympathy for "unprotected women." But he said nothing to indicate that marriage was in his thoughts. What he did say

was that his work was almost overwhelming, but that if we were to win the war everyone must shoulder his burdens, no matter how heavy.

Sally gathered that such personal things as weddings would be unpatriotic. Of course she was tremendously proud of Robert, who, she was convinced, was practically directing military operations from his desk in Washington. Still, one did feel a little confused, almost hurt sometimes. A certain frightened expression that had appeared in her wide grey eyes now and again, began to assume permanence.

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It might have been noticed that Sally was not "rushed" as certain of the other girls were

Hints for Canadians Travelling Abroad

Algeria

By William Thompson

F.R.G.S.

Member of the French, American and Portuguese Geographical Societies.

tury ago, went forth from Algiers and the Barbary ports to attack the peaceful merchantmen who sailed to the Far East on voyages of commercial conquest.

ALGIERS has the distinction of being one of the most picturesque cities on the Mediterranean. The inclination of the land makes it necessary to build upon terraces. The most ancient part of the city has a frontage of white walls, but the modern portion is the "West End," though to the east, and is the abode of the rich, the buildings oriental in architecture with flowered courts and tropical foliage quite Spanish in effect. The Botanical Garden flora challenge the floral auto-crats of their rivals at Rio de Janeiro, said to boast the largest number of rare plants of any municipal garden.

Automobile tours may be made to Oran, capital of the province of Orania. Oran is a large and important commercial centre with considerable maritime traffic. Its close proximity to the Spanish peninsula solves happily the problem of voyaging to or from Iberia without the uncomfortable sensation of mal de mer. Oran is built on an amphitheatre on two sides of a ravine, which gives to it its name. On the authority of Arab historians it dates from the tenth century and has been under the rule of both Spain and Turkey, and in 1831 was occupied by the French troops. The old part was destroyed by an earthquake in 1790 which left little of its ancient charm. The modern town has many beautiful boulevards and promenades.

The popular resort for visitors is Constantine, a gigantic fortress of abrupt rocks, deep gorges, immense arches, bubbling cascades and gaping caverns. The monument of Constantine stands in front of the station, and symbolizes the great idea of Latin continuity. There are also the viaducts of El Kantara and of Sidi M'Cid, massive aerial



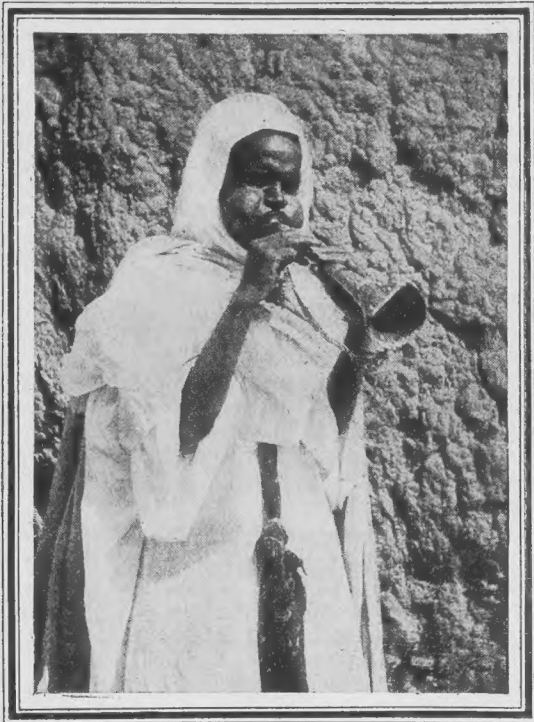
Algerian mother and child

lacework in stone. At the side of the European town and gorges of Rhummel, the native quarter dominates the precipice, extending up to the spur of Sidi-Rached with its pretty mosques and sloping streets. The palace of Hadj Ahmed, now occupied by the commanding general of the divisions stationed at Constantine, is rich in picturesque architecture ornamented by gardens of rare beauty.

ON THE same tour may be visited the African Pompeii, Timgad, whose reputation is worldwide and alone worth a journey to Algeria. One proceeds by way of Batna. En route we may visit the ruins of Lambese, then on to Thamugadi, founded under the rule of Trajan and destroyed in the sixth century. The view of this memorable ruin is truly impressive as it covers many acres. The Arch of Triumph of Trajan, the Forum, in the rear of which is the theatre, the market, library, church, monastery—all monuments that demand the admiration of archaeologists and tourists.

Bone, the ancient Hippo Regius, later becoming the Hippone of St. Augustine, is a charming and prosperous city in a most favorable location where the climate is as agreeable as that of Algiers. A pleasant ride can be made to the ruins of Hippone, where St. Augustine accomplished his pastoral mission of bishop during the latter part of the fourth century and where he died in 430. A basilica has been erected and consecrated to his memory. A road skirting the great forests which join those of Kroumirie, constitutes the only automobile route to Tunisia, via La Calle.

It is difficult to restrain one's pen when writing of Algeria and its attractions. Should you visit this country of tragedy, mystery and romance, and many monkeys, you will be greeted by the same type of Arab boy who ejaculated upon the first visit to Algeria of Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent of the Chicago Tribune: "Here comes foreign people with funny hats, and stiff white things around their necks and hard black boxes on their feet."



An Algerian musician "blowing his own horn"

ALGERIA vies in popularity with Morocco as a tourist resort. The capital, Alger, as it is known to the French, is a city of great antiquity, having been colonized by the Phoenicians prior to the foundation of Carthage, centuries before the Christian Era. Under the excellent government which France has maintained since her occupancy, there has been a rapid advance in culture and the dangers of travel have passed, even in the suburban districts. Here one elbows with Arabs, Turks, Hebrews from Syria, negroes, and a conglomerate of other races. It is a veritable melting-pot of the peoples of Northern Africa, from Port Said to Casa Blanca.

Approaching our port of destination by sea we sight the snow-draped Djurdjura mountains and the picturesque shore lines of a country veiled in myths, tragedy and primitive delights, so much sought after by the thousands of trippers, tourists and travellers, seeking the unusual sensations of a strange land. The landing is made and the usual customs formalities are passed, for Algeria, as also France, is very lenient to the tourist who brings money to their country, the country of Allah, for are not money and Allah their gods?

We are now in the land of the sheik, the dancing girls, the falconers, the street vendors with bangles of many colors and shapes, the Cafe de la France, and the delectable wines from the Algerian vineyards, upon which France depends in years of poor yield, and for adulterating her own product of the grape. With all the reflections of Oriental life, Algiers is a modern city with high, medium, and low priced hotels, and cafes of varying excellence, but always simulating the standard of the French hostelry and restaurants. Peeps behind the curtains of the sidewalk cafes reveal Spahis garbed in flagrant red robes; Russians, brusque and plethoric; Germans sipping the brew of Munich, and Parisians with their eternal aperitif of coffee and cognac, supplemented by little cakes.

Amid these scenes one recalls the hordes of piratical assassins who a cen-



Roman ruins at Timgad—Temple of "Genius of the Colony"

The Black Swamp

By Etta Mason



Illustrated by
Kathrine
Allan

*She pointed
the dripping
porridge
spoon at
Beth, who
backed
against the
wall*

AS BETH MARTIN came out of the dairy into the hot afternoon sunshine, a buggy turned a bend in the road. She stood watching it. When it came level with the house the driver waved his whip towards it and spoke to his companion. Beth's eyes darkened and her hands sought each other in a quick clasp. She knew what Peter Barker was saying as well as if she could hear his words: "That's Jake Martin's place; goin' to wrack an' ruin; 'e drinks." She turned back to the door in a pretence of shutting it more firmly, busying herself thus till she reckoned the buggy was well up the road; then she stood for a while gazing about her father's farm.

Jake Martin's farm straggled unkempt down the slopes and across the valley to the Black Swamp, a grim morass that brooded at the junction of his untidy fields and the Fairbairn fruitful acres. To Beth, it was at once the source of her father's hatred of his neighbor and the symbol of it. In spring and early summer it was a sheet of still, dark, reed-rimmed water that reflected every passing cloud on its sable bosom, while in the late summer it became a fetid quagmire. Always, to Beth, it was sinister. Even when winter spread her lovely mantle of white above it, she felt it lurking there. Though flowers blossomed on its edge, she would not pluck them there for they seemed to her unwholesome. Yet, at times, she might be seen gazing at it, standing still, her hands pressed to her breast, a rapt expression on her face, as if seeing something there that others could not see.

Some time before she could remember, there had been a terrible quarrel between her father and John Fairbairn. Careless fencing and smothered cattle had begun the dispute which had been prolonged and exaggerated through the years till Martin's hatred of his neighbor, intensified by the latter's increasing prosperity, lay in his heart like the black mud at the bottom of the swamp, ready to rise and spread at the slightest disturbance. His carelessness continued down the years and, at each fresh loss of stock, he cursed anew the swamp that had smothered them.

From where Beth stood on that hot summer's day, she could see the rushes on the edge of the swamp waving slightly at the touch of the breeze; they seemed to be whispering slyly, echoing Peter Barker's gossip. She turned her back on them and ran up to the top of the slope. For a moment she poised there, then sank into the warm, brown grass, stretching herself full length in it, her head buried in her arms. The blades of grass touched her neck and whispered about the curves of her thin body, soothing her; and the scent of the hot sun on the grass calmed her so that presently she rolled over. She outstretched her arms and opened her fingers, drawing her hands gently through the dry grass and listening to its soft rustle as it caressed her flesh. A bird burst into song nearby; she turned her eyes to the sky, watching the white clouds idling there. The swamp was forgotten. She knew only the warmth of the sun and earth on her body and a

sweet ecstasy of youth that it sent thrilling through her. She lay buried in drowsy bliss.

"Ullo, Beth." At the sound of the words, spoken almost in her ear, she sprang to a sitting position, to confront Mike Olsen. In her slumberous state, she had not heard him approach.

"Dad's in the barn," she said shortly.

"It ain't yer dad I want to see. It's you."

She rose. Mike plucked a blade of grass and began twirling it in his fingers.

"I come to tell yer that I'm real gone on yer, Beth, and I want yer to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Well, wot's wrong with marryin' me? I got a good farm, Beth. It needs a woman about and you'd be real smart there. There's many 'ud be glad of the chance of bein' mistress of a farm like mine."

"Well, I'm not. I hate the thought of marryin'—"

"But ye ought ter want ter marry. 'Taint natural not to. I been talkin' to yer father and he says yer need something to make a woman of yer; yer been readin' and dreamin' too much. You think it over."

"I'd rather die than marry a farmer. Marriage to a farmer here, is slavery. Think of my mother; she dropped in her tracks like a beast of burden. Immediately, my father found another woman fool enough to take on the job of being his wife. And my sister, married ten years ago when I was a little kid of eight, and she's got seven children with everything to do for them and work on the farm to do as well."

"I'll be good to yer, Beth. I'm real fond of yer."

"Oh, go away, please. I don't want to marry anybody; I'm going away from here, some day, to town, to earn."

"Yer talkin' nonsense. Yer don't understand life."

"I do. And I know what I want."

"This is what yer want." He swung a hairy arm around her waist, lifted her to him and tried to kiss her, but she struck him savagely in the face—and he, cursing, let her go.

SHE ran down to the house. Her step-mother was in the kitchen, preparing vegetables.

"I've finished my work and my head is aching, so I'm going for a ride," she said as she passed through the room. Bertha Martin, gaunt of figure and grim of face, made no response, but went on chopping carrots as if they were vermin.

As Beth cantered down the road, she was aware of Mike's watching eyes. He had not moved from where she had left him. She took the road that led to the saddle. That way, she would be soothed by the sheltering presence of tall trees and companioned by the stream that tumbled noisily down the hillside. Half way up the hill, she crossed the little wooden bridge that spanned the stream opposite the old Fairbairn homestead, now used only by farm-hands when their work kept them on that side of the farm. She dismounted there to gather some tiny ferns that clustered at the foot of a great, dead tree.

On gaining the saddle, she reined in her horse and gazed down at the broad valley before her. There stood the new Fairbairn homestead, a brick building outlined in sunshine against green lawns. To Beth it epitomized success, stability, respect—the things she had never known, the things that the black swamp had somehow devoured. She recalled with a shudder her drunken father's glee when he had heard of old Fairbairn's death, six months before. A manager had been running the place till the son, Christopher, should return from Europe.

As she watched, the sunlight yellowing the ripe grass seemed to ripple away before a chilly breeze that stirred black shadows where the sun had been, swift heralds of a sudden storm. She turned her horse and faced an indigo sky out of which shot jagged lights with a rumbling accompaniment of distant thunder.

"We'll have to hurry, Beauty," she said to her horse, setting it to as fast a pace as she dared on the narrow track. A sudden flash of lightning almost blinded her and the following crash of thunder rattled among the hills like artillery.

"All these trees! Oh, Hurry, Beauty!" she breathed. The rain came down in a deluge, drenching her. It was almost dark. Once across the bridge they could go faster because the path widened there. Through the blinding rain they reached it, but the great, dead tree nearby had been struck and crashed down and broken one side of it. Beth knew of no other way of crossing the stream. She turned Beauty towards the old Fairbairn homestead; there was a porch at the back of the house where they could shelter. The porch was dry. She led her horse into it and stood, one arm on its neck for comfort, while the storm crashed overhead.

Suddenly, Beauty pricked up her ears. The girl listened but could hear nothing at first; then faintly through the storm the sound of someone singing. Gradually it grew louder, snatches of the tune came—the Volga Boat Song. The girl and the horse quivered, waiting.

The rider appeared coming down a slope that rose behind the house. He did not see the girl till quite near, when he stopped singing and dismounted. In the gloom of the porch they could not distinguish each other's features.

"Greetings, dear Lady of the Storm," said the horseman as he held out his hand.

"I'm sheltering; the bridge is broken; a tree fell on it," explained Beth.

"That big, rotten pine?"

"Yes."

"I thought that would happen; I noticed it to-day and decided to have it cut down. But you had better come in and get dry. I'll light a fire." He unlocked the door and swung it open. Beth went inside followed by the man who lit a lamp and then, excusing himself, went into another room. In a few moments he returned with an old, military coat and a pair of riding breeches.

"You're soaking wet; you'd better put these things on and—why, it's little Beth Martin, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Don't you remember me?"

"Yes. You're Christopher Fairbairn."

"Go and change," he commanded, abruptly, "you'll catch cold." She passed through the door he held open for her. "The moment he recognizes me as a Martin, his manner changes," she thought, flushing. "The successful Fairbairns, the Martins who are failures—"

When she returned, carrying her wet clothes, he had lit a fire and put on a kettle.

"I expected to stay the night here, so I brought some supper," he explained, busying himself with a package. "I've put that chair near the fire for your wet clothes. You looked almost as wet as that day I pulled you out of the swamp. Why, that's eight years ago, now. It was pretty good, my recognizing you after all those years; I haven't a good memory for faces, so I'm proud when I perform a feat like that. You'd been trying to gather some ferns that grew on a slope near the swamp when you fell and the ferns spilled all about you. Remember? Fond of ferns, aren't you? I noticed that you were carrying a bunch when you came into the house." She flushed as she replied, "Yes," and hoped that he had not noticed that they were the same kind of ferns as those she had tried to gather when she fell into the swamp. The dreaming that her father was wont to complain of was woven about these ferns and her rescuer. In her romantic way, she had always hoped that they would somehow bring her into touch with him again; whenever she saw any of that kind she picked some. She felt as if she had been discovered doing something very foolish when he spoke of the ferns. She felt awkward and was tongue-tied.

"There are some books over there; perhaps you might find something to read," he suggested. Meekly, she chose a book and sat down by the fire.

She had been reading for half an hour when he announced:

"Supper is ready."

He had put her ferns in a jar in the middle of the table. They drooped over the side of the vessel as if ashamed of her romantic imaginings while reminding her of them, and made her feel shy and constrained.

It was a simple enough repast of meat, bread and butter and tea.

"Will you pour out, please?" he asked. He noticed her red and roughened hands as he had already marked her shabby clothes and shapeless boots.

"That old devil must work her hard, poor kid," he thought. The storm continued to rage outside.

"It's years since I was here," said Christopher. I thought I'd like to come back the first time by myself. Lived here as a youngster, you know. My mother died here. Some of the men are joining me here tomorrow."

"Are you going to become a farmer?" asked Beth.

"You sound quite horrified at the idea. Don't you like farmers?"

"I hate them. They are so hard on their women-folk."

"Well, I haven't any womenfolk to be hard to, so you ought not to hate me. But I suppose you've imbibed hatred of the Fairbairns with your very breath," he said, smiling at her. "You are pretty good haters, you Martins."

"I—I don't hate you. I've never hated you. Why, I—I've prayed for you every night since you saved my life!" She blurted it out and was immediately horrified at what she had said and wished she had not said it. The heat from the fire was making the ferns droop more and more till they seemed to express a very ecstasy of shame for her. Tears sprang to her eyes and her hands trembled. He laid down the spoon he had been about to raise and looked intently at her.

"You've done that for me, all those years, little Beth. Why, that was very good of you. What did you ask for me?" he said gently.

"Only—that you should be kept safe always and that your father and mine would make friends. But your father died." Her voice sank to a whisper and she could not hide her agitation. So she sprang up from the table.

"I oughtn't to have told you. I must go. Thank you for the meal. I'll—"

"You can't go. Listen to that." The rain was thundering on the roof. "Sit down by the fire and read. I'll tell you when there is a chance of fording the stream. If the rain stops right away, you can't go for several hours."

She returned to her book, but it was half an hour before she turned a page. Christopher lit his pipe and smoked, his feet stretched out to the blaze, his hands clasped behind his head.

In an hour's time the rain ceased.

You'll be able to leave about dawn if the rain keeps off," said Christopher, and Beth looked up and nodded.

It was full daylight when Christopher came back from examining the ford and pronounced it safe.

"I'll lead you across," he said.

As they stood on the other side of the stream, after a successful crossing, he spoke for the first time since leaving the house:

"I want to thank you for those prayers

cantering away. Mike scowled and turned his horse towards the saddle.

Bertha Martin was busy in the kitchen when Beth went into the house.

"You're earlier than I thought you'd be," she remarked. "Roads very bad?"

"Yes, very muddy. I'll change and go and milk."

BETH worked hard in an endeavor to keep herself from thinking of Christopher Fairbairn. Whenever she did think of him, the blood would rush to her face and she would scourge herself with: "You idiot! Why did you tell him that?" At breakfast time she went into the kitchen and found Mike talking to her mother.

"Go and find Jake," said Bertha to Mike, and went on stirring the porridge. Beth began setting the table. She had just finished when the two men came in. Bertha swerved round as they entered.

"Jake Martin," she exclaimed, "that daughter of yours spent the night up the saddle in the Fairbairn house with Christopher Fairbairn, when we thought she was safe at her sister's. There stands the shameless hussy that did that!" She pointed the dripping porridge spoon at Beth, who backed against the wall. Mike will tell you about that lustful daughter of yours."

"Hey!" said Jake, "what're ye saying?"

"There need be nothing said about it; seems I'm the only one as knows it, so nothing need be said if she'll just marry me."

"That's more than the hussy deserves," screeched Bertha.

Jake's whisky-laden breath polluted the air as he listened.

"Christopher Fairbairn, did ye say, Mike?" He ran a hand down his straggling beard.

"Aye."

"Then I'll go up and have a talk with him," he said, going towards the door.

"Breakfast's just ready," objected Bertha.

"Can't wait," growled Jake.

Bertha turned to Beth. "Don't stand there, yer hussy, get to yer room out of my sight."

The girl walked into her room and sat down on her bed, her hands over her face.

When Jake arrived at the old Fairbairn homestead, he met Christopher coming out of the house.

"Hello, Jake!" he said.

Jake, who had half-emptied a whisky-flask on the way up, scowled and stood with legs astride. He was hot and perspiring; he took off the haversack that he habitually wore to carry his liquor in, and set it on the doorstep.

"It seems," he said slowly, "it seems yer kept my gal here all night with yer."

Christopher made no reply. Jake, eyeing him, thought drunkenly of the wealth of his handsome young Fairbairn, of the prestige of being father-in-law to such an one.

"When are yer goin' ter marry her?" he blustered.

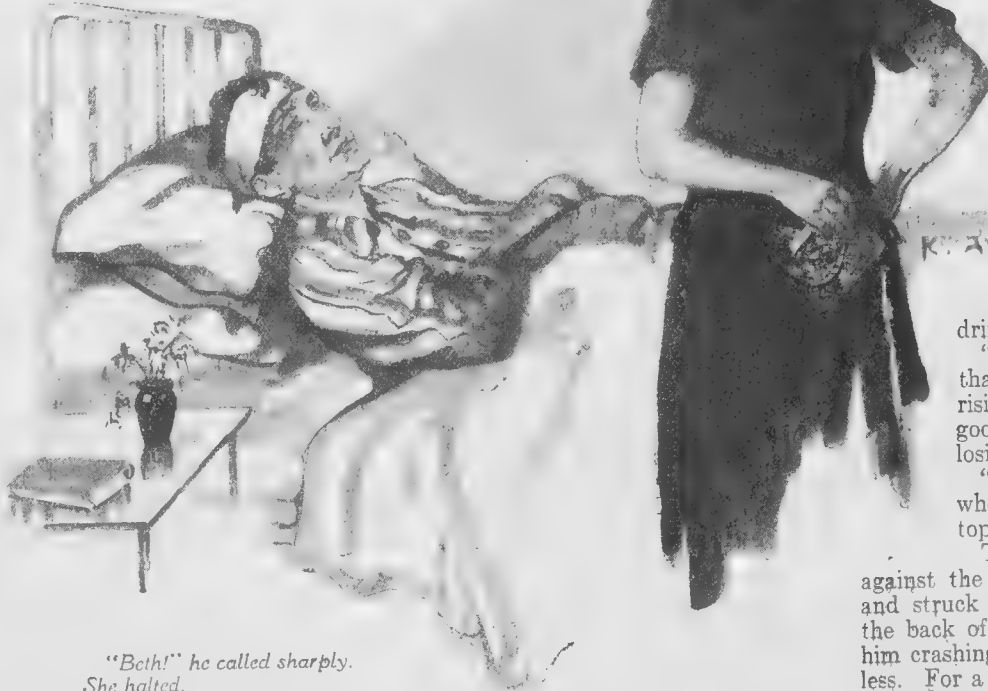
Christopher said, curtly: "You've been drinking, Jake," and turned away.

"No, yer don't get away with it like that," shouted Jake, his black temper rising. "Yer marry my gal or yer pay good money for com-compensation for her losin' her good name."

"You are drunk, Jake. I'll talk to you when you are sober, not before." Christopher turned to enter the house.

There was a broken axe-handle leaning against the side of the shed. Jake picked it up and struck Christopher a heavy blow with it on the back of the head, that stunned him and sent him crashing to the ground, where he lay, motionless. For a moment, Jake stood and looked at the prone form; then, flinging down the axe-handle, he mounted his horse and rode down the hillside, not taking the path, but going down the ravine that gave a quicker and unobserved route to his home by way of the Black Swamp. The earth was loose and slippery after the heavy rain and his whisky-muddled brain was drowsy, his hands slack on the reins. On the edge of the swamp was a mass of mud that had been carried down the hillside by the storm. It covered the fallen wires of one of the neglected fences. The horse stumbled amongst them, tripped and fell, throwing its master

Continued on page 104



"Beth!" he called sharply.
She halted.

of yours, Beth," he said and held out his hand. She put hers in it. He looked at it, red and rough, lying in his, and with an effort bore down a desire to kiss it.

"Good-bye," she murmured and turned her horse down the rain-sodden path.

At the foot of the saddle, she met Mike, who was searching for some strayed cattle.

"Ullo, Beth! Where you been?"

"Riding."

"Where?"

"On this path," she said, touching Beauty and

Hidden Masterpiece Upon a Brick Wall

By Francis Dickie

An odd series of coincident commonplace happenings, unique in the art annals of modern Europe, serve to reveal Gauguin painting of great monetary value. The amazing find to be taken to the United States for exhibition.

TO MISS an autobus and while waiting for the next one find upon the brick wall of an inn dining room in the remotest part of Brittany a masterpiece of painting by Paul Gauguin, hidden from the world for nearly forty years by many layers of wall paper, was the strange good fortune of a young American recently.

As never before has the famous saying that "great art will out" been so strikingly demonstrated. The queer chain of events which caused the discovery, and the difficult, delicate and dangerous mechanical treatment successfully undertaken to remove the brick wall on which the picture was painted, makes the story unique in the history of modern art annals. And then—added to all this—that your correspondent, who for years has carefully followed Gauguin's life and work in a dozen published books as they were issued, should come from the far Pacific seven thousand miles to Paris and, through a chance invitation to dinner, wander into the very studio at 15 rue Cauchois at the foot of Montmartre's hill where stood the bit of brick wall and the picture on its surface, just returned from the expert hands of a Parisian "restorer"—that your correspondent should do this, and later be given an exclusive story and pictures of the find for publication in America, gives a still further touch of oddness to this remarkable recovery of the only fresco Gauguin ever painted.

The early spring dusk was creeping into the studio when I came to a halt before the picture, and a thin rain was beating mournfully upon the long panes of the roof, somehow adding impressiveness to this moment when I first looked upon the only fresco of the strangest painter of modern times, a "primitive" of Joan of Arc, a picture in which it is supposed Gauguin strove to represent "The Maid" as she would appear in the imagination of a simple Breton peasant. Almost awed I gazed upon this amazing creation of one of the greatest and most tragic artists of modern times. From its position upon the wall the picture looked down upon me in the day's dying light with mein mysterious, mournful, symbolical, and strange as a Chinese primitive of two thousand years ago; something of the divine Buddha in the heavy-lidded eyes.

But the story is not of my reactions to the picture, but to tell of the young American painter who, by missing a bus, found a masterpiece, and perhaps, incidentally, a fortune.

ON A warm day last autumn, Jan Ravey, a young American painter, walked into the little village of Pouldu on the bleakest part of the Brittany coast, just five minutes after the departure of the bus in which he had intended to journey farther down the coast. Faced with several hours of enforced waiting for the following bus, he dropped into the little inn of Marie Henri for something to eat and drink, quite unaware how historic was this little place. The aged patronne, Madame V. Cocheenet, took his order and hobbled away to the kitchen. Usually she was glad of a guest, particularly in the slack autumn season. But this day she was not, as she had decided on re-papering the dining room. Indeed, just before the young painter's arrival, she had torn a small strip of the paper away from the brick wall, where many layers of paper had been pasted one upon the other during the passing of the years.

But the young man knew nothing of this. He had, however, chanced to sit at a table close to that part of the wall where the patronne had torn the first strip of paper away. His gaze was suddenly attracted by noting a partly-revealed painting on the just-bared brick wall. And while he at the moment knew nothing of the long forgotten fame of the Inn Marie Henri, he did know unusual painting. The glimpse he got now brought him to



The most remarkable art find in modern times, an extremely valuable Gauguin "Primitive" of Joan of Arc discovered on the brick wall of an inn in Brittany after being covered by wall paper for nearly forty years

his feet. Closely he inspected the wall, and over him swept that thrill which comes with the conviction of being on the track of a great discovery. Under the sway of the emotion he took hold of the loose wall paper and tore some more away—no difficult matter, for on a brick wall in the climate of Brittany where many layers have been placed, paper does not tightly cling. And he looked upon a Gauguin masterpiece, the only fresco this unusual artist ever painted, a picture which is the immediately following days was pronounced by Parisian art authorities to be one of the masterpieces of modern painting. Here in this little inn on the lonely Brittany coast, remote, hidden under succeeding layers of wall paper for nearly forty years, the picture had remained unknown, though Gauguin collectors at the very moment were eagerly seeking his work, which brings high prices.

Even minor pictures from his hand are eagerly bidden for. As I write this, a small canvas of his entitled "The Violoncelliste" has just sold at the "Hotel Drouot," the great auction market of Paris, for 61,000 francs.

Truly, the discovery could not have been made by a more appreciative finder, for this young painter was an admirer of Gauguin. And when his eyes saw at the bottom of the picture the signature of the master, his joy was so overwhelming that he almost embraced the returning patronne.

"You have here a real Gauguin," he announced excitedly.

"Who is Gauguin?" the old woman asked, a little frightened for the sanity of her guest.

"He was a great painter, one of the greatest of modern times. This beautiful work on your wall is his."

"You find it beautiful?" There was wonder mixed with amusement in the old peasant's tone. "Why, I thought it ugly, and so when I bought the place I covered the wall with paper. There are other paintings on it."

On learning this the young man helped clear away the remainder of the wall, revealing over the door at the opposite side a small decorative piece of a goose, also by Gauguin. Joan of Arc, it will be remembered, was once a goose-girl, so this small work is in keeping with the symbolism of the larger picture. Occupying the centre of the wall a painting by DeHau, a contemporary and friend of Gauguin. (Photograph two shows the interior of the room with the disclosed paintings.)

The "primitive" Joan of Arc is 4 feet 3 inches, by 2 feet in size. The decorative piece of the goose is 2 feet 3 inches by 1 foot 8 inches. The pictures are to be taken to the United States for exhibition.

Having revealed so rich an art find, the young painter wrote enthusiastically to some friends in Paris, three artists like himself, who a few weeks later joined him in Brittany. Now, painters are seldom possessed of much money. But the little group of four, by clubbing their resources, succeeded in purchasing the fresco "primitive" of Joan of Arc and the decorative piece of the goose and, of course, the brick wall upon which they were painted.

THEN the new owners of the picture were confronted with the difficult, dangerous and delicate operation of removing those portions of the brickwork upon which the extremely valuable paintings were laid without the disturbing of a single bit of mortar or brick. The noted Parisian expert, M. Chauffrey, who has the reputation of being able to safely remove a picture from any place, was called in. Fortunately the wall upon which the pictures were was a partition between the buvette and dining room, and so less thick than the outer ones. The portion of the wall containing the pictures was backed and faced with a stout framework of planking firmly braced. Holes were then drilled to permit the entrance of special saws. With these the walls were so successfully cut around the pictures that not one jot of mortar (the chief danger) was displaced. To perform such a work requires an intimate knowledge of brickwork, mortar and their treatment. M. Chauffrey is probably the best in the world in this unique occupation. Both pictures were then lowered successfully to the floor. The back of each was then reinforced with steel bars, overlaid with a special kind of cement. When this hardened, a framework of wood around the pictures was added. (Photograph three shows the wall of the little inn after the removal.) The pictures were transported to Paris, where they were placed in the hands of a skilled restorer, and despite the neglect of years and the paste of wall paper, he succeeded in giving back to the pictures their pristine appearance after two months of work.

Before concluding the purchase of the pictures, the young painter and his companions dug up the long-forgotten history of this little inn, a place historic in the annals of modern art, and which was one of the many so hard and sad milestones in the life of Gauguin, for in life the bitterest irony marked all of his pathway; even in death it stalked him.

Forty years ago Gauguin founded a new school of painting and was for a time the central figure in



(2) Dining room in an inn in Brittany showing at left Gauguin's *Joan of Arc*, and over door, goose by Gauguin on brick wall before pictures and walls were cut out

fierce artistic wars. At odds with the traditional painters, hampered by poverty, his pictures bringing the very lowest prices—when they sold at all—Gauguin in 1887 went to Port Aven, Brittany, where living was cheap. But here, too, came academic painters, and the vanguard of the tourist horde of later days. With Gauguin was his faithful friend, Serusier, a painter strongly affected by the influence of Gauguin, and who later was one of the best known representatives of what became known as the "Gauguin school."

Unable to endure Port Aven, Gauguin and Serusier one day boarded a fishing-boat and went exploring, finding Pouldu in the bleakest part of Brittany. Here Gauguin worked from 1887 to 1889. So powerful was his creative urge that occasionally on days when bad weather prevented work outside, he prepared the brick wall of the Inn Marie Henri, and upon it painted the strange fresco of "Joan of Arc" as he conceived she would appear in the inner mind of a Breton peasant, and the decorative piece of the goose.

As a striking light upon the mind of the man at this time were some words painted beneath the fresco: "All art executed for money alone is without value." The quotation is from Wagner, whom Gauguin greatly admired.

AT THIS little inn, remote and unknown to the world, there gathered in those two brief years a remarkable group, the then young and enthusiastic painters, Maurice Denis, Amiel Bernard, Maufroy, DeHan, Seguin, Maury, Filiger and Serusier, most of whose work came under the Gauguin influence.

In 1889 Gauguin departed for the South Seas. Here, too, it would seem as though a malevolent destiny plagued him. Yet he thought always of art. Many of his pictures he sent from the South Seas to Paris, to remain unsold. Those that did sell brought very little. Yet, true to his slogan, "All art executed for money alone is without value," he worked on.

"Life is short, and there is not long to paint!" he said very often.

Despite harassing poverty he continued his indomitable labor, painting day after day though all the while enduring intolerable suffering from a complication of diseases. Alone in soul, isolated from his kind in a crude jungle dwelling, he lived only to create. And these paintings went begging for a while in the marts of the world. In Tahiti and the Marquesas men refused ten francs for a masterpiece. In speaking of Gauguin, Baufre, a resident of the Atuona Valley in the Marquesas where Gauguin lived, said to Frederick O'Brien: "You know how Gauguin suffered? His feet and legs were very bad. Every day he had to tie them up. But he painted. He was a brave one! He was a worker! Early in the morning he was at his easel in his studio or under the trees, and every day he painted until the light was gone. He never said he was sick, even though the pain was very bad, and continued painting."

This man's pictures while he lived sold for a trifle. Today they bring sums so large that mostly millionaires own them. Neglected while he lived,



(4) Valuable painting of goose by Paul Gauguin on brick wall of an inn in Brittany

men now do Gauguin honor by dwelling on his name, and forming legends of his doings!

But now for Fate's supreme jest on Gauguin's

life as bitterly summed up by John Gould Fletcher: "Gauguin, one of the greatest painters of the 19th century, and one of the bravest of artists, mingled his dust with that of the humblest of natives in a lonely cemetery in the Marquesas Islands—and by a concluding stroke of irony the grave was left unmarked."

In the years following Gauguin's death in 1906, his fame became world-wide, and the collectors of his pictures believed that every piece of his work had been located.

And now for the crowning irony: irony that continued long after all that was mortal of Gauguin was laid in an unmarked grave: in the village of Pouldu, in the years following 1889, the little inn of Marie Henri changed hands several times, and the peasant owners, annoyed at the walls of the dining room being marred by Gauguin's paintings, covered them with wall paper. As the years rolled away, new layers were added, burying ever deeper a masterpiece, while in the outside world collectors searched until they were certain all examples of Gauguin's work had been found. Then there came the day late in the autumn of 1926 when Madame Cocheenet, the present patronne of the Marie Henri, had an artistic urge for a new wall paper in the dining room. Upon that same day there chanced to miss an autobus in the village a young painter, an admirer of Gauguin. Through his endeavors the pictures, six weeks later, were removed to Paris, where for two months they remained in the hands of a restorer. All this time no word reached the outside world of the amazing find. And then, through a chance dinner engagement, your correspondent did wander into the very studio where the pictures, just newly come from the restorer, hung in their pristine splendor after nearly forty years of neglect. Truly not only will "great art see the light," but the story of it also will reach the outside world. Meanwhile Gauguin lies in an unmarked grave in the Marquesas.

Editor's Note.—Some people, by travel, only broaden their ignorance; others actually growl their way around the world, spending their time exclaiming how much better things are in their own land; others journey with eyes wide open, viewing countries impartially, always bearing in mind the difference of customs, methods and manners, and varied modes of thought, which make it impossible to judge one country by another. Mr. Francis Dickie—a writer who for the past twelve years has been entertaining this magazine's readers with articles and fiction—in the series of articles about France, specially written for this magazine, sets forth many sidelights on France and French people and the humorous and varied human sidelights a Canadian sees on a foreign strand. This is the fourth article of this interesting series.



(3) Wall of an inn in Brittany after portion of brick containing valuable paintings by Gauguin had been cut away for transportation to the United States

The Heart of Alix

By
Valentine Williams

Illustrated By
James Trembath



'Alix, darling . . . ' she cried. Her sister raised her head wearily. "I didn't hear you come in, Freckles," she said, trying to smile.

ALIX BARLESTON came swiftly into her bedroom and closed the door. On one of the twin beds her clothes were laid out for the evening: a plain black frock, change of underwear, flesh-colored stockings. Although the first dinner gong had sounded, she did not begin to dress. Instead she dropped into the chair before the dressing table and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, God," she murmured; and yet again, "Oh God!"

There was a light tap at the door. The bowed figure at the table made no sign. Freckles' brown head peered into the room. On espying her sister's attitude she flew to her side.

"Lix, darling . . ." she cried. Her sister raised her head wearily.

"I didn't hear you come in, Freckles," she said, trying to smile back at her. "Isn't it time you were getting ready for dinner?"

"I've only got to change my shoes. You look worried to death, Alix—what's up?"

"Oh, nothing; I'm tired and a bit nervy, I suppose."

Freckles laid her face affectionately against her sister's smooth cheek.

"You poor thing, this horrible business has been awfully hard on you. But worrying won't bring Basil Stanismore back to life, you know. Why do you take it so dreadfully to heart? Once or twice I thought you were going to faint when the inspector was questioning us all downstairs after tea. . . ."

Alix shuddered. "That awful man! He's finished with us now, I hope?"

FRECKLES furrowed her young brow. "When he was going away just now he asked Sir Harry not to allow anybody to leave Node for the present. . . ."

Alix gasped. "He said *that*?"

" . . . and he said, too, that he would probably want to see some of us again tomorrow. . . ."

Alix picked up the comb and with swift, nervous sweeps began to run it through her short, thick brown hair.

" . . . and, Alix, he's locked the tower!"

The comb clattered as it dropped on the porcelain pin tray.

"Freckles, why has he done that?"

The young girl shook her brown curls dubiously.

"I haven't an idea. I thought myself that he was strangely interested in the tower by the way he kept on at you and Aunt Ethel about it. Hasn't he got a funny manner? His face never seems to register anything, as they say in the movies. I was watching him when he asked you when you last visited the tower before today. Do you know, when you told him you hadn't been near the place since last January, he didn't appear interested or satisfied or surprised, or anything. His features were just a blank. It must be frightfully disconcerting for criminals. . . ."

"He . . . he terrifies me," said Alix. Her voice deepened to a passionate note: "I wish to Heaven

he'd do it quickly, whatever he's going to do, and go away from here!" she exclaimed.

"I wonder what this detective man is after?"

"I haven't the least idea," returned her sister, unfastening her frock.

"Did you notice his manner with Ronnie Dene?" Freckles persisted.

"Not particularly. Why?"

"He seems to be *watching* Ronnie. . . ."

Alix laughed. "What odd fancies you get into that head of yours, Freckles. . . ."

Her sister nodded mysteriously. "I believe I'm right," she declared. "What's the matter with Ronnie, anyway? Ever since he arrived at Node he's been going around like a bear with a sore head. What have you been doing to him, Alix? Have you two had a row, or what?" She was looking closely at her sister.

"How absurd you are! Ronnie and I are perfectly good friends."

"Then I believe that Frankie's making trouble. I thought it rather strange his coming down here suddenly in the middle of the racing season. I say, Alix, is Frankie getting jealous?"

HER bright eyes sparkled with mischief. Her sister, who was pulling her evening frock over her head, did not reply.

"I swear he is," cried the younger girl. "You know, Frankie's reforming, Alix. I was saying to Ronnie only this afternoon that I thought Frankie had changed; he seems to have become more attentive to you. . . ."

"You've no business to discuss my affairs with Ronnie Dene," her sister put in angrily.

"Oh, all right, but you needn't think that I don't know why Frankie's making up to you. . . ."

Alix caught her by the shoulders and shook her. "Tell me what you mean by that! Tell me, do you hear!"

"Let me go! You're hurting me!"

The young girl wrenched herself free and scrambled to her feet. They faced each other furiously.

"You're not going out of this room until you've told me what you mean," said Alix tensely.

"You know jolly well what I mean," her sister flared back at her. "I've always looked up to you and admired you for the way you stuck to that rotter for Sandy's sake. But I know how unhappy you've been in your marriage and if you'd owned up to me that you were having an affair with Ronnie Dene it wouldn't have made a scrap of difference, not a scrap of difference, do you hear?"

"But you're a hypocrite. When I want to sympathize, when I ask for your confidence, you tell me lies. You're always very careful about me. You're always holding me back. You have to think about my reputation. Oh, yes! And all the time you have your lover coming to your room at night. . . ."

She flung her words savagely in her sister's face.

Alix stood aghast. Slowly the color drained away from her cheeks and an expression of such utter agony looked out of her eyes that Freckles was shocked. The anger faded from the younger sister's face and her lips began to tremble. But Alix said nothing. She spoke no word of denial, no word of reproof. She stood motionless, her face a mask of blank dismay, staring at her sister. In that tense moment neither heard the slight creaking noise as the dressing-room door opened a few inches and remained stationary.

"I wasn't spying on you," said Freckles in a voice warmly contrite. "It was Friday night. I woke up starving. You know, we don't get enough to eat for dinner in this house. Well, I was ravenous, so I went down to the dining room to forage. I found scones and some jam and ate those. On my way upstairs I had reached the second flight, when I heard a door close on the floor below. I crept down a few steps and looked along the first corridor. Ronnie Dene was standing just outside your door; he was in his dressing gown. I didn't wait, but ran back upstairs to bed." She paused. "I—I didn't mean to upset you so, Alix. I—I'm sorry for what I said just now. . . ."

Her sister caught her in her arms. Freckles was sobbing now. Alix held her silently, her face a mask of suffering, her eyes melting with anguish. Presently she spoke soothingly to the young girl.

"It's all right, my dear," she said; don't cry. Stand up. I want to show you something. Turn round to the bed behind you. Now lift the top pillow!"

FRECKLES looked at her sister in surprise. Then she pulled down the coverlet of the bed on which she had been sitting and raised the pillow. The gaudy hues of a folded pair of flowered silk pyjamas came to view.

"Alix!"

There was utter amazement in her voice.

"Is Frankie sleeping in here?"

A little flush warmed her sister's pallor. She bowed her head in affirmation.

"But," Freckles persisted, "I don't understand. I thought he always slept in the dressing-room. You've had separate rooms for ages."

Alix put her arm about her sister. "My dear," she said, "there are some things I can't discuss with you. But I wanted you to—to realize that Ronnie Dene cannot have been in my room."

"Of course," exclaimed Freckles blankly, "that was the night that Frankie came back unexpectedly from London. I remember now he went to bed early, didn't he? You mean that he was sleeping in here? So, of course, Ronnie couldn't have—" She flushed scarlet. "Oh, Alix, what a perfect beast I've been to you! Darling, I'm so frightfully sorry—how can you ever forgive me?"

"Never mind about that, Freckles," said Alix and patted her shoulder. Her face was weary and anxious. "I only hope you said nothing about this to Ronnie."

"No," the girl rejoined absently. Her forehead was corrugated with a puzzled frown. "Alix," she said presently, "if Ronnie was not with you, what was he doing wandering about the corridor at that time of night? I distinctly heard the door close. What door can it have been?"

Alix bit her lip. Her hands were clasped tightly across her bosom.

"The door of the garden stairs, most likely," she answered with an effort. "Perhaps Ronnie had been for a turn in the garden before going to bed. . . ." Her eyes fluttered a frightened glance at her sister's puzzled face.

"In that case," demanded Freckles, "why did he deceive old Nolling?"

The haunted look stole back into Alix Barleston's starry eyes.

"Deceive Nolling?" she faltered.

"Yes," Freckles affirmed roundly. "You heard him yourself. Nolling was asking each of us about what we did on Friday evening. Ronnie distinctly told him that he went to his room about ten. He never mentioned a word about having gone out again. He said he sat smoking by the window until about twelve and then put out the light. Don't you remember?"

One clenched fist beat a nervous tattoo in the palm of Alix Barleston's hand.

"I—I didn't follow everything that was said," she replied wearily. "What does it matter anyway whether Ronnie said he went out or not?"

But Freckles was a determined young person; she was not easily to be put off.

"Why, Alix," she cried, "it matters a great deal. I imagined that Ronnie was lying because I thought he naturally couldn't tell Nolling where he had been. But now it appears that he didn't go to your room that night. Where did he go, then?"

The Story Thus Far

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is staying with her husband's aunt and uncle, Sir Harry Fubsy and Lady Fubsy, at Node, their estate. Frankie Barleston, Alix's husband, is a worthless drunkard now in the power of a man named Stanismore.

The other guests at Node are Curtiss Vogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister Isobel, known as Freckles; Gerry Leese, a young American in love with Freckles, and Ronnie Dene, in love with Alix.

Stanismore comes secretly to Node to woo Alix, promising to take care of Frankie if she will come to him. Alix spurns him.

About midnight in her room she is surprised by a visit from Ronnie, and just as he goes Frankie comes in and whispers something to Alix that makes her allow Frankie to stay in her room that night.

The next evening on their way home from an outing Freckles and Gerry discover the body of a dead man outside the sea wall at Node. The body turns out to be that of Stanismore.

Next day the investigation is begun and Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard is called in. Each member of the household is questioned. Each has what seems like a perfect alibi though Alix knows that Frankie's is not the truth. He swears that he was in bed the night of the murder by ten o'clock and Alix, feeling that he is guilty but that she must stand by him now in trouble, upholds his statement. At this moment Manderton happens to look at Ronnie Dene and finds him staring in an oddly serious fashion at Alix.

Alix sprang to her feet and, in sheer exasperation, shook her clenched hands before her face.

"This ghastly business is driving me out of my mind," she cried passionately. "Why do you come here to torment me? If Ronnie didn't tell Nolling that he left his room, it simply means that he didn't think it of any importance to say that he had gone to get a breath of air in the garden before going to sleep. . . ."

"Well," observed her sister, "I call it jolly funny. Why, Ronnie must have been outside just about the very time that Stanismore was killed. . . ."

"I can't stand any more. . . ." Alix's voice rose to a plaintive note. "That man, always prying about the house, peering about the tower, cross-examining everybody; Aunt Ethel pumping me about Basil Stanismore; and now you with your questions! I can't stand it, I say. For God's sake, leave me alone. . . ."

She collapsed in the chair before the mirror, weeping hysterically.

The solemn notes of the dinner gong boomed through the house.

AFTER dinner that night Alix Barleston sat at the piano at the end of the long drawing-room and softly played to herself. She was almost in darkness, her black frock merged in the ebony of the piano and the dusky shadows of the corner which the waning light of the June evening failed to illumine. The drone of voices reached her through the half-open door of the morning-room.

She was strumming idly, wandering from one theme to another. Now she was trying to recapture the memory of an old French song she had heard somewhere. Under her breath, in a little, husky voice, she sang a snatch of a little love song.

A note jarred as she broke off abruptly. She looked up, her slim white fingers on the keys.

"Ronnie! How you startled me! Where's Frankie?"

"He went out after dinner," Dene replied.

"I thought you were going to play bridge. . . ."

"Nobody was very keen, so Sir Harry carried Vogue off to the library for a game of chess."

She stood up and closed the piano.

"Take me out on the terrace; I want to talk to you."

Through the French windows they passed out into the cool dusk. In silence they descended the broad steps. It was the first time since that memorable night that they had been alone together. A strange uneasiness lay between them; the warm camaraderie of their old relations was gone. As he walked at her side he felt the familiar thrill that her presence always gave him, but he was conscious that some unseen thing was holding them apart.

For three days now he had sought this meeting, but hitherto without avail. For three days his brain had been caught up among broken waves of thought, a leaping tumult of cross-currents and whirls and eddies.

A garden seat stood on one of the lower levels of the terraced banks. They descended toward it. Side by side they stood and gazed down upon the rustling mass of the Wilderness and the slaty surface of the sea spread out beneath the cool, dim stars.

"Ronnie," said Alix, breaking the silence, "I want you to go away from here."

HE WAS supersensitive that evening, and, with a little stab of mortification, he noticed that she did not look at him.

"You know I can't do that," he answered, even if I would. You heard what Sir Harry said at dinner: that Manderton wishes all of us to remain on here for the present. . . ."

"I know," she put in quickly, "but he can't detain you. You must be called away on military duty. Your colonel can easily arrange that. You must fix it somehow; you mustn't stop. . . ."

He shook his head decisively.

"I can't do that. . . ."

"Not if I ask you to go?" She turned and faced him. Now it was he who averted his gaze. "To please me, Ronnie. . . ."

"Not even then." His voice was stern; he looked at her. She flinched under his searching glance.

"There are reasons," she said in a low and hurried voice—"reasons I can't explain to you, Ronnie. Frankie"—she stopped, and her eyes flashed to his face—"Frankie objects to your being here. . . ."

Steadily he met her regard. "You mean he knows—about our meeting the other night?"

She shook her head. "Not that," she said.

"Then I don't see how I'm in Frankie's way," he retorted rather bitterly.

She turned away and gazed across the darkling treetops to seaward.

"You must forget what I told you that night—" she began.

He laughed disdainfully. "As if I could. . . ."

"I didn't know what I was saying. It would be better if we didn't see anything of each other any more . . . for a time, at least. Frankie and I are friends again. We're going to make a fresh start. You'll only spoil things if you're here. That's why I want you to go away."

He spoke no word, but his eyes never left her face. She laid a hand pleadingly on his arm. "You'll go, won't you?" He shook his head.

"Why are you so stubborn?" she cried plaintively.

"Because Frankie's put you up to this. . . ."

"He hasn't, I swear! He knows nothing about it!"

"Then why should you want to get rid of me?" His voice grew hard. "Are you afraid I'll let you down?"

"Oh, Ronnie," she exclaimed with a little sob, "you know I don't think that!"

But he did not relent. "What else do you leave me to think?" he demanded. She looked at him so wistfully that his voice softened: "Look here, Alix, why don't you tell me the truth?"

She recoiled in horror. "Don't ask me that," she whispered, her hands to her face. "Don't ask me that!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want to force your confidence," he said coldly, "but I confess I'm curious to know why Frankie should have gone to the trouble of producing this bogus alibi. . . ."

She extended her hands imploringly toward him. "Ronnie, for God's sake, stop! You don't know what you're saying. . . ."

"I do, only too well. What I don't understand is how he was able to prevail upon you to bolster it up with a lie. You know as well as I do that

Frankie didn't get to his room until midnight. Why did he tell the police that he went to bed at ten? And why, in heaven's name, did you support him?"

Desperately she looked about her in a very frenzy of fear.

"Ronnie," she entreated again, "I beg of you, stop!"

He glanced around. The gardens lay still and deserted about them.

"I can understand Frankie wanting to get rid of me," he went on inexorably, "if he knows that I was in your room the other night, as, after you, I'm the only person who can upset this amazing alibi of his. But you say he doesn't know. What am I to think? That it's you who are sending me away; that you were equally anxious to hoodwink the police. . . ."

She wrung her hands in anguish. "Think what you like! Only go away from this house!"

He leaned toward her.

"Can't you see that this suspense is burning me up?" he said in a low, fierce voice. "Do you think I'm blind? Do you imagine that I don't know that this man Manderton, ever since he arrived here, has devoted his whole attention to this house and its inmates? What is he looking for, Alix?"

"I don't know," she wailed. "I don't know. . . ."

"That night in your room," he went on passionately, "as you lay in my arms you whispered, 'Whatever they may say of me, promise you'll always remember that you loved me!' Why did you say that? Did you know then that Basil Stanismore was lying dead down there on the beach?"

"No, no!" she cried aghast. "You mustn't think that of me, Ronnie. . . ."

"Then what am I to think?" he flared back at her hotly. "You and Frankie put up this story that he returned from London at ten o'clock on the night of the murder. Why this lie? Why is it essential to fix his arrival two hours earlier than the real time?"

"And what do those two hours conceal?"

"I can't answer you!" she said.

"You say that as though I had not the right to ask," he retorted. "But I have this right. I'm implicated in this affair as well. I've had to let first Nolling and then Manderton believe that I never left my room once I had gone up to bed on Friday night. . . ."

"Don't you understand," she cried, "that this is why you must go? Why should you be dragged down with us? Can you be sure that this man won't discover that you deceived him? I'm haunted by the fear that he may somehow find out that you left your room. . . ."

"Don't worry," he said dourly, "he can't possibly do that. And if he does, Mr. Manderton will get very little change out of me, I promise you."

"You'd deny it, I know, but what good would that do? It would only make him the more suspicious." She lowered her voice. "Don't you realize that he suspects you already?"

"The less reason for my going away. . . ."

SHE caught his arm. "Ronnie," she implored solemnly, "for God's sake, do what I ask. This thing that's been laid upon me, I can go through with it alone, but as long as you're here I feel that you're being drawn steadily deeper into this morass. You've got your career to think of. I want you to go very far. And the thought that, through your friendship for me, ruin might come upon you is driving me out of my senses. . . ."

The urgent appeal in her voice touched him, but he would not let it appear. Her lack of confidence had wounded him, and he answered rather roughly:

"I'm not afraid for myself; you needn't imagine that. It's you I'm thinking of. You don't really believe that you and Frankie can throw dust in the eyes of a man like Manderton and get away with it, do you? Look here, Alix, you're in a mess, and



A note jarred as Alix broke off abruptly. "Ronnie! How you startled me! Where's Frankie?"

I'm going to help you out. But you must tell me the whole story."

She shook her head helplessly. "If you care for me at all," she said dully, "you'll do what I ask. . . ."

"I'm not going away, if that's what you mean," he replied stubbornly.

She raised her ashen face to his.

"You force me to say it," she murmured. "Oh, Ronnie, will you never understand? Don't you realize that I want to see you safe because—because," she faltered and the red glowed in her pale cheeks—"I love you!" she whispered softly.

He looked away, stern and hard and silent.

"Promise me, dear," she entreated, timidly touching his sleeve—"promise me that you'll have yourself recalled tomorrow?"

He shook his head.

She sprang back. "You think only of yourself!" she cried hotly.

He gave a hard laugh.

"What sort of love is it that knows no trust?" he answered bitterly. "God knows what it is that connects you with this foul crime, but you make it very hard for me to believe the best of you!"

She stared at him, thunderstruck. "Ronnie!" she gasped.



"What do you leave me to think?" he burst out wretchedly. "This man, lured here and slaughtered like an ox; and you, who know the truth, talk of love to me while all this time your only idea is to get me out of the way lest I should—"

"You've said enough," she broke in and gulped down a sob. "You must please yourself. I'm only sorry that I was ever foolish enough to have imagined, to have. . . ." her voice broke and she brusquely turned to go.

And he, hurt and angry even as she, torn between his love for her and the horrible suspicion that cast a shadow athwart his thoughts as black as the night which, while they talked, had dropped about them, let her depart unhindered, following her only with his eyes.

Suddenly he saw her stop and grow rigid. She turned back to him, pointing down at the dim silhouette of the railings, ranged like the bare skeleton of some prehistoric monster at the foot of the terrace.

"That man," she said in a low voice, "do you see him? Down there by the gate?"

Following her downward glance, he had caught a glimpse of a squat black shape which had glided noiselessly behind a clump of rhododendrons.

"It's one of Manderton's people, I fancy," he said. "Cantie told me he had someone hanging about the shrubbery before dinner."

She shivered. "This atmosphere of suspicion is stifling me," she murmured, as though to herself. "What does this detective hope to find here, in the grounds? And whom does he suspect?"

A STEP crunched the gravel on the path behind them. A mocking voice declaimed:

*Much is suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be.*

A cigar glowed out of the dark. A dark form loomed up beside them. It was Vogue.

"A woman wrote those lines," he remarked genially. "A clever woman too. Queen Elizabeth, no less. Scratched 'em with a diamond on a window at Woodstock Manor where her fond sister, Bloody Mary, had put her out of harm's way." He grinned at them, his grotesque face for an instant visible behind the glimmer of his cigar. "Whom does our Manderton suspect, you were asking? Whom *don't* he suspect, you should have said, my dear. Suspicion is his job. . . ."

"Look!" Alix said to Dene, "there's that man again!"

Vogue peered over their shoulders.

"Surveillance, eh?" he said.

Alix shivered.

"How horrible," she murmured. "How unutterably horrible!"

But Vogue laughed stridently.

ELSIE TWIG was ironing in the little parlor behind the tap when she heard her uncle's heavy tread in the passage outside. She put down her iron on its stand and listened.

"Humph," she said to herself. "Sounds discouraged-like. . . ."

She opened the door. "My," she exclaimed, "I didn't expect you so soon! Dan's not back yet. I'd best see about getting supper."

Mr. Manderton came slowly into the parlor and sat down by the table.

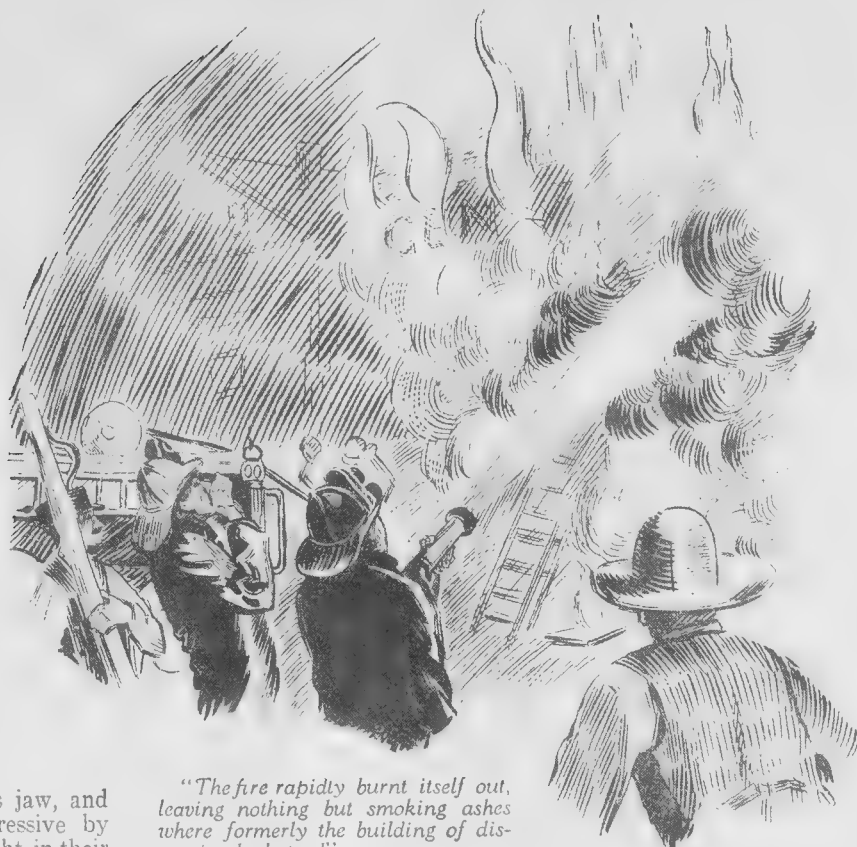
"I can't stop now," he told her. "Is Nolling here?"

"I haven't seen him," she declared.

"He'll be here any minute," rejoined the inspector. "Half past seven, I told him. We're going out to the Anthea together."

His wonted air of tranquil good humor had vanished. His eyes were hard, and his mouth, under the strong, bristling moustache, was an unpromising straight line. Elsie Twig recognized the symptoms. It was always like this in the early stages of a case when things were not going well.

Continued on page 80



"The fire rapidly burnt itself out, leaving nothing but smoking ashes where formerly the building of dissension had stood"

The Ash Bin

By R. Sprinks Allen



"Like children they danced and enjoyed themselves"

FOR ten years old Sam Glaum and Tom Murdoch had been friends; and then they quarreled.

From being merely business neighbors in that unkempt town of Leeville they had developed into close companions with a fine regard for each other. Sam Glaum, the elder, was a gentle old man, short of stature, with grey hair thinly covering his massive round head. His face was beardless, his cheeks hung a little loosely over his jaw, and his tired-looking eyes were made impressive by reason of the singularly understanding light in their depths. He was good, and he tried, according to his lights, to improve his little world by good actions. A man strangely lonely, the chief joy and interest of his life was the friendship of Tom Murdoch.

His store—Furniture and Second-hand Goods—and Murdoch's Garage were located in a single dilapidated building in a narrow street filled with smelly warehouses and antique hovels. Sam's store occupied the portion fronting the street, while the garage was at the rear, accessible from a yard at the side. The two men had paid rent for their premises until the landlord suddenly placed the property on the market; then each bought the portion which he occupied. Sam, since he already owned a considerable amount of property, purchased his store as a matter of course. But Tom Murdoch, who had never been a property owner before, became self-consciously important with his advent as a landlord.

Sam was unaware of this attitude until, one Monday morning, came the disagreement over the ash-bin.

He was in the store with his pretty young assistant, Ruth Halsey, tidying up for the week's business, when Tom Murdoch, smelling strongly of gasoline and motor grease, came in and began to lay down the law. He was a poorly-educated man—from early school days he had been forced to work—and his views were sometimes bigoted.

"I say, Sam," he complained, pompously, "can't you shift that blessed ash-bin of yours? It's right in my gateway, and there's a truck waiting to get into the place for repairs."

Sam looked up, a little surprised at his friend's tone, from his task of polishing an over-mantle mirror.

"Yes, I'll shift it, Tom. I didn't know the thing was in your way; it's in the usual place, isn't it—back of the gateway?"

"That's so," the other admitted, ungraciously; "and that's the trouble. Your ash-bin is on my ground, you know."

The disagreeable accents caused a furrow of perplexity to appear on Sam's brow. Ruth Halsey, too, looked up from her work enquiringly.

"Why, Tom, old boy, what's the matter?" Sam asked. "Is the ash-bin suddenly in the way after all these years?"

Tom Murdoch shifted his heavy weight from

one foot to another and made an impatient gesture with his large, oily hands.

"No; that's not the point. In those days we were tenants; now our places belong to us and, as my son Rufe tells me, we ought to begin as we intend to go on, and with an eye on the correct legal procedure. Our friendship mustn't stand in the way of this, although there's no need to quarrel over our rights."

"I'm sure I hope not, Tom," Sam replied, appalled at the suggestion. "I shouldn't like to think that this ramshackle building was going to be the cause of our friendship breaking up. But the ash-bin—where am I to put it? There's no spare ground with this store."

"I don't care where you put it, Sam, so long as it's not in my way—or on my ground."

During the rest of the day Sam pondered the incident. In itself it was not serious; but he had vague apprehensions that it would develop and lead to an estrangement. Tom Murdoch's attitude was so peculiar.

When David, his son, came home from his office soon after five o'clock and sat down to tea in the tiny room behind the store, he was told of the occurrence. Ruth Halsey followed her frequent custom and remained with them for the meal. Sam liked to see her cheerful little figure about him; besides which, he understood the loneliness of her life, for her only "home" was in an uncomfortable rooming house a few streets from the store. Many evenings after the store had closed, she walked home with them to spend an hour in their quiet house on the outskirts of the town. David, showing an especial pleasure in these visits, caused many a kindly twinkle to light Sam's grey eyes.

When his father had finished the story he puckered up his good-looking mouth in a whistle of surprise.

"Well, I'm hanged! They may be legally right, Dad," he observed, "but it seems to me to be a mighty high-handed thing to do between friends. Evidently Tom and Rufe have got a law bee in their bonnets."

After Sam had gone back into the store David helped Ruth to clear away the dishes.

"Do you think," Ruth asked seriously, as she washed up, "that this trouble will have any effect on Murdoch's friendship, David. I can see your father is awfully worried about it?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," David said, for he did not attach much importance to the incident. "I don't think it was done with that intention. I hope Dad doesn't worry about it, though. I'll have a word with Rufe."

But Ruth saw Tom's son first, for she had promised to go to the cinema with him that evening. While in his company she spoke of the unpleasant happening, and they, too, quarreled.

THE next morning Sam had further cause to worry over his friend. For years it had been Tom Murdoch's custom to call in each morning for a chat and smoke. Today he did not appear.

Ruth, watching the old man's every troubled, preoccupied move, and understanding the reason, did not as yet make any comment. There was a sadness, almost maternal care, in her gaze. She guessed every simple thought of his. Once he looked out to make sure that Tom was in the garage—perhaps thinking that he might be sick and so unable to call—and saw him talking casually to a truck driver. He turned to Ruth with a childlike desire for sympathy.

"Ruth, do you imagine Tom is taking that affair of yesterday to heart?" he appealed.

"I don't know," the girl answered doubtfully. "Anyway, it's a stupid thing to pick a quarrel over, and you mustn't worry about it. Everything will come right soon."

These optimistic words belied her true feelings, and in an impulsive endeavor to turn her employer's mind to something more wholesome, she began to talk business.

"Haden't we better get that set of chairs down from upstairs this morning, Mr. Glaum? The carrier is coming for them today."

Wearily Sam brushed a hand across his forehead.

"Yes—yes, my dear. I'd quite forgotten them."

Over the store there was a stockroom, which, owing to the original construction of the building

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"I don't care where you put it, Sam, so long as it's not in my way—or on my ground"

August in Oxford

Rambles About the
Surrounding Country

By Louise Moulton

IT WAS a question of where to spend August. If one would go to Cornwall or Devon, one must book a place weeks, or even months, in advance. Brittany and Normandy are equally popular. So, taking into consideration London's strong points, we were becoming at peace with the idea of remaining in town as we had done the previous summer, when a letter came from a friend in Oxford—a friend who has a charming little flat at the top of a house in a leafy crescent. Would we care to occupy her flat while she was gone?

"Just the thing!" we thought.

Accordingly, toward the end of July, we arrived to take possession. We soon discovered that the flat owed its particular charm to the windows that opened into the tree-tops of the crescent, and to our friend's deft arrangement of her personal belongings. Judged by modern standards of convenience, much was lacking. However, that did not disturb us.

The servant went along with the flat. She did not live in, but came every day to do our work and look after our various wants. She was a tall, anaemic-looking woman of about fifty; but her face was always shining with the optimism of her religion—Christian Science. She evidently looked upon us as her mission, and considered it a conspicuous part of her duty to keep us cheered up. We found it necessary to adhere to a firm policy of concentration in our reading or writing in order to prevent conversation from assuming undue proportions. However, she was a very good local historian and geographer, and we were indebted to her for much interesting information, and for several of our most enjoyable walks, which she mapped out for us.

The first of these was a walk to Islip. "Could you do seventeen miles today?" she asked one morning. We protested that that might be a little too much. Well, then, it might not be quite that far. In fact, upon due consideration, she decided it could hardly be farther than to Wytham and back the way we had gone, and we had been very enthusiastic about that. She was determined that we should go. She knew that we would enjoy it.

It was about noon when we finally set out. It always was late before we could get started upon our expeditions. Oxford is notorious for being a "relaxing" place. "Oh, no," one hears people say, "I can't live in Oxford. It is too relaxing for me." And the inhabitants, as a rule, are far from keen about early rising. We used to hear the breakfast-bells in our neighborhood going about ten o'clock. Indeed, there is an old legend that the reason why this particular spot was chosen as the site for a university, was that the students might not be tempted by overstudy to injure their brains.

The beginning of our walk was through allotment gardens. And I feel that the allotment gardens around Oxford really deserve very special mention; they are so numerous and so neat, so fragrant and bright with flowers, and so appetizing-looking on account of the vegetables and fruits.

But I must be content to give them this one sentence in passing. Then over a sweet-smelling meadow we go to the Marston Ferry.

Marston Ferry! Who that has punted on the Cherwell can forget stooping to go under the wire that guides the boat across? Or who, having once seen him, could ever forget the old rheumatic ferryman with the sparse fringe of beard along his chin? He is somehow suggestive of Charon and of timeless age. He is not a genial soul, but seems rather a proper figure for tragedy. Over the stream we went by this ferry, and then across Marston Meadows.

On these meadows was fought one of the great battles of the Civil War. We sat on a log near the Manor and read in our companionable little guide-book that Fairfax had his headquarters here in 1646. But why spoil the tranquillity of this sweet



The Trout Inn Godstow, on the Upper Thames

ing through the over-building of the fifteenth century. We had visited it several times, having gone after tea by way of that narrow strip lying between two branches of the Cherwell, and called Mesopotamia. Now we must hurry along and get farther afield.

WE PROCEEDED by a charmingly sinuous road, from this point on entirely new to us. Through chattering hedgerows and fragrant meadows we went all the way to Wood Eaton, encountering in all that distance only two little boys who passed us on bicycles, and whom we overtook again at the gate leading into the precincts of Wood Eaton. They were sitting on some logs drinking lemon squash and eating bananas, and their eyes were sparkling with the joy of adventure.

Wood Eaton appeared to be an absolutely deserted village. It was as if we had found ourselves coming to life and moving about in the perspective of a faded vignette in some ancient book. Not a soul did we see. The most living sign was the smoke curling up out of the chimney of the old Manor. In the square we noted the village cross much battered and weather-worn—a stray symbol of Romanism that had escaped the devastating hand of the Civil War. The thatched cottages partly surrounding the village green made a pretty picture out of the pages of Rural England. But not a motion of life did we see about any of them. Not even a dog was skulking about, nor was there a cat on a single door-sill.

From Wood Eaton our road wound up, skirting the wood. It led us higher than most of our walks around Oxford had done, furnishing us of a sweeping view of all the surrounding country. The air was exhilarating. We felt that had we been staying up there instead of in Oxford, morning would not find us so heavy with sleep, and would herself awaken us with a more sprightly touch, inviting us out to partake of her early charms.

On the right, we passed the tiny village of Noke. Its spire between the trees invited us, and its name intrigued us. Perhaps we wanted to see it the more because we felt that we had hardly time for the detour. We hesitated, and decided regretfully to go on, looking back now and then to view its spire among the trees. We doubted if we should pass that way again. And, indeed, we did not. I am sure that if ever we have the good fortune to do that walk again we will not pass Noke by.

We descended into Islip, crossing over the bridge of the River Ray just at the threshold of the town. Then we mounted again to higher ground, for the church stands at the top of the hill. And an impressive situation it is, dominating a richly varied landscape. It stands among glorious old yews, old tombstones and roses. The church itself is interesting. But first of all we found it good just to rest in its grateful coolness. Then we began to analyze and to appreciate the overlapping charm of twelfth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and seventeenth-century growths. And most of all were we delighted with the atmosphere of the place. It was evidently cared for with tender devotion. Wherever there was an opportunity to use them fresh flowers were placed. It was indeed beautiful.

After having regaled ourselves with tea at an inn

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Churchyard Cross, North Hinksey

spot by conjuring up those scenes of bloody strife, which happily the meadows have forgotten. The waving grasses whisper only of peace.

We sat on the log, ate our sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, cheese, and pears, and the beauty of the blue sky with its fleeting clouds, the sweetness of the air, the romantic suggestiveness of old-world walls clambered over with ivy and blossoming roses comprised a mise-en-scene so enchanting that we wondered why one should ever eat within the enclosure of walls—unless to shelter from bad weather.

Our walk now took us past Marston Church, a delightful church with thirteenth-century characteristics protrud-



The White Hart Inn, Wytham

The Winding Trail

From the Sunset land a long trail winds,
An old sad trail well defined
Following the creek and river bank,
Village and town, its pathway binds.

Over its road grim traders passed;
Dusky couriers to Riel rode fast;
Slowly creaked the Red River cart,
The end.—Fort Garry gate at last.

The men of that Portal have passed
along

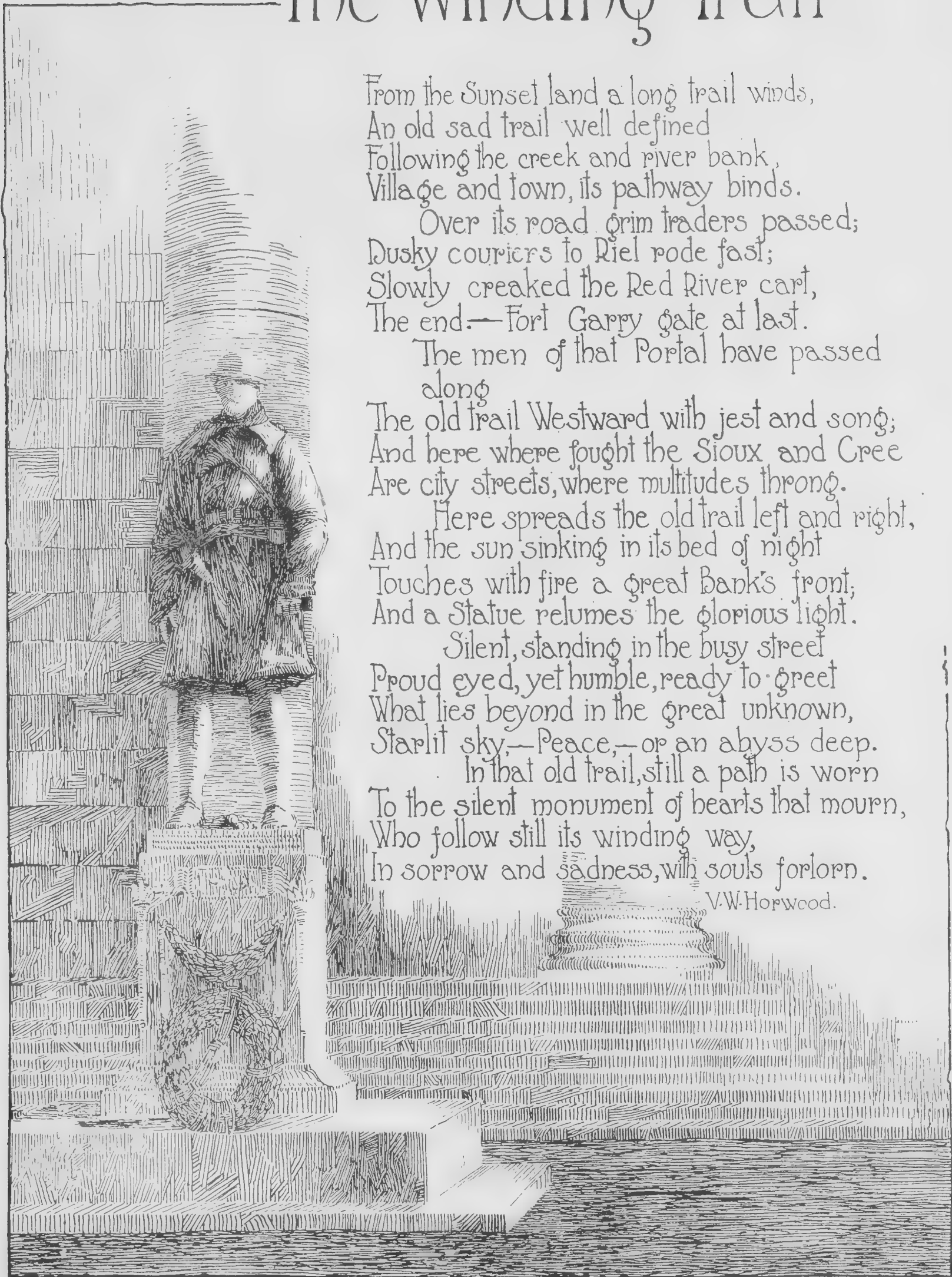
The old trail Westward with jest and song;
And here where fought the Sioux and Cree
Are city streets, where multitudes throng.

Here spreads the old trail left and right,
And the sun sinking in its bed of night
Touches with fire a great Bank's front;
And a Statue relumes the glorious light.

Silent, standing in the busy street
Proud eyed, yet humble, ready to greet
What lies beyond in the great unknown,
Starlit sky.—Peace,—or an abyss deep.

In that old trail, still a path is worn
To the silent monument of hearts that mourn,
Who follow still its winding way,
In sorrow and sadness, with souls forlorn.

V.W. Horwood.



Farm Beautiful

By Carol Burwood

"BUT I'm going to the city to study and then afterwards to live," said Louise Tolbert saucily, "Uncle says I may go next fall."

"Are you going to be a stenographer," asked Jimmy Weston.

No Sir, I intend to be a secretary and get a big salary," swinging her red tam-o-shanter against the gate she glanced shyly up at Jimmy, in a slightly persuasive tone she said: "You surely did not mean what you said about staying on the farm; it seems so easy for you to study and in a few years more you would get a position, and make plenty of money and really live."

"So you do not think that a farm can be made into an attractive home?"

"I know how you feel about it, and it did sound wonderful in that theme you wrote, but you can't believe—you did not mean all that you said about the 'Farm Beautiful,' did you?"

At mention of the theme Jimmy's face turned scarlet. He loved farming and when from the innermost depths of his soul he had written of a sacred dream, naturally sensitive, he had been deeply wounded when, as he read and explained about a small electric plant, and running water in a beautifully planned house, of flower beds and smooth green lawn, it had been greeted with ill-suppressed giggles and taunts; after school he caught phrases of: "That old ramshackle Weston farm; the meanest lookin' in the county; whoever heard of a 'farm beautiful. Electricity, bah—" and with shouts of laughter they kept it up week after week. They were not naturally heartless, but they had no way of comprehending the dreams in a bashful boy's heart.

That had been weeks before, and as he stood talking it did not matter much what other members of the class thought of him, but Louise—that was different, and, noting the sun glinting on the golden bronze of her hair, he could not tell her that he did believe there could be such a place. Taking his silence for assent, Louise said: "And so you are going to spend the rest of your life grubbing on an old farm?"

"Oh, it's hard work, sure, but anything is we make a success of. For a few years I am not free to leave, even if I cared to."

School was over; he gathered up his books and said good-bye, and with wistful dark eyes he tried to get Louise to look at him, but she avoided his glance. So she really meant what her reckless words implied. He had thought she understood and believed in his dream, but her scornful little face showed plainly that she never had and, with a leaden heart, Jimmy turned away.

It seemed strange to have Jimmy go away peevish, but if he was going to take the ridiculous side of things— And, as the girls all said: "Die off



Louise

milkin' cows and sloppin' pigs," he'd as well go now as later.

WHEN Louise returned to Midville for her vacation no one seemed to know much about Jimmy. Grace said: "Oh, Jimmy dropped out of everything; none of the old bunch ever see him any more; he's gone to seed." And the girls all laughed.

The time or two that Louise did glimpse Jimmy his clothes and everything about his appearance caused her to believe the reports she heard of their poverty and struggle were not untrue. For a time he had written regularly, but she was busy, and did not answer often, and then Jimmy's mother died, and after that she only had one or two notes.

After Louise finished her course and accepted a position in the city her uncle died, his business was bankrupt; there was no legacy, and she had to take up her work in earnest as the only means of support.

One day Jimmy was in the city and he looked her up, and, because everything was not as lovely and interesting as she had dreamed it would be, and afraid Jimmy would see it, she sparkled and talked and painted it all in vivid colors, she "adored it; not a dull moment," and it was nearly time for Jimmy to leave when in a slight pause she smiled at him and said: "And how is the old farm?"

Something in her manner and her voice caused the hot color to rush to Jimmy's face, and he stammered, "all right, I guess," and in a little while he left.

A few months later Jimmy met Louise again in the city. It came to her with a little pang that he was good-looking; his clothes were not bad, and he was nice to talk to, but, if he would waste his whole life being a farmer, he would have to, that was all. Why, he was positively queer, too; he'd hardly mention the farm at all any more; he probably saw his mistake well enough, but would not admit it.

Because Louise was a little homesick, and Jimmy was distant and aloof, and because Jimmy believed all Louise said, they were both a little heartsick over the visit. Jimmy did not look her up next time he was in the city, and they wrote no more letters.

The years went by and Louise did not return to her home town. There were other places nearer to spend her vacations, and money now played an important part in her programme, for, should she fall ill, there was no one to look to for assistance.

AFTER three years in the same office, Louise was taking dictation for the manager, with a little more pay and a great deal more responsibility. Many times, after sitting idly most of the working hours, J. C. Bolton, the manager, would wheeze heavily into the office and ring for her, wiping perspiration from his head he would give her letter after letter, to be gotten out that evening. Though there were rarely flaws in her letters he had a most annoying habit of calling her back from the door: "Sure you have that last—important, you know," and Louise would be late to dinner. But good positions were hard to get, so she stayed. It was after a day of this sort that her dingy room on the third floor back irked her most. "Goodness knows the rent was enough—all she could afford." Hanging her coat in the dark, box-like closet, she threw open the window as wide as possible and sat down with her back to the dark, hideous fireplace and hideous furniture. When she was extremely tired she rested her head on the window sill and looked not at all, until time to turn up the lights, when it did not appear so bad.

It was, to be exact, seven years since Louise had been to the old "home town," when, the second week of June, she stepped from the Midville local into the outstretched arms of Grace and Amy and others of the old crowd, in answer to an urgent invitation to come up for her vacation.

When she had received the card she had purchased more pretty clothes than she had bought for years and eagerly accepted. After the first week of picnics, dinners and dances, Louise's mind was not very clear on a number of things. Among themselves her host and hostess quarreled a good deal. It was quite evident that they all lived beyond their inadequate incomes, which perhaps accounted for their irritability. They were all more or less unhappy, in spite of which she enjoyed herself immensely. It was nice to be the centre of attraction, and carefree, yet sometimes



Jimmy

she worried just a little about the way it seemed to bore Grace and Phil if they were left alone together, and that Grace had so little time to spend with the two rosy babies, who seemed so interesting and lovable.

She gathered from their conversation at different times that Jimmy Weston had done well; they saw very little of him. She, of course, only imagined that their voices held a suspicion of awe when they mentioned him. Her two weeks were nearly at an end when she got a glimpse of a familiar head and shoulders in a passing car. It surprised her somewhat to note that he was driving a remarkably good-looking car.

Her last Sunday in Midville dawned warm and beautiful. Looking fresh and lovely as a girl, she went to church alone. Grace was dismayed at the mere thought of rising on Sunday morning in time for services, and so Louise left a quiet, darkened house and walked up the street, appreciating the big, overhanging trees, the cosy homes with their gay flower beds, which she passed.

Inside, the big stone church was dim and cool, and faintly sweet with the scent of roses. The music, the pleasant voice of the old minister was so drowsily peaceful that they were receiving the benediction and nodding to one another across the aisles sooner than she liked. Making her way to the door a lean, brown hand was thrust in front of her and a pleasant voice far above her said: "Don't say, Louise Tolbert, that you've forgotten me." She looked up straight into the brown eyes of Jimmy Weston.

"You, Jimmy Weston. Where have you been? I've stayed here two weeks and this is the first time I have seen you." They walked down the street and paused before the gate. Louise wanted terribly to invite him to lunch, but she knew her hostess was probably still a-bed. While she hesitated, Jimmy said:

"You wait here, Louise, till I get my car. We'll go to the Inn for lunch, and afterward I'll show you my farm." She thought she detected a note of pride in his voice as he said: "And bring a wrap, for we will stay there for dinner."

After lunch at an adorable little place where all the really nice people of Midville ate, for several hours they drove up in the hills past peaceful farm homes, and through beautiful wooded spaces they had ridden a couple of hours, when he turned to her and said:

"Are you sure that you care to visit my farm. You never were, you remember, very complimentary to my farm or to me." And as Louise glanced up she caught a wistful sort of eagerness in his eyes, and, deep in her heart, she believed she had never wanted anything so much in all her life as she wanted to see the place again where this particularly interesting person lived.

"Why, I'd love it, Jim. The best— Let's start now," and turning the car about, they moved swiftly, smoothly down the broad valley, through country lanes full of clover and butterflies.

They did not talk much, and Louise fell to wondering if the big old house, which she had vaguely remembered as being too full of, too many, too small rooms would be just as it was when Jimmie's mother kept the small parlor immaculate but full of red plush and bric-a-brac. Suddenly, it seemed, they passed between waving grain fields and dark green meadows and then drew up before what was—yet could it be the same house? How different it looked! Stretching away before it, and to the sides beneath the trees, was grass, smooth and velvety; gay flower-boxes decorated the windows and the porch, while rose bushes seemed everywhere dripping petals and fragrance.

As Louise stood with hands clasped, exclaiming, admiring, she did not realize that the quiet man at her side was drinking in her beauty as she stood, fair and slender, in her white gown, and the glimpse here and there of her golden-bronze hair catching the sun, beneath her drooping hat, carried him back to another gate, years ago, and there was the same faint pink in her cheeks, the same little white chin, and as she turned the same violet-colored eyes to his face, he knew he loved her more, a hundred times, than he had years before.

"Jimmy, why did you never tell me how beautiful it was, and you—you have done all this yourself."

Not trusting himself to speak just then, Jimmy opened the gate and they passed into the house, and amazed Louise stopped on the threshold, instead of the stiff little room she remembered, walls had been taken away and she was in a long room with a fireplace in the centre. She ran to look from sunny windows at the shady yard; to touch with caressing fingers the books lining built-in cases finished in creamy white. The room was complete in every detail, and her woman's eye roved over it and declared that had she the power, she would not add nor take away one thing from it. She rested a moment in one and then another cosy chair, noting the angle of the lamps; the piano stood in just the proper light. She buried her flushed face deep in a bowl of roses standing on the mantel. It was the dream-room of any woman's heart. Raising her smiling face to him she said: "But Jimmy—how in the world did you do it—it's wonderful!"

Just then a plain-looking woman came to the door and Jimmy turned to her, saying: "Miss Tolbert, Mrs. Mullets is an excellent housekeeper, she explains it all," and good-naturedly he added: "Mrs. Mullets, please show my guest where to take her hat, while I find something cool to drink."

Louise could hardly stifle an exclamation when she was led into a beautiful room with creamy walls, gleaming mahogany and dull blue hangings; just such a room as she had pictured many times, even to the four-poster with its blue spread like the draperies, and through the open door was a glimpse of a bathroom, white and glistening. When Mrs. Mullets turned her back she could not refrain from glancing up to see if there were electric lights, and there, at either side of the mirror, were shaded wall-lamps. Dazed, almost, by the beauty and simplicity, she felt warm and glowing.

Back in the pleasant living-room Jimmy brought tall glasses of ice and fruit juices, and something in the sure deftness of his movements called for silent admiration. And this was the same "Old Jimmy" they had called awkward at school.

"I had thought," exclaimed Jimmy, "to take you to the Cliff; there is a remarkable view, but it would hardly do, I think," as he glanced at her white-clad feet and silken-covered ankles, "unless—" and he looked at Mrs. Mullets, "there is an outing-suit of sister Jennie's in her room; please take Miss Tolbert up and find out."

On the second floor were more sleeping rooms,

all simple and attractive. While Mrs. Mullets collected a pair of grey tweed knickers and a blouse she chatted busily: "Mr. Jim is that particular—why dust and disorder—" Louise had one boot on, and as she laced the other, Mrs. Mullets proceeded: "And the beautifullest voice—why, he's almost best in the 'Glee Club' at Harmon."

"Glee Club?" exclaimed Miss Tolbert.

"Yes; you see he's finished all them courses at the College at Harmon, odds and ends of times, but you should see the way he keeps on reading just the same, evenings and all!"



Back in the pleasant living room Jimmy brought tall glasses of ice and fruit juices

"How long have you been here, Mrs. Mullets?" asked Louise.

"About eleven years; and he's been good to me like a son; just as I always says, Miss—like my own son."

All the housekeeper said Louise did not hear, for her mind was busy with other things; something wonderful had stirred in her heart that morning when she had heard Jimmy's voice, and the reason she had refused at different times offers of marriage, and some of them very acceptable, stood clearly before her—chiefly a pair of straight shoulders, brown eyes, more serious, perhaps and yet mischievous as they had been in school days; with a nice chin and a sensitive mouth. How strange that all these years she had not known, and her heart beat wildly now with its new knowledge.

Mrs. Mullets, sensing that she had an appreciative listener, talked on. As they were ready to go down, at the head of the stairs was a closed door. "This room," she exclaimed, lowering her voice and stepping nearer, "is for his wife. It's as empty as a drum and he's never done anything to it. He keeps the key, and he didn't tell me, but I heard him tell Miss Jennie last summer that when she comes it's to be finished just as she wishes." Louise's heart turned sick, but she controlled her voice to ask:

"So he is to be married?"

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Mullets, and, having imparted this important news she bustled to the head of the stairs. On the first one she turned: "Now, of course, he hasn't exactly said so, and I do not even know her name, but she lives in some city. Oh, it's easy enough to tell; as I always says, Miss, it's easy enough to tell." And with a sly wink she went down the stairs.

Of course, she had always loved Jimmy. How strange that she had not known—and he was waiting in that room below to show her the "Place o' Dreams" he had builded for another girl.

OUT the door and down the walk, she hardly heard one of Jimmy's remarks about how nice she looked in the little tweed suit, or about other things as they wandered along in the late afternoon sunshine to the barn full of clean, fragrant hay, to the edge of the pasture where sleek-looking cattle stood contented in deep grass. Jimmy, with his face beaming, told her this and that about how

hard it had been at first to bring the farm to a paying basis, and then improve it. When they had inspected all the interesting things they went up a steep little path to the Cliff, while on their tour of inspection Louise had kept telling herself that in a few weeks, perhaps days, he would be showing his wife all this with the same keen pride and boyish pleasure. How she wished she had not promised to stay to dinner. If she could only get away, to be alone.

On the Cliff, with the valley lying before them in deep blue shadows, Jimmy kept looking at her almost strangely, and afraid lest he would know how dead was her heart, she chattered of the city, and gilded it in a manner which astonished even her, and as she painted a life of ease and comfort in the city she thought of her friends in Midville who had time for so little, and her mind flashed back to the quiet man beside her who had found time to improve his mind, who found time for church, books and music, friends and beauty. As she talked she did not notice how strangely quiet he had grown, nor that his voice sounded unnatural when, with white lips, he suggested, "that they return to the house."

By the time they had reached the house and Louise had changed into her own frock, he was again all host, concerned only with his guest's comfort. Such a meal as Mrs. Mullets gave them! The table, with its snowy linen and rosebuds was inviting; they talked of this and that inconsequential thing until they had finished with the broiled chicken, salad and ice, when Jimmy suggested that they take their coffee to the porch. They sat quietly talking so long that when they had finished, the garden was full of silvery moonlight, and she asked Jimmy to get her wraps. To go back in those dear, beautiful rooms was more than she could bear. It did seem as though he would have spoken of this other girl—given her a chance to congratulate him.

Waiting for Jimmy, she went down the steps, across the dew-wet grass to where the great roses held their waxen cups to the moonlight. How strange life was—only that morning, unknowingly, she had stumbled into her world, and a few hours later she had lost it all.

Pulling a soft-petalled rose, she knew that Jimmy was standing quietly by her. Suddenly she turned toward him and exclaimed, in a hushed voice: "This is—beautiful—Jimmy. But surely you did it for someone." Her hand fluttered to her heart and rested there. She prayed that he would say no—deny it. Once he raised his hand as though to touch her and then it fell to his side. In a deadly quiet voice he answered:

"Yes—I—I did this for someone."

He put the cloak about her shoulders. When she was in the car he brought roses and put them in her lap, at her feet. She swallowed the sobs in her throat. What a blind, stupid fool she had been—not to know.

As they drove to town through the moonlight, his rough shoulder so intimately near, she was glad that he did not talk, for the heavy scent of the roses, and his strong-looking hands busy with the wheel made her throat hurt worse than ever. At last they were there. She thanked him for a beautiful day. He carried the roses to the door, and said good-bye.

The next morning she woke with a heavy heart. Perhaps he might call during the day and tell her it was a mad dream—that there was no other girl. Bravely she laughed and talked with the other girls who came in and out all day with some forgotten message, and that evening eight of them had dinner at Grace's with young Stephen Wainwright for Louise. The good-byes were over, with many pleas to Louise to come again next summer, or at Christmas time. Louise answered this with a queer little twisted smile, and at last they were gone.

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The Judas Kiss

By Robert Watson

"WHY doesn't he resign? He has long outlived his usefulness as our pastor. He is worse than the proverbial millstone. Why does he not retire and give the Managing Board a chance to make good; a chance to pay some of the old back interest on our fifty-thousand-dollar mortgage; a chance to clean up some of the mortgage itself? Every month we are falling farther in arrears.

"I tell you what we need, and need badly, is a young minister, an aggressive pastor, an organizer, a business head, a man with up-to-date ideas and up-to-date methods; someone who will attract the people to our church. If we get the people, the money will come in as a natural sequence. Until we have the right man, we shall continue to go back and still farther back in our finances."

The wealthy pork-butcher of Grafton, treasurer of the fashionable but not too popular church of Saint Philips, dropped into his seat and stretched his legs under the table with an air of one who had given expression to his convictions and had done a distasteful duty to the satisfaction of himself and of his colleagues.

It was the same old burning question. It had cropped up at every meeting of the Managing Board, at every meeting of the Elders, for the past five years; and every time it came up, it had been shelved as something beyond the power of anyone but the pastor himself to remedy.

The Rev. Andrew Sainty had been minister of Saint Philips when the church was a little wooden erection now used by the caretaker as a store-room; when Grafton was a small, Western, coast settlement of three hundred inhabitants; when the now flourishing town obliterated under the name of Angel's Rest. That was in the days before the gold boom; in the days prior to the arrival of the railroads, prior to the town becoming the chief port for the Orient; and, last, in the days before the great land boom which made millionaires out of peddlers and peanut vendors, and promoted the mushroom millionaires of its own creation—on account of their millions—to be city aldermen, mayors, political bosses and politicians.

For twenty-five long years the Rev. Sainty had watched the material progress and spiritual decline of Grafton; the departure, one by one, of the old worshippers, and the gradual influx of the newer school with their pomp and innovations—until he felt, of a surety, his was becoming "a voice crying in the wilderness."

As Horace Graball resumed his seat, a murmur of approval ran through the board room, for, were not his the sentiments of all who had foregathered there?

But a hush fell over the proceedings as George Greenback-Smythe, mayor of the City of Grafton, President of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the Managing Board, and financial mainstay of Saint Philips, rose. He pushed back his chair, shot out his under lip and struck his diamond-studded fist on the table.

"I rise to endorse and emphasize what our good friend, Mr. Graball, has said. But, with me, matters have come to a climax. The Rev. Andrew Sainty must resign or I go over to Saint Marks. I need not tell you, gentlemen, that the invitations from that body of worshippers have been many and flattering. I have remained staunch to Saint Philips notwithstanding, until I find I can do so no longer. Every time I hear Mr. Sainty preach, I am bored instead of elevated. Our minister is too old-fashioned, too prosy, too slow. What we need is vigor, life, energy, enthusiasm, attractiveness. The church is going back. Our average Sunday collection is now ten cents per member as against fifty cents per member five years ago.

"Only the other Sunday, Mrs. Greenback-Smythe got her furs soiled by contact with some street loafer who had come into the church and set himself down in our recognized pew. A year ago I offered to provide surplices for the choir. The Rev. Mr. Sainty threw cold water over the project.

"A month ago, Mrs. Greenback-Smythe, as President of the Ladies' Guild, tried to arrange a masquerade social in aid of the organ fund. The Rev.

Mr. Sainty would not hear of it. The result was a loss of at least five hundred dollars to Saint Philips. And this, despite the fact that our go-ahead neighbors in Saint Marks had a strawberry festival recently at which all the leading artists from the vaudeville and stock houses in the city contributed an item each to the concert programme. By this, they raised seven hundred and fifty dollars toward their new gymnasium and skittle alley.

"Gentlemen, I need say no more but this. Unless we have prospects of a new parson within three

has come at last when we must part. I feel that my mission among you is finished; that a younger and abler man than I am is needed among you on the remainder of your journey through life. Through the long years I have loved you with the love of a shepherd for his flock, with the love of a father for his children, the love of a brother for his brethren. No one knows just what it means to me to sever myself from Saint Philips and all its endearing associations. I shall claim your indulgence a little while longer. The ruling ministers convene in two months time. It is my intention to place my resignation in their hands then."

Tears sprang to his kindly old eyes, as he held up his trembling arms and pronounced the benediction. Everywhere in the congregation, fancy lace handkerchiefs were applied to moist cheeks; deep voices coughed and throats were cleared. With bowed head, the pastor left the pulpit and walked through the portal to the vestry. Then the organ boomed and reverberated its parting chant, and the congregation filed out of the church. Outside, the sun was shining. Little groups of worshippers gathered and talked. On every side could be heard sighs of relief and comments of satisfaction that the so long-hoped-for had come at last.

George Greenback-Smythe leaned out of his limousine and shook hands with Horace Graball, just as if an election had been won or some smart business deal put through.

"We must make it up to the old fellow," cried the mayor generously. "We must make the remainder of his stay with us very pleasant. Meet me at my office at 11 a.m. tomorrow and we can discuss the situation."

"Delighted!" replied Graball, as he hurried off, surrounded by the shower of lace flounces belonging to his portly wife and stately daughters.

Next day, the Rev. Andrew Sainty was interviewed by a number of gushing callers. He was the recipient of innumerable expressions of regret that he had taken it upon himself to leave them. A thousand times he heard what an influence he had been in the lives of all of them; what a gap he would leave in the church, in the district, in the city. He and Mrs. Sainty were dined by Horace Graball and driven round the park every day by George Greenback-Smythe.

Then came the most affecting episode of all. There was luncheon in the church hall, given at the expense of the mayor, who acted as chairman for the occasion. There were speeches and presentations; a loving-cup for Mrs. Sainty, a gold watch, suitably inscribed, a portrait in oils and an illuminated address for the Rev. Andrew Sainty. In response to such tokens of love and esteem, the old minister rose before his people, overwhelmed. He did not speak. Thus, for two long minutes, he stood. Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

During the week that ensued, fresh proofs were brought to the minister of the respect in which his people had held him; breaking down his former resolutions and causing him anxious days and sleepless nights, as he considered and reconsidered his position and his duty. When a petition was at last tendered to him, signed by ninety per cent. of his congregation, asking him to change his decision, he became convinced that he had previously thought wrongly regarding the feelings of his people toward him and that he had acted in haste.

On the Sabbath morning prior to the Ministerial Convention at which he had decided to lodge his resignation—just before his congregation bowed their heads to receive their dismissal—he told them in a faltering voice how their kindness had touched his heart; how he had been judging them harshly in thinking at odd moments that they were chafing under his ministry; how he had wrestled long and earnestly in order that he might come to a correct decision; and how, after much thought and prayer he had arrived at the conclusion that it was his duty to remain as pastor of Saint Philips, continuing to guide and help his people and, if God so willed, to end his days with those who loved him so well.

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The Days of Long Ago

By W. V. Newson

*Long ago, when we used to lie
'Neath the blue of our own home sky,
Where each green blade by each shining stream
Played a part in our early dream;
Nothing seemed real but the people we knew
And we loved them all—all but a few,
All but a few, that we didn't know
Back in the days of long ago.*

*There was beauty in that old land—
The light through the trees, that used to stand
Near to our home, in the sunlit hours,
Back in the dear, dear youth of ours,
Was just as lovely to you and me
As the pale of dusk upon the lea
And the sounds we loved were the low of kine
And the croon of opal doves in the bine.*

*Now we are grown and have lost the glow
That was fresh in the days of long ago;
Our feet creep home to the old, old place
And we miss the quiet of some old face
That we used to know in the days that are gone;
And here the garden and here the lawn,
Of the kindly old house we used to know,
In the fading twilight of long ago.*

*Faces go by that we once did know,
Though locks are whiter and steps are slow;
And we feel so strange in our old town,
Though the same old houses in smile and frown
Stand as proud as they did of old
Though the hands of their builders have long been
cold,
And we turn back blithely, though this be so,
Back to the days of long ago.*

months, I withdraw my support from Saint Philips and go over to Saint Marks."

Consternation spread as George Greenback-Smythe took his seat, for all knew that if the wealthy magnate left Saint Philips it would mean little short of blue-ruin.

That night, the worthy members of the Board told their wives of what was pending. Next day, their wives told their friends, and the news spread in the manner that kind of news always does. Everybody heard it—everybody but the venerable Andrew Sainty and his worthy grey-haired wife. Hundreds of members, anxious to be in the fashion, expressed their determination to follow the example of the Greenback-Smythes.

ON THE Sunday following, by that strange inner working of the mind which no one can fathom—born maybe by the concentrated thoughts of several hundreds of individuals along one line, in a small area—the Reverend Andrew Sainty, after the dispensation of the Holy Sacrament, rose before his bowed, hushed and perfumed congregation. His hands trembled and sought the table in front of him for support. A soft golden light shone through the Greenback-Smythe presentation stained-glass window at his back, shedding a halo around the scant, silver locks and mellowing the lines of his pale face. His kindly eyes sparkled with the depth of his emotion.

"My dear friends," he said, "I feel that the time



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The Ancient Art of Smuggling

By J. H. McCulloch



Rockcliffe Bay

A FRIEND of mine told me, the other day, how whisky is sometimes smuggled across the Detroit River. A launch drifts across the river, and behind it, just under the surface of the water, is a long string of cases of booze. The cases are kept under the water by placing a sealed, empty bottle in each case. My friend thought this trick was a product of modern Yankee ingenuity. But it isn't! The modern American smuggler hasn't developed any new tricks; the ones he uses are as old as the hills.

The most accomplished smugglers the world has ever known were the "Free-Traders" of the Southwest of Scotland, and the story of their operations is both interesting and illuminating. The Southwest corner of Scotland, commonly called Galloway, is washed by the terrific tides of the Solway Firth. England is visible, when the weather is clear, across this Firth. The Isle of Man is at a convenient distance. Smuggling was quite an art in Galloway as far back as 1670, and the smugglers called themselves "Free-Traders," and, sometimes, "Fair-Traders." Surprisingly few people were aware of the origin of this now respectable political appellation, "Free-Traders," but there it is! It explains why so many natives of Southwest Scotland are low-tariff advocates. The Scotch don't take kindly to imposts. Galloway became a nest of smugglers largely because of the nearness of The Isle of Man, for this historic British island was exempted from certain import duties on foreign goods, on which all other parts of Great Britain were heavily taxed. This ancient island, which was ruled by the Welsh kings from the sixth century till the tenth, finally passed into the hands of the Duke of Atholl, who held by charter the royalty granting exemption from duty on certain importations, among which were brandy, rum, gin, wines, tobacco, tea and lace.

The Island, thus favored by the British fiscal policy, soon became a smuggling base, receiving big shipments of spirituous liquors, tobacco, lace, and tea from Holland, France, and The Channel Islands. These shipments were smuggled across the Solway Firth into Scotland, and this illicit but romantic traffic, which went on merrily for a century and a half, developed a technique that has never been surpassed. When one stops to consider that John Paul Jones, the naval hero of the United States, and the bonniest fighter that ever stood on the deck of a ship, took a fling at the Galloway smuggling trade before he left his native Galloway, one begins to suspect what a lot of cautious pikers the modern American smugglers are, with their political wire-pullers and fresh-water chauffeurs.

THE Southwest coast of Scotland suggests smuggling. It is as intriguing as it is beautiful, for it is indented with innumerable little bays, and here and there, in the cliffs, are deep and fearsome caves. And behind the shore-line, in the days of smugglers, lay a wild, hilly hinterland into which strangers seldom penetrated.

It may be fairly said that most of the people of

many of the latter could be blind and hard of hearing when the occasion warranted. As Burns sings:

*"The deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the toon,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."*

It is interesting to note the immortal names that are associated with this illegal traffic in Southwest Scotland. There is John Paul Jones, a son of

Southwest Scotland had a hand in the smuggling trade, especially in the period following the American war of independence. Smuggling was its height then because of the unusually high import taxes imposed by the British Government. The good people of Galloway had, by this time, become expert in the handling of contraband goods, and had developed a system of signals that continually outwitted the gaugers, although

judges. Heaven might help the poor devil who was tried in Edinburgh for stirring up disorder in the realm; he was pretty well out of reach of human aid when he reached "The Heart of Midlothian." The usual sentence was one to three years' hard labor, but if the prisoner looked fit he was sometimes drafted into the Navy for a period of five years. The boats of the captured smugglers were destroyed, or confiscated.

On the sea—that is, the dangerous Solway Firth, the illicit traffic was carried on by bold and skilful sailors. The most notorious of these was Captain Yawkins, the prototype of Scott's Dick Hatteraick, and the stunts he pulled off with his lugger, which was known far and wide as The Black Prince, make the operations of the fresh-water smugglers of the American border look as dull as a last year's straw hat. On one occasion Yawkins was landing his cargo near the town of Kirkcudbright, when two armed revenue cutters hove in sight on different tacks. Yawkins was in a tight corner, but he weighed anchor and bore down right between the government cutters, so close to them that he tossed his hat on the deck of one and his wig on that of the other. Not content with thus insulting the government men, he hoisted a cask to his maintop and bore away under a terrific pressure of canvas before a shot could touch him. Yawkins was finally hanged, for he was a real buccaneer, and was guilty of many desperate acts. Nowadays, we read of the polite interchanges

between the rum-runners and the ships of the preventive service; the American bootlegging ring is powerful. In Scotland, in the days of real smuggling, smuggling ships were fought to a finish. Sir James Bristo once tried to capture a Galloway smuggler in the Solway Firth, but the smugglers fought till their ship sank under their feet, and then drowned to a man. Often, when surprised by revenue cutters, the smugglers sank their stuff in the sea. The kegs were strung along a rope called the "drift-line," and between each keg was a stone just heavy enough to sink the kegs. There was an anchor at each end of this string of brandy kegs. To recover the sunken goods, the bearings were regained by the captain of the ship, and a drag was put into operation until the submerged string was hooked.

AS FAR back as 1767, smuggling was on a commercial basis in Southwest Scotland. It was highly profitable, and companies were formed to carry it on. All sorts of people invested money in these companies, including landed proprietors and ministers of the Gospel. One man of the cloth, the Rev. Robert Carson, Minister of Anwoth, was deposed because he not only smuggled, but encouraged his parishioners to do likewise. The smuggling companies of Galloway—we would call them "rings" in Canada—made great profits, and spared no expense to

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Loi's Wife—on the Solway Shore

Solway, who, as a naval fighter, possessed the genius of Nelson. There is Sir Walter Scott, who immortalizes the Galloway smugglers in Redgauntlet. But the greatest name of all those associated with the traffic is that of Robert Burns. The immortal bard's name appears on the side of law and order, as a gauger. What a picture! Scotland's dearest and most gifted son patrolling the wild Galloway coast as a gauger. Poor Burns saw the humor of it, as many of his poetic gems indicate, but the thought of it, even today, makes most Scotsmen "hing their heids and a' that."

THE tricks to which the Galloway smugglers resorted, to protect their contraband goods were clever, and they were executed on sea as well as on land. These old-time smugglers had no "pull" with cabinet ministers; if they were caught with the goods they were sent to Edinburgh for trial, and Edinburgh has always been famous for its ruthless



Natural Arch, Douglas Hall

The British Settler in Canada

By Nellie Burkholder

THE congested conditions of the over-populated areas of Great Britain and Ireland, the large, unclaimed tracts of arable land in Canada, and the low rates of transportation offered by the steamship companies, would seem to suggest an easy solution to the immigration question. But the problem has more difficulties than appear at first. Not a very high percentage of the people in the Motherland are agriculturists, and only a small number of these are fitted to face pioneer life. To select the men who have some experience in farming, and to place them near railroads and markets in the new country, requires much thought and clear judgment. For the purpose of concentrating and making practical such efforts, the Land Settlement Branch of the Dominion Government of Canada has been organized, and in conjunction with the British Government, is endeavoring to help both countries. The method of procedure is known as the "Three thousand Family Scheme." This is a project to bring out to Canada within a few years for settlement purposes, three thousand British families, and place them on the land that has already had some cultivation and improvement made.

The Land Settlement Board has a list of all the farms, which total about three thousand. These are the farms which have come back to the Government, because of the inability of some of the soldiers to carry on. A number of them had the misfortune to have their wounds open again; others, from shell shock, had to return to the hospitals and convalescent homes; and some have died. Their wives and families were forced to leave the farms, and it is on these the Government of Canada wishes to settle immigrants.

Each province is divided into districts with a city as centre. In each city is a Local Board, whose work is to make a survey of all the vacant lands in that district; obtain full information about them, and forward this to all Canadian offices in the various centres in Great Britain. This information contains the value of the farm, the improvements, and the situation. The price is fixed by a commission composed of the Dean of Agriculture of a university, and several experts on land values. In size, the farms run from three hundred and twenty acres down to forty. The improvements may be a large house and barns, or they may be a small house or shack, and a log stable. The smaller farms are usually near a city, and serve well for truck gardening. The larger farms, a few miles back, are better for growing grain, stock raising, or mixed farming.

In return for the efforts made by the Land Settlement Branch here, a combined Board of Canadian and British men acting in the Old Country, and employing a very strict examination, make a careful selection of the families. Four points are emphasized: freedom from disease; a knowledge of farming; some capital; and that the head or father be under fifty years of age.

Using the Edmonton district as a concrete example, it will illustrate the work carried on all over the Dominion. This district stretches north to the Peace River District and south to Ponoka; east to the border-line of Saskatchewan, and west to the Rockies.

This district is well favored in having three main lines of railroad, with many branches crossing in every direction, in all, about three thousand miles of steel. On each line are innumerable villages, stations, and sidings. The convenience of nearby depots makes mixed farming profitable; in fact, it is the one means of preventing financial failure when a dry season comes.

Already three hundred and fifty families were settled last year in this district.

To assist the new settlers, the British Government will loan any sum up to \$1,500 to each family, and this loan, together with the price of the land, is given a twenty-five year term payment. Some of the newcomers require no financial aid, but are able to purchase farms running from \$1,000 to \$1,500. The vicinity of markets, elevators, and railway stations, however, add considerably to the value of the property.

THE prospective Canadians are drawn from both the educated classes and from those not so well favored. A man, with a college training,

miles from Edmonton is the Provincial Demonstration Farm, where all problems relating to life in a new country are worked out. From time to time, bulletins on every industry connected with outdoor life on the farm and the garden, are issued free of charge on application, by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Several new industries are attracting much attention, i.e., tomato growing and green crops for silage. Many of the fruits and early vegetables come from the Pacific Coast, and are very high priced. Tomatoes at 45 cents a pound offer an inducement to some enterprising man or woman to cultivate them for home market. Bee culture is just beginning in Alberta, and with the large amount of all kinds of clover growth each year, and the abundance of fireweed, an apiary will bring in good returns.

THE settlement of a new country depends as much upon the wife as upon the husband. Her attitude toward pioneer life, her ability to overcome difficulties and make a home, demands that she receive as strict an examination as he. If she fails to make good, her husband will be obliged to go back home a disappointed man, when prosperity was knocking at his door.

To encourage such women through the first years, the Women's Institute of Alberta have appointed a lady to visit the homes of all new settlers. She gives them, if need be, instruction on any point relating to housekeeping on small resources. The making of home-made bread, canning and pickling of fruit, butter making, incubation of eggs, gardening, and horticulture, are a few subjects she takes. Her visits are very welcome, as may be imagined, for she straightens out the difficulties and heartens them up, thus tiding them over that period of longing for the old home. More than this, she puts them in touch with good books and magazines, so that the settler, at some distance from the city, is quite up with

the latest output of the literary world.

There is considerable sociability in a new country, developed along competitive lines of the work followed. Provincial Fairs and Winter Fairs encourage the people to make progress toward scientific experiments. Successful exhibitions at the Fat Stock shows at Guelph, Ontario, and the prizes captured at the International shows at Chicago, by soldier-settlers and others, prove what can be done by a reasonable admixture of brains and industry. The boys and girls of the rural districts are given prizes for the finest pigs and calves reared by themselves; and a day to be remembered long by them is the Annual School Fair.

The Land Settlement Board has the education of the children in view. A prosperous country and ignorant citizens to control its affairs would be a calamity. To prevent this, the effort is to place each family near a public school. In some of the villages, continuing classes, i.e., classes taking up the first grade or two of high school work, are held. Parents who came ten or fifteen years ago, have now the satisfaction of seeing their children enter and graduate from the University. A number of these students have helped to pay part or all of their expenses by working during the vacation months.

THE religious nature of our new Canadians is not neglected. Every church organization is endeavoring to reach all parts of the district and give service to the settlers. As yet, there are not churches in all country places, but the villages and towns have places of worship representing the

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Among recent arrivals from the British Isles are many large family groups. The above happy family from Scotland are settling in Alberta

and belonging to the Irish Fusiliers, came with his wife and family and a capital of \$1,500. He is not far from Edmonton. Another man of good education took a farm at Islay, near Vermilion. His buildings and farm, in splendid condition, illustrate his success. A Sussex man, belonging to the British Air Force, brought out his wife and three children. He declares he is well satisfied with his home and is now engaged in adding improvements. It was this settler's home that Lady Byng was taken to visit when she was in the West.

Those having only a common education, who were formerly farm servants, are contented and happy. They write about their possessions, and what live stock they own. Pictures of their buildings, the children enjoying a horseback ride, and the air of prosperity, foretell what a few years of industry will do for them.

Not content that the immigrants shall be able to make a home only, the effort is being made to give them an opportunity to develop their own resources. With this end in view, the Government has arranged extension lectures at different points. Classes are formed at the School of Agriculture at Vermilion; lectures and talks from specialists are broadcasted by the radio.

The subjects developed are: the nature of the soils in different localities; the science of grain growing; harvesting and marketing of products; care and feeding of live stock; dairying and poultry raising; and the intensive work of growing choice vegetables. In addition, the practical demonstration on the University Farm, of all kinds of crops, the housing and feeding of the best breeds of stock, are all to be seen free of charge. Eighty



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With its classically beautiful French-type rear contour and roof design, and its rich ensemble of costly car features, the *Special* Sedan pictured above possesses magnetic appeal for those most keenly perceptive of motor car style and quality.

Furthermore, it offers you a 7-bearing motor—the world's smoothest type—whereas older motor designs employ only 3 or 4 crankshaft bearings.

The *ultra*-modern motor has 7 great main bearings—because 7 can do what 3 or 4 cannot—in bringing you performance of far

greater power-smoothness and power-quietness.

So in the *Special* Sedan you get the latest in body style, the latest in engineering, and the latest in fittings and appointments too.

The upholstery is gray Mohair Velvet, heavily tufted. The finely fashioned steering wheel is of real walnut and the inside window mouldings, door panels, instrument board, and crowned panel above, are of walnut finish.

Included in the surprisingly low price are such notable features of equipment as Gabriel Snubbers at front, 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, and 5 disc wheels.

The Romance of the Fur Trade

By Raymond Thompson

THE business of trading in peltry is one of the oldest in northern countries and there was a time, not so remarkably long past, when the fur trader made his fortune in what are now the most thickly peopled districts of the United States.

In Canada, the fur trade is still reckoned of large importance and, contrary to the popular belief, this business is not carried on solely by the Hudson's Bay Company and one or two other concerns, for there are, at the present time, a large number of independent traders scattered over an immense territory. Northern Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia are occupied by a group of free traders constantly increasing in size and scope of activity. In addition to these provinces, a vast territory north of 60 degrees north latitude affords unlimited opportunity for the venturesome trader, even today.

Edmonton, Alberta, may properly be termed the "Gateway to the Northwest Territories," for ever since its establishment as a Hudson's Bay Post, it has been the scene of constant activity in the fur trade. Flowing through the very heart of the city is the broad ribbon of water known as the Saskatchewan River, a stream that has borne millions of dollars worth of fur on its broad bosom. Once a trading post, Edmonton is today the capital of an immensely wealthy province and peopled by sixty-five thousand souls. Yet the fur trade goes on unabated and millions of dollars worth of the rare pelts that the country north and west of Edmonton is noted for, come through the city en route to the leading markets of the world.

Buyers from all over the world attend the fur sales held in Edmonton and the story of the different processes these pelts go through, from trapper to wearer, is an interesting one indeed. We will confine our remarks in this article to the profession of fur trading.

The Hudson's Bay Company is undoubtedly the largest and the strongest concern in the world dealing extensively in the fur trade. Their history dates back over two hundred and fifty years and the remarkable thing in connection with this company is that it still is in business, on a constantly increasing scale. Of course the H.B. Company, or the "Bay," as it is popularly known in Canada, does not confine its business to trading with trappers. Quite to the contrary they have some of the finest and largest general stores in all the leading Canadian cities. But the business was founded, primarily, on the fur trade.

The H.B. Company has stores or trading posts scattered all over the North; wherever there are trappers you will find a Hudson's Bay Company sign over a trading post. For that reason they get a large share of the business direct from the trappers. Trading on such an enormous scale as does this powerful company, they must have expert men to handle the different departments.

There was a time when the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Traders, controlled practically the whole of the fur trade. They paid the trappers what they chose for the raw furs and put an enormous price on the value of the commodities they exchange. At that time the beaver skin was sort of standard of exchange. A knife was worth so many skins, a rifle was valued accordingly, and so

on down the list. But gradually competition made its appearance until today the Hudson's Bay Company is forced to compete in the open market with innumerable independent traders, and the trapper is assured of a fair recompense for his hard labors.

As in the sale of every other commodity, the laws of supply and demand determine what the pelts will bring in the open market. Furs are exceedingly fashionable at the present time and there is a strong demand for most kinds of raw furs produced in the north country. However, we all know how fickle are the millions who comprise the fur-buying public, and furs that are extremely fashionable today are thrown into the discard tomorrow. As an example: a comparatively short time ago beaver coats were very popular; now

man who travels here and there, buying his furs in small bunches direct from the trapper in districts where he can always keep in touch with the fur market. He depends on a volume business, with a small profit for his livelihood.

THE man who takes the greatest percentage of risk by far is the free trader. Working independently he has no immense resources to fall back upon in case of mistakes in buying, and I have known men to lose large sums of money in this branch of the fur trade. Still, it is a life of romance and keen expectations and even if one is disappointed now and again, the lure of the game will live forever in the minds and hearts of those who have been free traders.

I came into this country as a youth yet in my teens. For two years I trapped for a living and the third season I had the opportunity of going into the wilds with a free trader. Needless to say I was not slow in accepting this opportunity.

Warren was a man of thirty-five or thereabouts and he had been trading on the Iosegun, in the Smoky River country, for some years. Some ninety miles distant was a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company and the trappers, mostly Cree Indians and half-breeds, who were nearer the Iosegun Post than the H.B. Post, naturally came to trade with him. Then he had a large section of country to draw from to the west, east and south, and he had no competition nearer than ninety miles.

A brief summary of the stock Warren had put in during the summer months is as follows: Principal foodstuffs, flour, lard, milk, pickles, butter, etc; a variety of clothing (including suits that he sold to the Indians for as high as ninety dollars), and a number of miscellaneous articles that were apt to attract attention and which could be sold at a big profit.

He sold flour for ten cents a pound and made no profit on it; it cost him five cents on every pound he brought in.

Tea which had cost him seventy-five cents, sold to the trapper for one dollar and a half. There was a good profit in sugar and his tinned stuffs, such as jams, sold out the first month he commenced active trading. Butter sold for as high as two dollars a pound and the first few patrons bought it all from him. In consequence we were forced to eat lard the rest of the season, seasoning it with salt and pepper.

The last jar of sweet pickles we had in store we set on our own table and when we had eaten about half of the contents, some Indians came along and wanted the rest. Warren was loath to part with it as we were running shy of "luxuries," but the offer of five dollars from a persistent trapper finally made him pass over the sweet pickles.

If Warren had been fortunate enough to have had a sufficient stock at his post that season, he could have made enough to take care of him in his old age. As it was, he cleaned up a good many thousands, as he bought or traded on a rising market.

Some very amusing sidelights in connection with the trading came to my attention soon after the business commenced in earnest. One evening a family of Indians came to the post, and after

Continued on page 61



Two Trappers

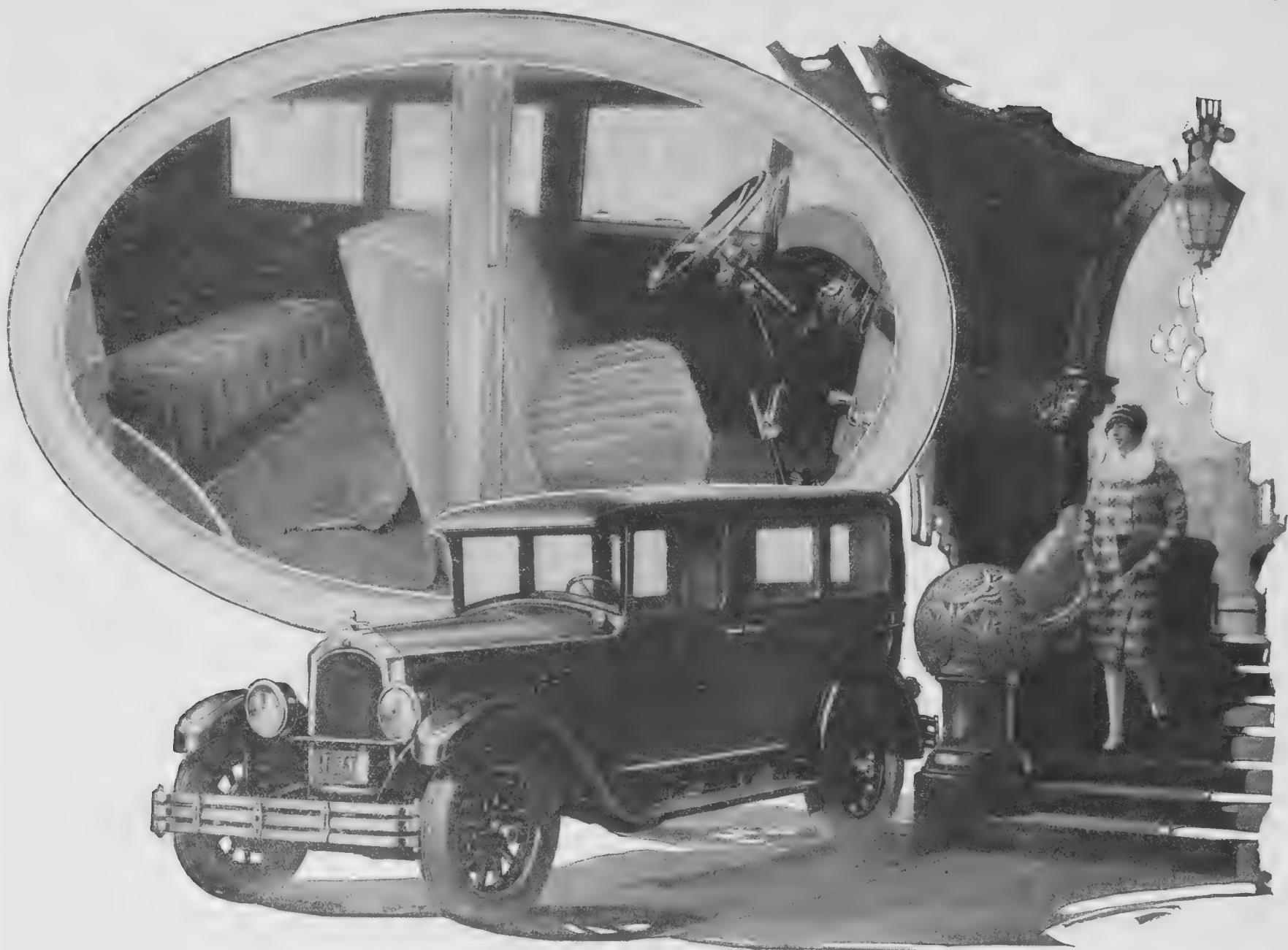
A Trapper and Carcasses of four black Wolves

A Trapped Bruin

they are being worn by a decreasingly small group of people.

Buying in such huge quantities as does the Hudson's Bay Company, entails the establishment of a department whose sole business it is to keep a line-up on the marketing of their peltry. It may readily be appreciated that this is something of a task for the bulk of furs do not come out of the north country till from May on. Thus a wolf skin trapped in November does not reach a prospective manufacturer, in any case, till the middle of the summer, and often a year or more elapses from the time a pelt is bought up by the company until it is actually manufactured. In other words, a certain skin that has a cash value of twenty dollars at the time of its original purchase from the trapper may decrease in value fifty per cent. by the time it has been taken out of the north country and thrown on the open market.

Fur buying is more of a gamble today than ever before. Not only is there more competition amongst the buyers than formerly but the constant changing of fur fashions makes the selling price very uncertain. Because of these facts there is a certain class of buyer who deals in furs on the basis of a quick turnover at a small degree or percentage of profit. A buyer of this class is a sort of middle-



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"70" Willys-Knight Six

The Unexpected Desert

By Emma Maurity Larson

The Desert Primrose. An unexpected rain in the desert may bring up beautiful flowers on the sand that has been barren for years.

of any sheltered greenhouse flower. There is mystery in the upspringing of these flowers after a sudden rain, for when they have dried up again in the desert heat they may not reappear for many years. They seem, when they do grow, to have appeared by sheer magic.

But even without rain the Colorado desert manages to grow a respectable garden with miles upon miles of strange cactuses that may be prickly, spiny things, but that have queenly blooms. And besides their flowers, these juicy plants of the dry desert can claim the interest of the traveller for their power to store water. The barrel cactus towers into the air, "as round as a barrel," and it is a welcome sight to travellers whose water-bags are empty to see this odd old barrel cactus loom into sight. When it is cut through horizontally it yields the precious moisture that can and has saved the life of both men and beasts.

But other desert areas in America are rich in various forms of the cactus, and the Colorado's claim to distinction rests upon something very different. In the rocky canyons of the San Jacinto and San Bernardino mountain ranges that border the desert on the western side, and even in scattered places fifty miles or more out on the barren flats there are found the most unexpected growths of any American desert: tall, plumed palm trees. They are the only wild palms in the United States, and they are not even kin to any of the palms of the Orient, or we might think that some early explorer had dropped foreign palm seeds here.

They are a fan palm of a distinct variety, and seem to have no ancestors anywhere. Fortunately they have descendants, for since the white men discovered these strange oases of palms in the Colorado desert they have successfully transplanted shoots from them to grow in more cultivated parts of the southwest. Coming upon them suddenly, either out on the desert where some

A barrel cactus on the Colorado desert.

PERHAPS it is most unexpected of all to find a real desert in California at all, just over the mountains from the rich fruit lands of the southern part of the state and only a few miles, as the crow flies, from the gay flower gardens of lovely homes. It hardly seems possible that a little journey through a pass in the San Bernadino Mountains can take the traveller to wide sandy wastes like the Colorado desert that fills the southeastern corner of the Golden State. It may seem at first like a corner that we can well leave out of our travels, while we go from sunny beach to sunny beach, or from one pleasant, flower-filled place to another. But he who knows only the California of oranges and roses and seashore has missed something very fine and fascinating, something that is almost like a bit of Oriental travel—the unexpected desert.

It acquired years ago a rather unexpected name, taken from the Colorado River, which finds its way from high mountain sources across this desert to its outlet in the Gulf of California. It sounds as if the desert belonged to the state of Colorado, two states away, but what isn't California soil is Mexican. But perhaps the river deserves the honor of naming this unique desert, since the geologists say that the wild waters of this western stream probably made the Colorado desert, bringing all the sand down and filling in a part of the Gulf of California to make a wide Sahara for America.

Today it is so real a desert that adventurers on foot or on horseback must plan their trips carefully to reach water, for there are thirty or forty or fifty long and thirsty miles between springs or wells, and in between may be trackless sand dunes, or the perilous going over the soft crust of mud volcanoes. It is a real desert indeed, that took its heavy toll of life in the early days when the mission padres tried to cross it from Arizona to reach the California coast, and later, too, when the gold-seeking forty-niners used it as a trail to the gold lands. But the traveller who wants to explore it today, if he goes out on the Colorado desert with some knowledge as to how to meet the emergencies of the unexpected desert, will see wonders and beauties enough to pay for the small discomforts he may have to cheerfully meet.

THIS California desert is hot, as all proper deserts should be, and the tourist who arrives at its edge in the 120 degrees Fahrenheit temperature of mid-day may wonder how anyone can endure it to stay in this strange vacation-place for a week or more. But the setting sun brings the first surprise, for, as a rule, the night air of the Colorado desert is really cool and toward morning it is so invigorating and refreshing that campers who get an early start feel strong and eager for the hike or ride. They may even feel that they would like to start from this western edge, at the foot of San Jacinto Mountain for those clear, picturesque chocolate mountains at the north, it seems such a little way.

On the desert near Palm Springs, California

But that matter of apparent distance is just one of the tricks of this unexpected desert. The marvellously clear air halves distances, or cuts them down to a much smaller fraction, and so the unexperienced desert traveller is tempted to try to start for some seemingly near landmark which may easily prove to be a neat ninety miles away. But when one has learned not to take the desert at its own word about the apparent distance of any object he can enjoy to the full this crystal-clear air day and night, for at night it hangs the stars so low in the sky that they seem almost within arm's reach.

A day's travel may show nothing but the strange shifting sand-dunes, bare of any sign of life, but should a kind Providence send an unexpected rain these same desolate dunes may blossom out with desert verbenas and exquisite primroses of a fragile loveliness that compare well with the beauty

little spring feeds their roots, or in the desert canyons, they seem like a piece of Egypt or the Sahara set into southeastern California.

THE desert Indians knew and loved these groups of palms and often lived under them in kishes or huts built with a thatching and interwoven walls of the palm leaves. The tiny dry berry fruit of the palm was part of their food too, along with beans from the mesquite tree, which grows on the Colorado desert too; or if these foods failed them the desert Indians climbed the tall mountains to the west and gathered the acorns of the mountain oak trees to take back to their desert homes. Other Indians lived on these mountains, and indeed the conditions of life in the high valleys of the San Jacinto range were much easier than they were

Continued on page 101



**DANGER
LURKS IN
DARKNESS**

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Soon you will open the cottage; start on a canoe trip; a motor tour; or make your city home the starting point for many week-end trips.

However you plan to play this summer, plan for safety. For several hours after the sun has set and darkness has obliterated familiar paths and objects, danger lurks at every turn.

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People Who Fish With Their Feet

IN THE first week in July we were parked in the Caravan along near Shediac, N.B. The bay in front had daily been the scene of numerous leaping, splashing boats engaged in raking for quahogs. Last night the open season closed so it was unlawful to rake the big hard-shell clams, the "Quahogs" any more. The wind was so cold this early summer morning that we ate in the Caravan. Just at low tide Laddie said:

"I see the quahog fishermen putting up their sails across the bay. They are coming out! Guess they are going to fish, law or no law." Along came the boats, bounding over the chop, sending it flying in scud before their plunging bows. Each boat

Some Hardships Endured by the French New Brunswickers Along the Great Straits of Northumberland—John Chinaman Does This Feet-Fishing Work Too.

By Bonnycastle Dale

Photos by Laddie

boat. "How much do you get for them?" Laddie questioned a treader. By the way, Laddie's rubber boots had several neat cunning leaks in them, hard to find—but not for the water—and he was soon wet to the knees (a resident here tells me you cannot catch cold in the salt water; I saw many of these men with scarred hands and boils on their necks, though). "We get seventy cents de bushel unshelled for dem at de factory," said the busy dipping figure. Let's see: 32 quarts to the bushel, about 20 quahogs to the quart, some 600 shellfish for seventy cents; certainly not a fortune in it, yet some boats had several bushels by noontime, and



All members of these hardy New Brunswick families participate in the arduous task of "treading" for Quahogs

seemed to have four times as many people in it as usual. Rakers have only two in a boat. The first motor boat of the fleet ran into the wind in front of us, down came the sail, out went the anchor, the small punt behind it was dragged alongside. Meanwhile all the crowd in each boat had been busily undressing. Now they stood up in the cold wind in bathing trunks or old sweaters, or even undershirts, and into the punts they leaped. These were rowed in towards us into about two feet of water, and all the men and boys and even little girls in them leaped out—plop! plop! plop!—into the cold water, in the still colder wind, and stood erect. Then they started to walk along ahead of or beside the boats. Down would dip a figure and up it would come with a big white quahog shell in its hands. They were "treading" for these succulent shellfish. The law said they could not rake after July First but not a word as to what they could do with their feet.

Laddie took the camera and after pulling on waders he slopped out to the busy throng. Dozens of bent figures, men, women and children, felt, felt carefully with their bare feet and then up they came with white shells all over, around and beside him.

"Do you ever cut your feet?" Laddie asked a shy, big-eyed French lad. The youngster hung his head and went on treading. It was cold to my assistant working the camera—what must it have been to those tender bodies! Down the little French lad plopped—up he came, and another big white round double-shell came up and into the boat it went. By now fifty men and boys and a few girls were in the retreating tide-water.



Quahog fisherman, Shediac, N. B.

Shediac, and it is the fall or run-out low water tide that stands out there for hours, and few men can tell twenty-four hours ahead just how these strange tides will act.

The water was full of the splashing, treading figures. At nine in the morning when they commenced, there was a strong nor'wester blowing, cold, indeed, to us sitting here in the shelter of the car, yet they were still working there at noon!

"See that little chap shiver?" asked Laddie as a youngster came plodding in to the shore over the sand-flats for a sun-bath up against the ragged sandstone bank. Another climbed into a boat and slid down for shelter in the lee of the boat's side. The men "trod" right on, feeling the soft mud with their bare toes for the hard round form of the hard-shell clam, or quahog.

These big sweet-eating clams "creep" in at night from outside for the better feeding on free-swimming shellfish to be found on the shallow flats where a straggly run of eelgrass grows. As fast as we could shift our gaze we could watch a regular steady dropping in of white shellfish into every

they kept right on, for the tide might soon turn, without any food that we could see them taking. The poor wee youngsters shivered and worked and the older men kept right at it.

They were just a bit leary of our long green coach, with its two strangers in it. They thought we might be fishery officials, but the law expressly states that they cannot "rake" for quahogs from July the First to August the fifteenth but it does not say a single word about them "picking" them, so they do so, while the picking is good.

We have also seen whole villages in the water, or whole villages out in the mud, digging the soft-shell clams. Up near St. Annes (we had just passed some most beautifully pathetic statues of the Saviour imported from Rome, Italy, near a great Catholic church on the main road), old men and old women, middle aged, and youth and wee toddlers—all were out there digging faithfully for the soft-shell clams which sell at the packing house for some 50 cents a bushel in the shells. We did refrain from snapping the families in the muddy

water but took a picture of them as they poured the clams into the crates—up went the hand of a kiddie to his shaggy forelock, and I turned to see "His Reverence" passing along in his shiny sedan.

The faith of these people is boundless. I asked one of them how they ever built such great churches. Some of them, of solid brown stone, for instance, at Tracadie, are worth \$250,000, and are fitted for Montreal or for Quebec, instead of for this clambeach coast.

"De priest he come along wid de basket strapped to his belly and we filled it, Sar!—filled it full of de silver and de bills—tree hunder dollars we did give dat day, and we have now de big fine church, by gar!"

Lunch was eaten, by us, but none by the French "treaders." Much writing was done on the little old bangster in the car, and still those faithful fishing people trod out clams out there in the wind and the cold salt water. Finally the long run-out tide started back, and with one accord the by now thoroughly chilled crowd piled into the boats and

Continued on page 66

YOUR HOME made more attractive ... and your Housework made easier

Gay colour schemes add to the gaiety of any room—and bright, cheerfully coloured rug patterns are the ideal basis for charming colour arrangements—

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More and more thrifty Canadian Housekeepers are turning to these modern, flat-lying rugs—for almost every room in the home—knowing that they can get the most attractive of rug patterns in Congoleum *Gold Seal Rugs* at astonishingly low prices—Ask your dealer to show you the full assortment of these *Guaranteed Rugs*—

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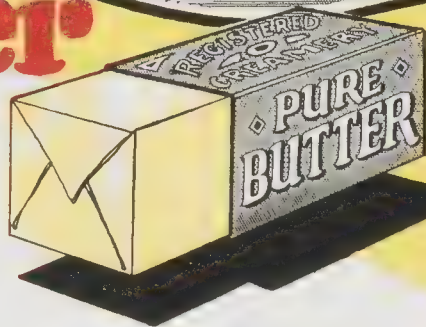
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CANADIAN BUTTER SCORE CARD			
ENTRY NO. 10 <i>Windsor Salt</i>			
SCORE			
FLAVOR _____ _____ _____	45	42.8	<i>Shoal Lake Creamery man</i>
TEXTURE _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	15	15	
INCORPORATION OF MOISTURE	10	10	
COLOR	10	10	
SALTING _____ _____ _____	10	10	
PACKING _____ _____ _____	10	10	<i>1st Prize</i> DATE <i>Feb 6^{1/2}/26</i>
TOTAL	100	97.8	
			Judges <i>H. J. Nesbitt E. J. Brown H. Hansen</i>

The score-card shown above gives the tally of the first prize-winner at the Western Canada Dairy Convention held in Winnipeg in February, 1926. But a fraction separated the first, second and third prize winners, as shown by the following scores:

	Creamery	Buttermaker	Fla.	Total
1st Prize	Shoal Lake Creamery, Shoal Lake, Man.	J. R. Nesbitt	42.8	97.8
2nd Prize	Central Creameries, Eckville, Alta.	H. Hansen	42.7	97.7
3rd Prize	Manitoba Co-op. Dairies, Winnipeg, Man.	Dawson McKay	42.6	97.6

If you think there are not startling differences in salt there is a revelation in store for you.

When you realize that you use salt, not for seasoning, but to put life and vigor into the natural flavors of nearly all your foods, you will be extremely particular about your salt.

Our chemists have lifted salt refinements to a new high level of Purity all along the line.

Their crowning achievement is Windsor Specially Purified Salt—a new salt 99.9 per cent. pure. This is what the chemist calls chemical purity and it is the only

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It is this purity which almost invariably wins prizes for butter and cheese makers by bringing out the wanted flavors instead of obscuring them.

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The Iliad of the Wrangel Indians

How the Indians of Alaska Fought a "Trojan War" a Hundred Years Ago.

By N. de Bertrand Lugren

MORE than a hundred years ago when Alaska was Russian territory, and no white man had ever sailed up the beautiful inland waterways, or penetrated the mountains and forests which shut in that north country from the rest of the world, there reigned over the Wrangel Indians a chief who was renowned as a great hunter and warrior. He had a daughter Timmelsoo, of whom it was said that no more beautiful woman was ever seen in the land of the aurora. Her long, soft, black hair enveloped her like a garment. Her complexion was rosy as the sunrise and her eyes as black as the sea on a starless night. She had many suitors, but was loath to marry, holding herself aloof from all with a gentle dignity which made her the more desirable.

Every sub-chief of the Wrangels desired to possess her, and the chief of the Sitkas, who lived on Baronoff Island, to the northwest, made an offering of slaves and furs and canoes, and to become the ally of the Wrangels in time of war, if he should be permitted to wed the charming princess.

But the Wrangel chief had other plans. He had chosen from among the suitors, Scaumjeast, a stalwart, faithful fellow whom he had watched grow from youth to manhood, and in whom he had the greatest confidence. He had played with Timmelsoo as a child, and when the girl learned her father's wishes, after a little maidenly demurring, she was quite ready to accede to them.

It was a magnificent wedding, for Scaumjeast was a sub-chief, and was counted a rich man. There was all of the feasting and pageantry which accompanied the marriage of a chief's daughter in those early days. After it was over Timmelsoo was installed in the handsome lodge of her husband, with a score of slaves to do her bidding, and a splendid inlaid war canoe for her own journeyings about the lovely archipelago which was her home.

But in his lodge at Sitka, the great chief who had so desired Timmelsoo, sulked and moped and could not be tempted to hunt or to go out after the salmon, or the whale. He nursed his disappointment until he began to look upon it as an injustice and an insult, and determined to avenge himself.

One night he and a party of his men came to Wrangel, their canoes laden with presents for the young couple. Quite unsuspecting any sinister design, Scaumjeast and his father-in-law welcomed them gladly, feasted them and gave them the freedom of the village. The Sitka chief was invited to stop in the lodge of Scaumjeast.

Then, through some subterfuge, Scaumjeast was enticed away from home. And the Sitka chief, like Paris of old time, sought the wife of the man to whom he had offered friendship, hushed her cries, overpowered her, and carried her away with him in his canoe to his own village. According to the story, Timmelsoo did not resemble Helen, inasmuch as she fought wildly against her abduction, for she loathed the Sitka chief.

Horried when they learned what had been done, the Wrangel chief and his son-in-law started at once with a party of warriors to the rescue of the bride. It was the time of the winds in the spring, and they hoisted sails in their canoes, and flew like birds through the narrow waterways and out to the open sea.

They beached noiselessly in the thick of a cloudy night. Those Indians who dared to challenge them were killed instantly and without a sound. They reached the chief's lodge to find Timmelsoo weeping bitterly and surrounded by ministering slaves. The Sitka chief was not in his lodge. There were only women about the unhappy bride. It took but a few minutes to overpower the slaves; Scaumjeast lifted Timmelsoo in his arms and, as noiselessly as they had come, they crept away again, and set off for home, still wrathful, but rejoicing in the rescue of the princess.

But the Sitkas did not let the matter rest there, and from this time on for years there was war between the two tribes. Not open war that may be a sanguinary, fearful thing, but that is over and done with in a few days. But guerilla warfare, fighting on the outskirts, landing by night and prowling up to the settlements, stabbing in the dark, setting fire to the lodges. Now and then

there was a massacre and the whole of a small village would be wiped out. Or maybe a boatload of fishermen would be caught unawares. Gradually the tribes were both becoming thinned.

MEANTIME Timmelsoo had given birth to a son and a daughter, and the daughter inherited the mother's beauty, and grew in loveliness with the years. But always the mother feared for the safety of her children lest some of the Sitkas should kill them, or, worse still, capture and enslave them.

Children

*If all the children in the World
Were put into a hall,
That had the sky for ceiling
And the West Wind for a wall,
That had smooth sand for tables
And shining rocks for stools,
And all its open windows made
Of shallow, starfish pools.*

*There'd be a joy of laughter and
A song of bare, brown feet,
And the moments would go slipping
Like a wild thing, soft and fleet,
There would be a sound of running
With hair blown-out and free,
And all the little quiet ones
Could sit and watch the Sea.*

At last the Sitkas themselves made overtures for peace.

The chief sent a message to the chief of the Wrangels, couched in most flowery language. He asked that he consent that there should be no more bloodshed and that they smoke the pipe of peace. Whereupon the Wrangels were all called together, their chief harangued them and explained that they could accept the overtures with all honor, as they had come from the enemy himself.

The Sitka chief invited every man of the Wrangels to come to the village and seal the pact. He would give them a great potlach, and they would swear that there would be no more war.

The Wrangels started off one fine morning in holiday attire, leaving all of their weapons at home. It was a bright day in the late spring, and the Indians sang as they paddled, for they were happy at the thought of peace.

They made a quick passage to Sitka, and rounding the bend, saw all of the Sitka men awaiting them on the beach. With a last joyful spurt, they sent the canoes high up on the sand and sprang out to meet their hosts.

Instantly there was a frightful howling and shrieking. The Sitkas dropped their blankets and stood revealed in all the hideousness of war paint, their hands holding their weapons aloft.

They fell without warning upon their unarmed guests. The slaughter was terrible. It was over within an hour and not one of the Wrangels escaped the murdering hatchets and knives. The last rays of the setting sun shone on the bodies of the slain, and the little streams of red that ran sluggishly down to the sea.

After it was dark, from under the pile of mangled dead, a lad of seventeen, terribly mutilated, crept forth. It was the son of Timmelsoo. He crawled to that part of the beach where the canoes of his people were. By dint of frightful exertion he managed to push one of the smallest of them down to the water, and getting in, he thrust off. It was very dark. No one saw or heard him. The Sitkas were busy celebrating their treacherous victory, believing all of their foes were slain.

The poor lad lived only long enough to reach

Wrangel. Paddling and drifting the hundred-odd miles, he finally came in sight of the village at sunset the next night.

The women and children, wholly unsuspecting and believing that a messenger with good news had arrived, ran down to the water, where they saw the boy, that he was disfigured with wounds and his strength nearly spent; they waded into the sea and drew the boat to land. Here, with his head pillowed on his mother's knees, he lived long enough to tell the awful truth, and died while it was still light.

Every man of the Wrangels had been killed. Only the boys under sixteen who had been left at home, escaped. Therefore the women swore a vow of vengeance that they would train up every child to be a warrior and to have as his goal in life the extermination of the Sitkans.

But, as the years drew on, wonderful things began to happen in the north country. Great ships, with vast white sails, came up the inland passages, and along the outside coast. They were manned by white men, men from England and Spain and Russia, and yellow men from far-away China. They came to buy the beautiful furs of the sea otter, and they gave in exchange things that the simple Indians had never seen the like of in their lives. The minds of the Wrangels were diverted from vengeance. But Timmelsoo, broken-hearted over the death of her husband and her son, died too, leaving behind her, her young daughter.

AMONG the white traders who came to Wrangel was an Australian, a fair-haired giant of a fellow, whose loneliness proved too much for him and who decided to take a wife from among the natives. It was not difficult to make his choice. Timmelsoo's daughter was handsomer than many a pretty white woman. Besides, she was the head of the tribe, and lived in a great white house built of logs, which was like a castle for size and strength.

She listened to him, shyly at first, afraid of him because he was the biggest man she had ever seen, but worshipping his blond strength, and proud that he should want to marry her. True, she was a princess with a retinue of slaves who adored her, and suitors galore. She owned many square miles of land where the fox, bear and marten were plentiful; in the seas close to her shores were the sea-otter and the hair seal in millions; while up her waterways every year the salmon came in a shining swarm, like a stream of living silver. It was the white man's tact and gentleness that won her. These qualities are foreign to an Indian lover.

Of their union a daughter was born. But the inevitable happened. The man, kind though he was, tired of his Indian wife, her friends and her surroundings. He wanted his own people. Having made sufficient money to purchase the land he had chosen in Australia, he left Wrangel one day on a fine big sailing ship, kissed his wife and little daughter "good-bye," and promised to return before the snow came.

But winter came and went many times. For seven years the Indian girl watched for the homecoming of her husband, peering from under shading hands, as she climbed the rocks along the seashore, or, when the rain came down and hid the horizon, staring out from the windows of the lodge at the weeping skies, her own eyes streaming with hopeless tears. Gone was all thought of the vengeance which her mother had instilled into her mind against the Sitkas. The more personal, present grief had minimized her tribal quarrel into a vague, unimportant memory. At last, she died, leaving her daughter alone. But the daughter still cherished the age-old feud, and her mind was set on revenge. She knew that the Wrangels now and then made secret raids against the Sitkas, but she was heavy-hearted that no concerted action could take place which would wipe out the treacherous wrong which had been done to her people.

IT WAS in the early sixties that Bishop Demers, who was then the Roman Catholic Bishop of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, received a letter from a rancher in Queensland, Australia, who begged that the missionary priests in this part of the country would try to discover if a certain

Continued on page 98

How the Word "Coast" Meant

"THE dispute over this wealth is just the kind that in Europe, and, indeed, elsewhere, would in its long continuance have probably created war scares, if not wars; but in the British Empire we happen to possess in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a High Court to which such issues can be confidently submitted."—*Liverpool Post*.

"The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council announced their conclusion on the question referred to them at the petition of the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland. They held that the claim of Newfoundland is made out, except on two points of detail, and they 'will humbly advise His Majesty accordingly.'

"No court upon earth exercises a jurisdiction so wide, so varied, and so far-reaching in its consequences as this august tribunal, and seldom has it had to pronounce upon a subject larger or pregnant with possibilities more important than that on which it has now delivered its considered opinion. The issue was indeed 'worthy the Judicature of a Roman Senate.'"—*The Times*.

"The litigation is said to have cost the parties a quarter of a million. But when one recalls the bottomless expense which three South American States have incurred over the Tacna-Arica dispute (still unsolved), that is seen to be cheap, and the advantage of belonging to an Empire with an ascertainable law and a Court trusted to ascertain it, very substantial. It is a great example."—*Daily Chronicle*.

A Single Word

"THE issue upon which the whole case turned may be narrowed to the meaning of a single word. Unfortunately, like many other words sometimes used in public documents, it is an ambiguous word," says the *Times*, referring to the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

"The parties agreed that, less a certain portion re-annexed to Canada by the Statute of 1825, the territory in Labrador now subject to the authority of Newfoundland is the 'coast' which, by the Commission of April, 1763, under the Order in Council of the previous March, was put under 'the care and supervision' of Governor Graves, of Newfoundland, as declared by the Royal Proclamation of October, 1763.

"But what was meant by the 'coast'? For over a hundred years nobody cared. Until now nobody knew—perhaps not even very clearly the men who drew the Commission and the Proclamation, or the Sovereign who signed them. When the parties awaked to the fact that immense possibilities of wealth depended upon this meaning, Newfoundland said the word meant a great part of the interior of Labrador, and Canada that it meant a mere strip one mile deep along the sea. The Committee find that Newfoundland was right."

Moral Consequences More Important Than Material

"THE material result is very great, but it is far surpassed in importance by the moral consequences to the Empire of the reference of this case to the Privy Council at all. That shows the readiness of two great self-governing members of the British Commonwealth of Nations to submit a question they both deem to be of very great concern to settlement by a judicial procedure which they severally carried out in the fairest and friendliest fashion. . . .

"That is a great tribute to the reputation which this Court has won among the sister communities beyond the seas. By spontaneously invoking the jurisdiction which the law of former days regarded as the most appropriate for the consideration of intercolonial differences, Newfoundland and Canada have shown not only their confidence in British Justice, but their instinctive sense of the unity which underlies our legal conceptions and the practice of our courts.

"The decision is a splendid proof how well their confidence was founded. There was indeed no middle course for the Committee to adopt. The contentions of the claimants differed too fundamentally to admit of compromise. But a weak Court, a Court prone to allow outside considerations to influence its views of right and of law, might well

\$250,000,000

The Romance of the Decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the Petition Referred to Them By Canada and Newfoundland

From "Public Opinion"

have been tempted to seek about for a compromise in a cause of such magnitude and such complexity."

The definition of the word "coast" meant something like \$250,000,000 to the country which secured the verdict, the estimated value of the spruce forests of Labrador, its minerals, and its water power. On this point the *Manchester Guardian* says:

"It would certainly have surprised the careless eighteenth century treaty-makers who in 1763 vaguely awarded the 'coast' of Labrador to Newfoundland to learn that the unexplored hinterland would ever be deemed worth £3, much less £300, a square mile.

"Nor do most of us, accustomed to think of Labrador as a land of bog and fog where a famous

Moravian mission does devoted work among a sparse population of Indians and Esquimaux, readily understand the tenacity with which this claim has been fought. The secret lies in the modern world's immense demand for paper. Already the limit of the life of Quebec's forests, if they are felled at the present rate, can be predicted.

"But Labrador has thousands of square miles of untouched timber, and has, moreover, the water power to convert them into pulp. Whether or not she has also, as Alaska was found to have, mineral resources of great and unsuspected value, her timber is an enviable asset, and Newfoundland has every reason to be thankful that her counsel were able to convince the Judicial Committee that 'coast' habitually comprised in ancient hinterland as far as the watershed—in this case an area that bites deeply into the mainland of Canada."

A Practical Consolation

THE *Morning Post*, however, has some words of consolation for Canada. It observes:

"If Canada loses something of her boundless hopes, she loses nothing she counted her own, for these regions in dispute still lie undeveloped. And the great Dominion has such enormous resources of her own, still undeveloped, that she can hardly grudge to Newfoundland these Atlantic slopes of Labrador.

"Those who would study this great question of Canadian possibilities should read a fascinating book, *Canada as a National Property*, published by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. It is there explained, partly by an excellent series of maps, partly in an admirable exposition, what extraordinary resources the Dominion controls.

"Wheat and timber are the foundations of her wealth; but she is rich in a wide range of commodities, in soils and climates suitable to many crops, in infinite possibilities of water-power; in many minerals—coal, gold, lead, nickel, copper, silver, asbestos, and zinc; and in territories as big as the United States, of infinite variety, suitable to the development of a white race, healthy and fertile; a land of lakes, rivers, mountains, and plains; an unparalleled field for work and play. Upon the whole, then, Canada is so rich in all that Nature offers to the white man that she need not grudge the loss of what a friend gets."

Henry Ford's Maxims

THERE are always two kinds of people in the world—those who pioneer and those who plod. The plodders always attack the pioneers. They say that the pioneers have gobbled up all the opportunity, when, as a plain matter of fact, the plodders would have had nowhere to plod had not the pioneers first cleared the way.

Think about your work in the world. Did you make your place or did someone make it for you? Did you start the work you are in or did someone else? Have you ever found or made an opportunity for yourself, or are you the beneficiary of opportunity which others have found or made?

Dishonest men sometimes succeed. But only when they give a service which exceeds their dishonesty. Honest men sometimes fail because they lack other essential qualities to go with their honesty. It is safe to say that in the success of men who are dishonest, all that is touched by dishonesty sloughs off.

Those who do not believe in opportunity will still find places within the opportunities that others have created; those who cannot direct their work successfully will always find it possible to be directed by others.

The idea is rather general that the chief curse of life is to work for a living. Thinking men know that work is the salvation of the race, morally, physically, socially. Work does more than get us our living; it gets us our life.

Industry is not money—it is made up of ideas, labor, and management, and the natural expression of these is not dividends, but utility, quality, and availability. Money is not the source of any of these qualities, though these qualities are the most frequent sources of money.

From "Today and Tomorrow."

Carrie B

By William Thompson

There's a craft in dock at Yarmouth,
And her name is Carrie B.
And no stauncher little lady
Ever flirted with the sea.
Though she's nothing much to look at,
And her tonnage mighty small,
She's as steady as Gibraltar,
In a hurricane or squall.

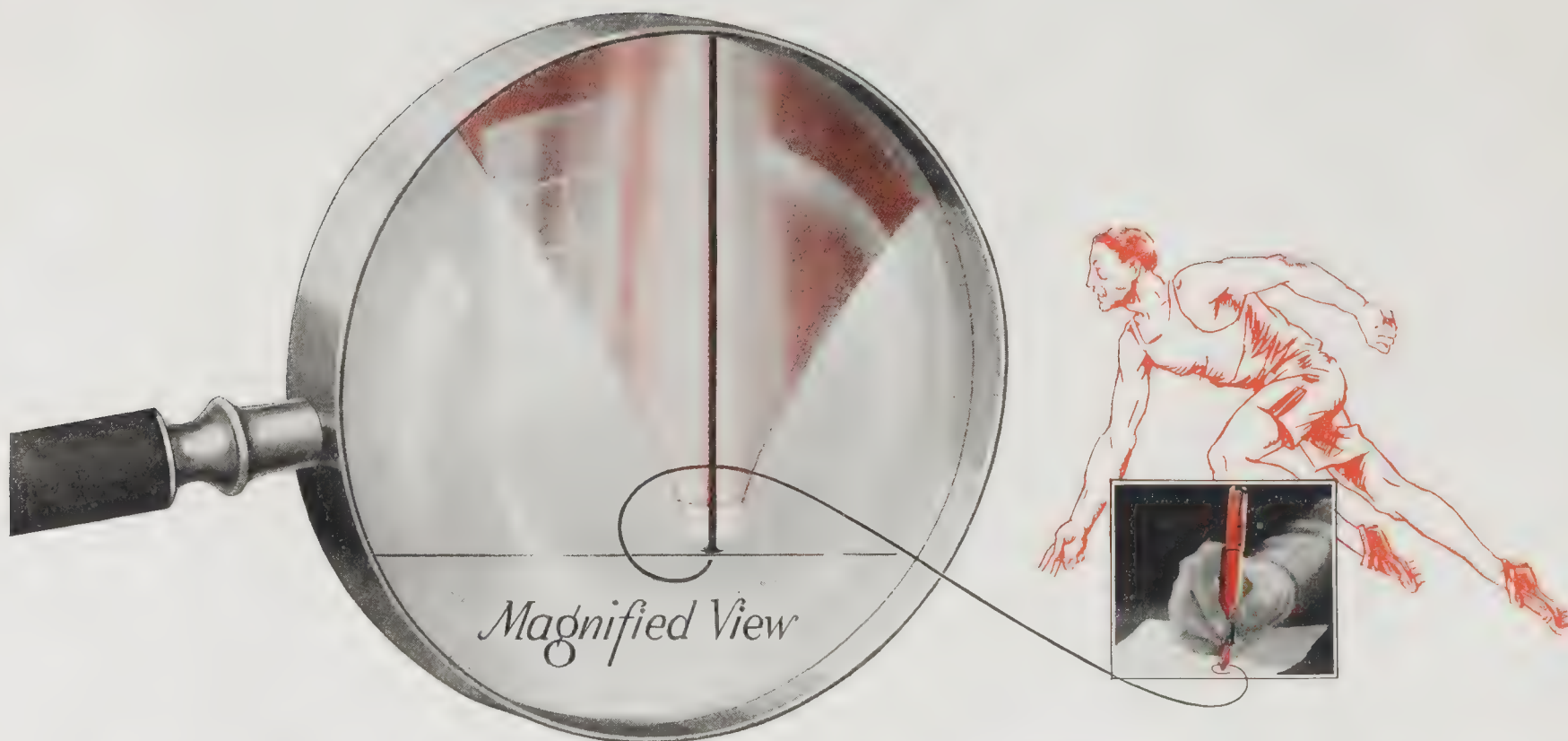
Though her bowsprit's badly dented,
And the head of Carrie B
Carved of wood, and painted yellow
By the pounding of the sea,
Looks a bleary-eyed old matron
When she's only twenty-one,
I will stick to mast and timbers,
'Til her sailing time is done.

Though her bunks are hard and narrow,
And the smell of fat and tar
Comes a-creeping from her galley
With the spice of Malabar—
I'd not change the bunks and odors
For the palace of a Tsar—
For I lost my heart to Carrie
Off the coast of Zanzibar.

We were scooting under staysails
In a monsoon's dirty trail,
On our port a Yankee clipper,
Pressing hard abaft our trail.
And the seas, like crazy demons
Gnawing at the Carrie B—
Gad! I never saw their equal
Since the day I went to sea!

Neck and neck, we ran the stranger
Riding almost on our keel;
First we'd lunge and then we'd shiver,
With the decks awash we'd reel.
Well! I guess you know the ending—
When the sun went down that night,
We were anchored in the harbor
When the Yankee crossed the bight.

You can have your Kate or Clara,
Sally Ann or Salomé,
Or perhaps her name is Sarah,
Winifred or Rosa May.
But of all the dames I've courted,
On the land or on the sea,
There's but one I call "my steady,"
And her name is Carrie B.



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Both nibs of the Parker Duofold Point are ground round and smooth; so cannot scratch the paper, or pick up fibers that smear the ink.

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there is a thin film of ink, just as water on your finger tip projects beyond the surface of the skin.

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Planning Ahead

IT IS reported that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is working on all of its projects fifteen years ahead, and on some of them fifty. Another report is to the effect that a town planning commission has been appointed by the City of Montreal and that it is working on the assumption that the city will double its population within fifteen years. There are those who believe that planning ahead is not to be encouraged, and life insurance men say that in the early days of insurance, one of the principal objections of "prospects" was that man was warned in the Scriptures not to take thought for the morrow. Modern scholars say that the true meaning of this statement is that the man shall not take "undue" thought for the morrow but that he is justified in making reasonable plans looking to his own welfare and to the welfare of those dependent upon him.

It is difficult to see, under modern conditions, how a man can do other than plan ahead of his immediate requirements, and if great corporations are making plans for from fifteen to twenty years ahead, then the young man may be well advised to govern his present expenditure of time, money and energy, with reference to the possibilities and probabilities of the future.

Buxton says that in life, as in chess, forethought wins; while Schiller writes: "Whoever fails to turn aside the ills of life by prudent forethought, must submit to fulfill the course of destiny." Cecil balances the situation by saying that to have too much forethought is the part of a wretch, while to have too little is the part of a fool. A distinction is made by Napoleon I., who says: "Forethought we may have, undoubtedly, but not foresight."

The Young Man in Business

IT IS generally known that in the legal profession, the lawyer, as problems are presented to him from time to time for opinion and solution, has the advantage of being able to consult his law reports—imposing volumes containing legal decisions perhaps from many lands—and usually he is able to find a record of some case similar to the one he may have before him.

A praiseworthy attempt to perform the same service for the business man has recently been made by the graduate school of business administration of Harvard University, and the A. W. Shaw Company, publishers, Cass, Huron and Erie Sts., Chicago, have published for the School Volume I. of the Harvard Business Reports. This volume contains a record of one hundred and forty-nine "business cases" selected as a record of business practice or as a guide to sound business management. Thus, the business man when confronted by such problems as investment of capital, selection of sites, employment of salesmen, bonus plans, overhead expenses, non-seasonal advertising, and control of branches, may now turn to his volume of business reports and see what has actually been done by other business men and firms faced by the same problems.

Young men in business for themselves, or those holding responsible positions as business employees, might find it advantageous to secure from the publishing company a circular of information concerning the business reports.

Perhaps the following incident will serve to emphasize the point that an investment in a book carefully chosen and thoughtfully studied, may yield unexpected dividends. It is said that a firm once carried on a series of industrial experiments that cost something like ten thousand dollars. They felt, from the conclusions reached, that the money had been well expended, but their feelings of satisfaction were dashed somewhat when they found subsequently that the experiments had already been carried out elsewhere and were recorded in a book that might have been secured at a cost of five dollars or less.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 1.—The series of articles "Choosing Your Life Work" recently concluded on this page, brought many inquiries from young men, and it is possible that a further series, "Occupations in Canada," may prove of further help and interest by indicating something of the duties and qualifications needed in various technical positions. The information furnished will be taken in part from civil service announcements. 1. The duties and qualifications of a Research Engineer: Duties—Under direction to make economic investigations, with special reference to financial problems, relating to the utilization and development of the natural resources of Canada; to devise plans for the developing of public interest in the natural resources; to write articles for publication, and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to graduation in science from a university of recognized standing; at least two years of diversified experience in natural resources work; knowledge of the natural resources of Canada and their commercial uses; demonstrated ability to write for publication.

On Giving Advice

IT HAS been said that "men give away nothing so liberally as their advice," while Goldsmith says that "it has been well observed that few are better qualified to give others advice than those who have taken the least of it themselves."

In cities, advice is sometimes tendered from public platforms to the effect that there are too many people in the cities and that many city people should move to the farms. It is not observed, however, that those who tender the advice set very conspicuous examples.

There is a story of a judge who was noted for his defence of slavery. He was converted from the error of his ways by the following conversation with a runaway slave, who had crossed the Ohio River from Kentucky:

Judge: "What did you run away for?"

Fugitive: "Well, Judge, I wanted to be free."

"Oh, wanted to be free, did you? Bad master I suppose?"

"Oh, no, berry good man, massa."

"You had to work too hard, then?"

"Oh, no; fair day's work."

"Well, hadn't you a good home?"

"Hadn't I, though! You should see my pretty cabin in Kentucky!"

"Well, you didn't get enough to eat?"

"Oh, golly! Not get enough to eat in Kentucky! Plenty to eat."

"You had a good master, plenty to eat, were not overworked, a good home—I don't see what you wanted to run away for."

"Well, judge, I left de situation down dar open. You can just go down and git it."

Similies Old and New

SOME time ago, a writer gathered a number of similies that had appeared during the year 1926 in various publications. It is interesting to compare these with some of the similies that originated years ago and that have become almost proverbial.

Older similies:

A light too intense is as bad as darkness.

Sloth, like rust, consumes much faster than labor wears.

The power of knowledge may be likened to the regulator of a watch.

A man in anger is like a chariot without a driver; or a ship in a storm without a pilot.

Some men are like street organs; we soon hear all their tunes.

Similies of 1926:

As inconspicuous as a new filling station.

As welcome as a caterpillar in a bird's nest.

As necessary as the black squares in a crossword puzzle.

As scarce as an abandoned golf course.

Fell over as softly as a dying cream puff.

Freedom

WHILE there are complaints that in many homes the young people are not under proper parental control, it is also true that in other homes there is sometimes an unwise restraint that does not make for the proper and harmonious development of young lives. Recently, I learned of a young man who has set before himself a plan of life work that has reasonable possibilities of successful achievement and for which, in all probability, he deserves some commendation. His parents, however, have other ideas for his future, and the resulting situation is the reverse of pleasant.

Situations of this kind are well depicted by the Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, who, in his "Miracles of Jesus," says:

"The bonds of love become irksome chains. No parent can tie up the life of a child in the limits of his own preconceived desires and ideas. Wise love will not seek to prolong subjection but to prepare for freedom."

"The true economy of the nest is to fit the young bird for flight. When the time comes, and the children show in thoughts and ambitions the warning signs that the call of their separate destiny is beginning to reveal itself, the parent must open the door, bid them God-speed, and let them go."

The young man should be careful, however, to distinguish between freedom and license. Men are not free to do what they like, but to do what they should. "There are two kinds of freedom," says Charles Kingsley, "the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought."

The Helping Hand

SOME time ago, one of our pioneer Western farmers told me that some fifty years ago he was working at a trade in Ontario at a time when the wages of an apprentice were about twenty-five cents a day, with meals provided. He learned his trade, but was not able to save any money. He then decided to go West and take up land in Manitoba. He packed a box, gave up his work, but had not the wherewithal to buy a ticket. He then conceived the idea of approaching a man of means in the neighborhood and asking for help. The conversation ran somewhat as follows:

"I am going West."

"And what are you going West for?"

"I'm going to take up land but I haven't enough money to buy a railway ticket."

"How are you going to manage?"

"If you will lend me a hundred dollars, I will promise to pay you back a hundred and ten dollars. It may take me one and it may take me five years to earn it, but some day I will send you the money."

The answer was almost unexpected. The money was produced. No further promise was exacted. No papers were signed.

The young man went West and in three months he redeemed his promise and sent back one hundred and ten dollars.

Fundamentals

W. P. WARREN is, I think, the author of an article in which he names what he considers are the four fundamental accomplishments in life:

1. How to think accurately and comprehensively.
2. How to express thought in talking and writing.
3. How to work skilfully with the hands.
4. How to take one's place among men.

Another point of view is given in Henry Van Dyke's "Four Things" in his "Collected Poems":

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely."



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Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

I HAVE just finished reading two novels; one dealing with "Youth" endeavouring to discard everything that is old; the other, with "Age" clinging with frenzied clutch to youthful beauty.

The first named is "Young Anarchy," by Sir Phillip Gibbs (Hutchinson and Co.), a rattling good story with a most unsatisfactory please-the-gallery ending, and no particular style nor atmosphere from the first page to the last. It is curious that Sir Phillip Gibbs, who has given us such a penetrating and understanding study of the youth of to-day in tilt against the older generation, should have tried to fob us off at the end with that futile "sob stuff" about the General Strike, and the magnificent behaviour of Youth during that trying period. Even though a young man does roll a few milk cans about, during a general strike, I do not think this is conclusive proof that there is no harm whatsoever in University Students spending the most precious and pregnant years of their life in night clubs, drinking cocktails, talking an incomprehensible lingo, and indulging in primitive dances until four o'clock in the morning. But perhaps, a friend of mine was right when she said to me: "No, I don't like 'Young Anarchy'. I did not expect you would. The trouble is that we are too old to feel in sympathy with Twenty of To-day, and too young to applaud such narrow-minded views as expounded by the 'Bishop' in this story." Sir Phillip Gibbs has considered the case of our grandfathers and those young enough to be our children, but he has left us shivering in the outer hall of betwixt and between.

I SMILE when I think that I carried home, cheek by jowl, "Young Anarchy" and "Skin-Deep" by Naomi Royde-Smith (Constable and Co.). It is true the librarian had said of both—"Yes, very nice books." But there the likeness ends. For whereas Sir Phillip Gibbs has worked on the principle that the story is the whole thing, Miss Royde-Smith seems to have said "never mind the story. See what I can do with a slender thread of a tale. Watch me create by my style, my subtle art, my delicious sense of irony, my scintillating wit and my pitiless but charming mockery, such a novel as will chain you fast. And so she shows us the lovely, stupid Lucinda, Duchess of Merioneth. We see her first at the theatre; more beautiful than words can say; we see her for the last time in a beauty parlour, sitting in a steaming box, a hag, denuded of skin-deep beauty.

Just as "The Housemaid" showed peculiarities of form, story within story, and tag ends that didn't matter; so, in "Skin-Deep," Naomi Royde-Smith has repeated this rather annoying mannerism. From the first word I was intrigued. I use "intrigued" of set purpose. It was a sweet American widow who intrigued me. We learn a lot about the American, Arabell Holdenbrook, in the Prologue. I for one was tremendously attached to her by the time she had reached London and Brown's Hotel. I thought "here is a delicious book. I'm going to love Arabell and it will be most fascinating seeing London through her eyes." I thought I was in for another enjoyment such as is experienced by reading Henry James' "The American." Imagine my sorrow when I discover that I need never have met Arabell at all. It is Lucinda and her life-story with which I am to become acquainted. Having forgotten all about the charming Arabell, having become part and parcel of The Marchioness' household, I was quite indifferent, even annoyed, when Miss Royde-Smith dragged Arabell into the story again, by the hair of her head, one might say, for it is in a famous beauty parlour that we re-meet her. A curious love for the disjointed, has this brilliant writer. She could have told the life story of Lucinda just as effectively without one mention of an Arabell Holdenbrook. But Arabell or no Arabell, "Skin-Deep" is one of the cleverest novels I have read for a very

long time. It has not the grandeur, nor the depth (how could it, being only "Skin-Deep"?), nor that indefinable characteristic that makes us prophesy "immortality" for Adam's Breed. It is the wittiest of stories for it describes situations that, portrayed less wittily; handled, let us say by Gilbert Frankau, I would have been grossly sensuous. Instead of feeling affronted by the strange family relationships of the Merioneth household, we chuckle. Oh! yes, I know it is very, very naughty to chuckle, but this is an irony, handled superbly. "Socrates," wrote Stillingfleet in one of his sermons, "undertook with many sharp and cutting ironies to reprove the vices of his age." Naomi Royde-Smith has undertaken, and succeeded admirably, to do the same in this, our age.

Ethel M. Dell, Out-Delled.

"YES! a very nice book," said the librarian, as I picked up "A Man with His Back to the East," by Helen Halyburton Ross (ThorntonButterworth). I have read it. I think the librarian is a very nice girl. But we differ about books....

"Beautiful—I have been called beautiful," she cried in a little despairing undertone. Other men have thought so—other men have desired me. And, Oh God, he is the only man I want"—with one of her flashes of inspiring honesty."

Thus speaks "Paula," the heroine, the twenty-year old heroine—on her first trip to Cairo—after a casual meeting with "Mark," the Mystery Man.

Of course, in the end she gets him—in spite of Lord Algar—in spite of the dragon-men—sphinxes and all the other Egyptian concomitants in which novelists revel.

The story was all right—but it was the dashes that interested me most—six or seven on a page. I said them all aloud to myself, and it saved me from saying worse things.

As Others See Them.

TO balance my ration of fiction, I borrowed at the same time as the novels just mentioned, two volumes of biography. "Certain people of Importance," by A. G. Gardiner (Jonathon Cape), is a most delightful volume of character studies. Here one meets Charlie Chaplin and Baldwin; Hobbs and Maude Royden; Sybil Thorndike and G.B.S. And, of course, the inevitable Arnold Bennett, a more dominant personality to-day in literary England than even H. G. Wells. Thank goodness, A. G. Gardiner, does not make a god out

of Arnold Bennett. To be quite truthful I like this author much better since A. G. Gardiner has detailed his faults! Over-zealous eulogists had made me positively hate the novelist whose portrait invades the press almost daily. But, since his feet of clay have been revealed, I am beginning to like him. Petty, I admit, but human! The author of "Certain People of Importance," has recognized this human perversity and has cleverly avoided rubbing his readers up the wrong way. He has no "angels" in his book. He portrays men and women who have faults as well as virtues; and he shows us their varied characteristics in the right proportion, so that we acknowledge the popularity of each in his or her own field. Furthermore, we are made to recognize the greatness that makes that popularity well-merited recognition of a certain person of importance. I thought his summing up of Chaplin particularly happy, and sympathetic, and just. Mr. Gardiner is too human himself not to realize why Charlie Chaplin is beloved—more than Dean Inge.

The Professional Beggar.

IN HER volume of poems called "Rosy Thorn" (The Stanford University Press), Ellen Coit Elliott describes a beggar asking for a bit of cloud and a striped squirrel to pat. Nor does she expect this largesse for nothing. She will sing for those who give. Moreover, she leads on a string a monkey, and may there not be children in the house who will consider "a curly feather" for the beggar's hat but just exchange for the sight of so comical a little pet?

But when W. H. Davies, the noted poet, turned a professional beggar, (read "The Adventures of Johnny Walker, Tramp" Jonathon Cape, he had no monkey; he offered no song. Bread and cheese were more to his liking than a fleecy cloud! This is a most astonishing little book and frankly I am at a loss whether to believe it, or to accept it as a boyish-hearted poet's attempt to "spoo" the gentle reader. It does not seem possible that able-bodied men could lead such mentally and physically degraded lives as he portrays in these adventures. When I reached the discussion of the differences of the begging profession in England and America, I exclaimed: "This is too much," and put the book aside. Then I went into my hall where hangs a broadsheet bearing the immortal lyric "Leisure," and I read it again, in order to re-fall in love with the poet who had so pained me with "the Adventures of Johnny Walker!",

And now I am going to cease typing for an hour to read a slender volume by this same poet called, "The Song of Love." When I have done so, I will tell you what I think of it.

What Is Poetry?

THE LIONS and the lambs will lie down together; Capital and Labour, will call each other "Brother"—long before critics have agreed as to what is "poetry." What one man proclaims as sheer bunkum, another will hail as an example of Edith Sitwell's marvellous art at its greatest moment of inspiration. One pronounces a set of rhymed lines as doggerel, another sees in it "that crystal clear beauty, that simplicity of genius," always connected with the work of the poet W. H. Davies. Noyes, has been denounced as one who plays on a pinch-beck lyre, and hailed as the greatest lyricist of the day. And these people who utter such divergent opinions are all critics who have established reputations in good judgment and sincerity. What on earth is the poor public to do? How have its taste formed by a dozen specialists uttering a dozen different dogmatic statements. As one of the poor public, I can answer this query unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly. Do what I do—Take no notice whatever of the critics. Read (if you're a lover of poetry) all you can lay hands on, and form your own opinion. Because rhymed lines appear in the Mercury, they are not necessarily poetry. Nor is a verse to be condemned as doggerel because it is found in the daily press. And stranger still perhaps, "The Song of Love" is not poetry, although it is written by a poet. At least, not in my opinion, and, until someone (critic or merely one of the reading public) opens my eyes and my ears, and shows me beauties and gives me sounds hitherto unrealized by me, I shall continue to say that "The Song of Love," is not poetry. And who is better to judge than I who belong to the class of general reader for whom "The Song of Love," was written. "For," says W. H. Davies: "In writing these verses, I am attempting to make poetry popular. That is to say, I would like to give as much pleasure to the general reader as to the student of poetry."

As the general reader, I gather from this "Song of Love" that a man of fifty is married to a girl of twenty, that they are living in a charming little house surrounded by flowers and trees. He assures us, he feels quite young, this husband of fifty, yet the gifts planned for his wife's birthday rather date him. A comb for her hair and a silver thimble! But one would not quarrel with Mr. Davies for this, had he given us something more than scores of stanzas containing facts, and others as extraordinary as these:—

"Should she complain no kiss of mine
Has left one little bite,
I'll let her take a needle and thread
And sew my mouth up tight.
If cheek or chin of hers can say
It never felt one nip,
I'll let her take a packet of pins
And pin me lip to lip."

Yet Richard Church, writing in the Spectator, is most solemn over this, "Song of Love." Sees in it not only "pain and a gesture of heart-breaking pathos," but lyrical beauty. And what is more, he sees in it a new strength of the poet's awakening to larger intellectual realities.

I would give a very great deal to hear W. H. Davies, himself, read this "Song of Love." Perhaps his voice would infuse into these colourless, toneless stanzas, "pleasant sights and pleasant sounds—of images and music." Then according to Robert Lynd, we should have fine poetry. What is poetry? We do not know. But we do know what we like, and no amount of academic criticism effects us one iota.



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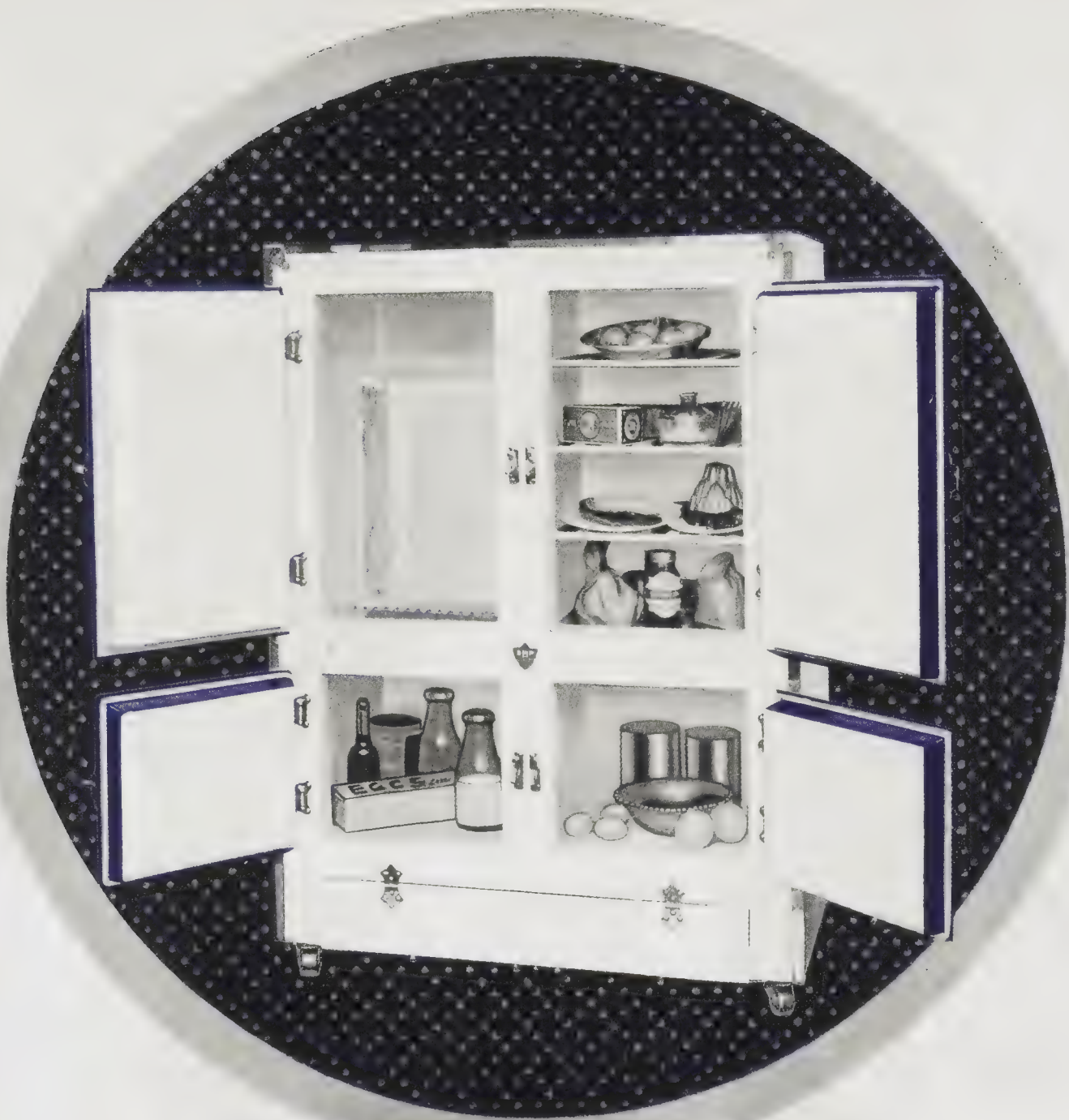
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Mothers' Day

Mother

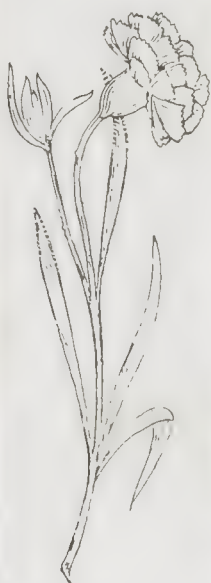
..... And she,
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise;
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who'd look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

—"The Princess"—TENNYSON.

To My First Love, My Mother

Sonnets are full of love, and this my tome
Has many sonnets; so here now shall be
One sonnet more, a loving sonnet, from me
To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home,
To my first love, my mother, on whose knee
I learnt love-love that is not troublesome;
Whose service is my special dignity
And she my lodestar while I go and come.
And so because you love, and because
I love you, mother, I have woven a wreath
Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honored name.
In you not four-score years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



Mother O' Mine

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Justified Mother of Men

Behold a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker-cap—her face is
clearer and more beautiful than the sky.
She sits in an arm-chair, under the shaded porch
of the farm-house.
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is cream-hued linen;
Her grandsons raised the flax and her grand-
daughters spun it with distaff and wheel.
The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go,
and does not wish to go.
The justified mother of men. —WALT. WHITMAN.

The Mother in the House

For such as you, I do believe,
Spirits their softest carpets weave,
And spread them out with gracious hand
Wherever you walk, wherever you stand.

For such as you, of scent and dew,
Spirits their rarest nectar brew;
And where you sit and where you sup,
Pour beauty's elixir in your cup.

For all day long, like other folk,
You bear the burden, wear the yoke;
And yet when I look in your eyes at eve
You are lovelier than ever. I do believe.

—HERMAN HAGEDORN.

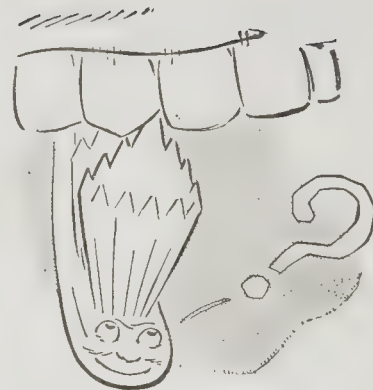
My Trust

A picture memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



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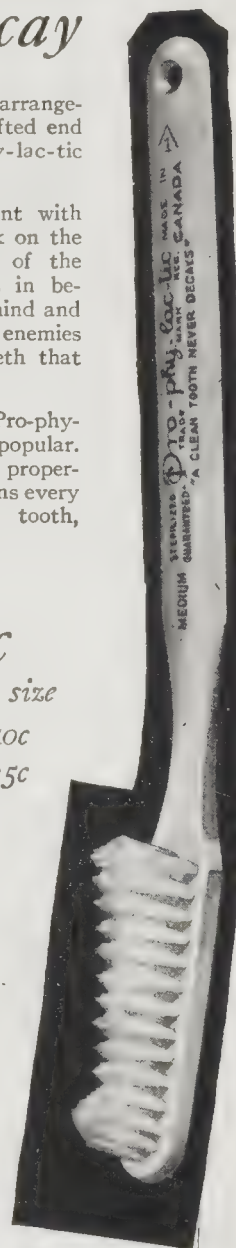
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The Get-Away

By
Blanche Smail Brown

CORINNE was running away from her husband—just as fast as the Dixie Flyer going south could take her. She sat with an open magazine, lying face downward on her lap, gazing out on the cotton fields—noting unconsciously the reddish brown soil and the pods the darkies had missed—as the fields flew past her.

Seeing the conductor coming, she reached for her ticket. "Lower 8, Miami, eh?" Corinne nodded. "Queen City of the Gold Coast. Some city!" he said, smiling down on her. A flash from her eyes quenched the open admiration in his.

She was a youngish thing—a pretty thing, the sophistication of the youth of to-day. Decidedly cosmopolitan, with the stamp of the big city on her walrus hat box and Gladstone bag, sitting on the opposite seat of the section; on her English top coat and smart traveling frock. Hers was a highly marcelled and brilliant brown head, a vivid coloring. Her big brown eyes smoldered. One felt they could be lovely and soft at times, however.

"Will there be any one in the upper berth, tonight, conductor?" she asked. "I think so," he answered. "There is heavy traffic now, on account of the Florida boom. Yes," consulting his book, "upper 8 was wired for."

Corinne was a deserter—from the ranks of the married. "Incompatibility" was the only grounds the lawyer had said, unless they chose desertion. No airing personal matters in the court room that way. She had packed on impulse. She would go to her chum's. Her mother was no longer living. Jack, being away on the short trip for his firm, made the get-away easy. What would he do when he got back and found her gone?

Late that evening the lights of a city flashed. Long distance passengers prepared to walk around the station. Corinne did not have "train legs" however. She pushed the call button instead.

"Porter, I want to read late as possible. Can't you make up my berth last?" Already her hand was in her purse. "Sure I'll do my best. Won't make it up till train leaves Atlanta. Thanks, Missie," and hurrying out to help the passengers on, Corinne's fifty cents jingle merrily in his pocket.

Atlanta that was where Jack's folks lived. Several Atlantians of the younger set had been at their wedding. A panorama flashed before her eyes—a flower filled chapel, a bridal party with Helen as bridesmaid, Paul as best man and Jack so pale and handsome. Then the strains of the wedding march and the words "for better or for worse" rang in her ears as though yesterday. Just six years ago.

The long train halted. Many got on from the cotton metropolis of the south. A fine looking chap about 32—dark and tall—carrying a light colored English traveling kit, and black portfolio under his arm, swung down the platform.

"Where do I park?" porter he asked, producing his sleeper ticket. "Car L—Right here, Captain—Upper 8"

The porter taking his bag sat it down upon the platform. Suddenly he recalled the request of the pretty girl in lower 8. Suppose this gentleman wanted his berth made up at once? Pacifying white folks was sure a colored man's job. Didn't he have a reputation for getting more tips than any porter south of the Mason—Dixie Line. Besides these were "quality folks."

"A smokin' car up front, Captain." "A happy thought, porter. I'll have a smoke before I call it a day." He swung lightly up the steps, and another fifty cents jingled along side of Corinne's in the porters pocket—just as he had figured.

Corinne could not read. Instead she went early to the dressing room to prepare for the night. Most of the passengers

had already retired. When she returned, the porter was working on her section at the far end of the car. In the temporary seat she had occupied sat a young man, deep in thought, head in hands. Even in the dim light, she could see it was a handsome face and figure. Drawing her black satin Pullman robe tighter about her she tried to escape being seen. The man sensing a presence, looked up quickly.

"Corinne!" came a hoarse voice. Corinne suddenly froze like a block of ice on the Great Lakes in the winter time. She was caught—trapped. "What's the big idea? Where are you going? Surprise and anger mingled. She stood rooted to the spot. With quick deductions that would have done credit to the intuition of a woman he blurted out: "You were running away from me." "Well what of it?" she countered question. "You took advantage of me. To leave me while I was away—without warning—was like stabbing in the back. I thought you were a good sport," he said contemptuously.

MANY tragedies of life might be averted if the wrong word was not said at the wrong time. Corinne prided herself on being fair. "That's just what I was trying to be—a good sport. I won't get up and air our affairs in court, I can't" There was a suspicious catch in her voice. "Desertion eliminates that."

"You knew I wouldn't leave you!" he said bitterly, "so you thought to do the deserting yourself."

"That's it?" She was silent. "Answer me," he demanded, coming up close to her.

"It would hurt your future less with the firm if I took the step. It wouldn't seem so bad to your folk either, I've no one to care."

Corinne, do you want a divorce?" he hurled at her. "That's not fair" she evaded. "Before you left we agreed to get one, didn't we? Sh! the porter's coming. He does not know you are my husband."

"Hang the porter", he said, hotly. "You're my wife, aren't you?" Reconsidering—realizing how an explanation might be taken—he hurried toward the smoker. "All ready, Missie" the darky said coming up and picking up her luggage. Corinne followed. As he fitted it snugly under the berth, the tag on the hat box caught his eye. "Corinne Moffett, Elm Place, Cincinnati, Ohio". Same name as the young fellow in the upper—same address too. Strange! As he dimmed the lights for the night the thought still revolved round his head; then he curled up on his bunk to catch forty winks.

Corinne could not sleep. At eleven—twelve—one o'clock she had turned on the tiny light in her berth and looked at her wrist watch. He didn't intend coming back. Staring into the night, she pictured him smoking cigarette after cigarette in the smoker ahead. He promised her he would quit.

He never had, why didn't he try? Why did he persist in throwing his clothes on the floor, leaving them wherever he took them off, dropping ashes in the fern when he knew they killed it, or on the Anglo-Persian rug. Why should she pick up his ties, shirts, socks? She wasn't his slavey. She loved changing his links and buttons

for him. That was different. She was tired when she came from the office. Yes, it was Jack's fault—getting the divorce. Then the climax over bobbing her hair. If he had asked her not to—but to demand it! What did he care if it was easier to shampoo. Getting married took all one's personal freedom away. Yes, it was the little things that got on one's nerves and wore one down like a third degree grilling. She'd not give in!

In the smoker Jack sat. If Corinne wanted to go, she could go. He had some pride. Why couldn't he and Corinne get along any more. When it came to buying their little home they pulled together like a team of work horses. When he was sick with the flu, Corinne's nursing saved him the doctor had said. When he was made manager of the Advertising Department and took the correspondence course, she had sat up nights working alongside of him. She could be the bravest little soldier in the big things. She could be adorable. She thrilled him. She was a dear little kid, but she nagged—yes that was it—nagged about his smoking, hanging up his clothes. Hadn't he always thrown them down? Hadn't his mother always picked them up? Always quarreling of late, over trifles. Things—things—things.

Marriage took all one's personal freedom away. Well he'd not give in!

At two o'clock the porter awoke with a start. He had almost missed his Valdosta call and that would be a good tip. He hastened to section 10, pulling the curtains gently. "Two o'clock" he called. "Be at Valdosta in three quarters of an hour, sir".

As he passed down the aisle he thought he heard a sound. He went up close like and listened. Sure enough through the roar of the train a woman was softly sobbing. He looked at the number on the berth. No. 8. It was the pretty girl. He was pondering, when he came opposite the smoker, and the figure of a man caught his eye. A man smoking alone at 2 a. m. It was the man in No. 8.

"Looks like a black cloud," he muttered. "Sure is a nigger in the wood pile somewhere."

Slowly his mind set to working. The names on the tags. Same names—same address. Don't look like no brother nor sister. White folk has differences same as black ones. Slowly the black face lit up. Lady Luck was sure a smilin' on this trip. He turned back to the smoker.

"Captain", he said. "I hates to intrude Captain". "Well what is it?" snapped the man at the interruption of his thoughts. "I believes, Captain. I believes your wife—is powerful sick. As I comes along after making a two o'clock call, I hears a sobbin' like from your berth, sir". "Are you sure, porter? No mistake?" he said jumping to his feet. "No, Captain, couldn't be no mistake, sir—No. 8".

The train had pulled out of Valdosta but the porter going back to his bunk, for the night, couldn't resist pressing his ear close to the green curtain of section 8 as he caught the deeper tones of a man's voice mingling with the lighter ones of a woman.

"Was my fault" said the deeper ones, so faintly the porter wasn't quite sure he heard rightly.

"No, mine. We must both give and take", answered the lighter one's softly through the din.

The next morning when the pretty thing and the tall chap got off the train at Jacksonville, he showed no surprise.

And as the porter's eyes followed the pretty girl tripping down the platform; her arm linked in the arm of a tall figure at her side, and the "Red Cap" following after, he felt lovingly at the five spot resting in his pocket—just as he had figured.





Put these *new improvements* to the test

It would take many words to tell the complete story of the new improvements in Dodge Brothers Motor Car and the finer results they produce. But here is a partial list:

New silent-action clutch; seats re-designed for greater comfort; new five-bearing crankshaft of finest alloy steel; new starting system; new steering ease; easier gear shifting; softer pedal action; new muffler; smart, new lines and colors.

Take the car out for a trial. Experience for yourself the new smoothness, quietness and ease of handling; and remember that these finer results are in addition to an enviable record for long life and low cost of operation and maintenance.

*Special Sedan \$1310—De Luxe Sedan \$1420
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Fully equipped, including spare tire*

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

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Underarm Perspiration

Relieve
Its Discomforts

The one spot most difficult to keep always dainty—

Under the arms, where sweat glands are large and over-active, where clothing and the curve of the arm prevent normal evaporation.

Exertion, hurry, nervousness, excitement—these cause moisture to appear here at once. Gowns are stained, ruined.

Worse still, there is disagreeable-odor, which people cannot help noticing, even while you may not be aware of it yourself.

Soap and water alone can not correct this trouble. That is why fastidious women everywhere use Odorono, a clear, antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to check excessive perspiration.

Odorono is so safe, so dainty, so simple to use. You just apply a little to the underarms with the tips of the fingers or a piece of cotton wool.

And just twice a week is enough to keep the underarms always dainty! For one application lasts three days.

Then no longer can disagreeable perspiration mar your daintiness! Odorono prevents both moisture and odor, yet does not effect in any way the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

You will find Odorono wherever perfumes and fine toilet soaps are sold. Or send coupon and 5c for sample.

RUTH MILLER

THE ODORONO COMPANY, LTD.
468 King Street, West
Toronto, Can.

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Please send me sample of
Odorono and booklet, for which
I enclose 5c.

Name

Address



The Dispersal of Seeds

"DO PLANTS THINK?" The question is not so foolish as it looks when the matter is considered, for they sometimes contend with difficulties and surmount obstacles seemingly as intelligently as some of the humbler vertebrates. And man is a vertebrate. However that question may be answered we find in plants, as in most other forms of life, the desire and effort for the perpetuation of the species which in varying degree animates nearly all living things. Generally speaking, the best thing possible for the

By H. H. Pittman

can, perhaps, almost say that the very existence of some peoples today may at least partly be due to the activities of the birds in the past.

To attract birds many plants envelop their seeds in a fleshy pulp, incidentally providing us with our blackberries, raspberries, apples, plums, etc. Seeds enclosed in this way invariably have either a tough leathery skin or the woody shell we are accustomed to speak of as the "stone." As the smaller fruits, such as the various kinds of berries, are swallowed whole by the birds, the use of the skin is to protect and guard against the strong gastric juices which would otherwise stop the germination. It naturally follows that they are often carried great distances before being passed in the excrement. The dispersal of seeds covered with a hard shell is due to the fact that they are rejected after being carried away from the parent plant.

The vitality of the seeds, of course, is of the greatest importance and we are constantly finding remarkable instances. Whether grain placed with the old Egyptian mummies would grow now as has been claimed, I do not know, but I have heard of well authenticated cases of it germinating after being taken from the crops of frozen birds shipped from one country to another.

The wind is an important factor when the geographical ranges of plants are considered and seeds adapted for distribution by this means are common. The dandelions and thistles are good instances, in each case providing dainty, white, feathery parachutes. Plants catering for their seeds in this way are numerous on the prairie and late in the summer downy seed-heads may be seen everywhere. The seeds of many trees, such as the ash and elm, are wind-borne although they are

mediately becoming dry and brittle. The erect stems stand tough and above all springy, for a long time, playthings for every passing breeze. Producing great quantities of small, light, hard seeds, it takes very little vibration to scatter them in all directions.

There are many adaptations for water carriage and some aquatic plants provide very interesting instances. With a yellow water-lily (*Nuphar luteum*) the seeds adhere together in lumps held by a sticky material which is slowly dissolved by the water. The seeds are thus freed singly as



(Copyright)

Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*)

species is to have the young plant or seed settle in fresh ground not already impoverished by the roots of the parent and the methods used to secure this end are both varied and interesting. A familiar way is by sending out runners which take root here and there, but the scattering of the seeds is more effective and commoner.

Some of the methods used to effect the successful dispersal of the seeds are remarkable and we find the services of animals and birds called in as well as what may be termed mechanical devices. Wind and water too, play an important part in this vital matter and indeed very many seeds are specially adapted for dissemination by the elements.

Our bur-bearing plants rely upon animal agency chiefly, which even casual observation shows, is very effective. It is interesting to note in this connection that in some places these plants are so plentiful that they have a decided effect upon the market value of the wood produced. The burdock provides a good illustration and upon close examination it will be found that each of the fine spikes with which the head is covered is in reality a small hook. The heads or burs are readily detached when ripe and any passing rough-haired animal is liable to carry several entangled in its coat from which the seeds may be scattered over great tracts of country. When wearing woollen clothes on the prairie in the early autumn we can get ample proof of the tenacity with which burs will cling to a rough surface.

Hooked seeds are spread in a similar way and some tropical forms bear hooks that even pierce the flesh of the unwilling bearers. The most striking I can think of at the moment are borne by some species of *Martynia*. Each pod has two hooks of thorn-like sharpness several inches in length, which, once attached to a woolly coat, would cling until the seeds were dropped, however far the creature wandered.

Birds are inveterate seed distributors and it does not require much imagination to see how, in the course of time, the whole character of a district might be changed through their work. If we stop for a moment to consider the importance of vegetation and particularly trees we



(Copyright)

A Garden Balsam

the mass drifts about and in their turn float for a time before sinking to the ooze of some sluggish stream or backwater.

Naturally enough, the seeds of water plants are specially prepared to withstand the action of that element until there is at least a probability of successful growth and the degrees of thickness or hardness of their coverings correspond with the length of time it is desirable for them to remain dormant in the water.

Much of the vegetation of the marsh and swamp depends upon the aid of the water to disseminate the seeds and these are generally provided with water-proof coats and very frequently with air-

reservoirs to render them buoyant. The mango of the south is entirely water-sown and many other cases can be found.

SEEDS which are intended for ocean carriage are even more carefully packed and prepared, for obviously the sea is more erratic and the action of the salt water more severe. The most familiar example, perhaps, is our old friend the coconut. Few of us from this northern country, knowing this nut only from specimens purchased in fruiterers' stores would recognize it upon its native heath and in the event of a shipwreck, might possibly starve when surrounded by hundreds. The dry nut we are accustomed to has a thick layer of fibre surrounding it which in turn has a thin waxy covering impervious to water so that prolonged immersion in the sea has little effect. It is not difficult in these circumstances, to understand why the tree is so widely distributed.

I have always considered the most interesting cases of seed dispersal were those effected by what we may call mechanical means particularly as examples are common in our gardens and countryside. By this term is meant the forcible ejection of the seeds by the plant itself in various ways, but generally by

explosion, the sudden contraction of portions of the pods or by some variation or combination of these. A plant of the garden, sometimes called a balsam, provides an excellent illustration which will be familiar to many young people. This plant produces numbers of pointed ribbed pods each containing from ten to fourteen

Continued on page 114



Mistletoe is a parasite found upon oak, hawthorn, apple and other trees. The adhesive pulp of the berries sticks the seeds to the bark of the foster until they can take root

(Copyright)

not fitted, like those of the smaller plants, to be carried long distances.

A great number of small plants do not go to the length of providing their seeds with wings or parachutes but still depend upon the wind to effect their dispersal—by vibration. The poppies and foxgloves of our gardens for example, wither when flowering has ceased but without imme-



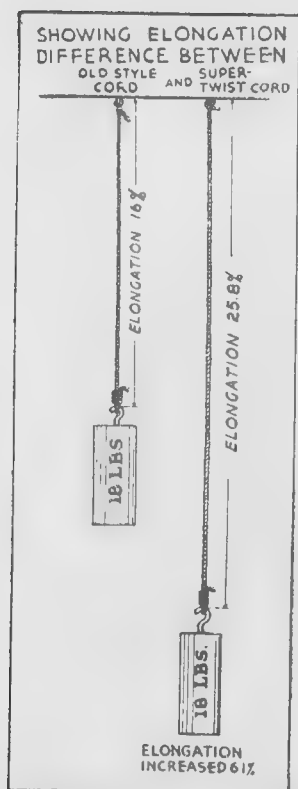
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Protects you Against Tire Troubles



SEVERAL years ago Goodyear realized the greater mileage which a cord tire would give if the cords in it were more elastic—better able to stretch and recover under the blows of the road. Having its own cord mills, Goodyear was able to experiment to this end.

After several years of actual use in tires, Goodyear can claim these virtues for SUPERTWIST Cord. SUPERTWIST Cord is made by a patented Goodyear process which gives this cord 61% greater elasticity than ordinary cords. It stands punishment. It increases the life of Goodyear Tires.

To be sure of SUPERTWIST quality, Goodyear makes this cord in its own cord mills.

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Undersilks that will charm you



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The lines are trim, the cut fascinatingly Parisian. And to this is added extraordinary fineness of texture and elasticity of fabric.

In finest rayon. Slips, kimono's, bloomers, step-ins, pyjamas, nighties—in a myriad of lovely tints.

Watson's
SPRING NEEDLE LINGERIE



Islands of Enchantment— Bermuda

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

THROUGH myriads of centuries nature's artisans have been building the Bermuda Islands, the most northerly group of coral formations known, lying 666 nautical miles from New York. The islands were discovered in 1515 by Juan de Bermudez but remained unsettled for many years as they were supposed to be the habitation of diabolical creatures

orable for the tourist, and during April and May, the floral autocrats yield most bountifully their colorful bloom and perfume. The Easter lilies grown on these islands find a ready market in the principal cities of Canada and the United States. There are many other tropical flowers growing in lush profusion. Of the tropical fruits grown, the banana,



Cathedral Rocks, Bermuda—A beautiful formation caused by erosion

having various sizes and shapes. In 1609 Admiral Sir George Somers and a party of colonists voyaging to Virginia were shipwrecked on one of the smaller islands of the group. Being favored by winds, they eventually continued their voyage to Jamestown, Virginia. Some months later Somers returned to Bermuda to obtain provisions for the Virginian colonists, and died there. In the public gardens of St. George to which the admiral gave his name, are two monuments to his memory. Bermuda was colonized in 1612, and has since been under the British flag.

sugar apple, paw paw, and pomegranate are the most important. For the vegetarian a succession of vegetables grow throughout the year.

During June, July, August and September the intense heat of the mainland on the same parallel is unknown in Bermuda, and refreshing breezes blow almost constantly, in contrast to many of our southern continental resorts. The mean maximum temperature for the month of January is 63 degrees Fahr.; April 63 degrees; July 78;



A peep at the City of Hamilton, Bermuda

October 70; the average wind velocity is 12 miles an hour throughout the year; this insures cool nights and comfortable days.

The islands are set in an iridescent



Easter Lilies by the million

sea of color that changes constantly, making an ever-varied nature panorama. The climatic delights of this popular summer and winter resort are most fav-

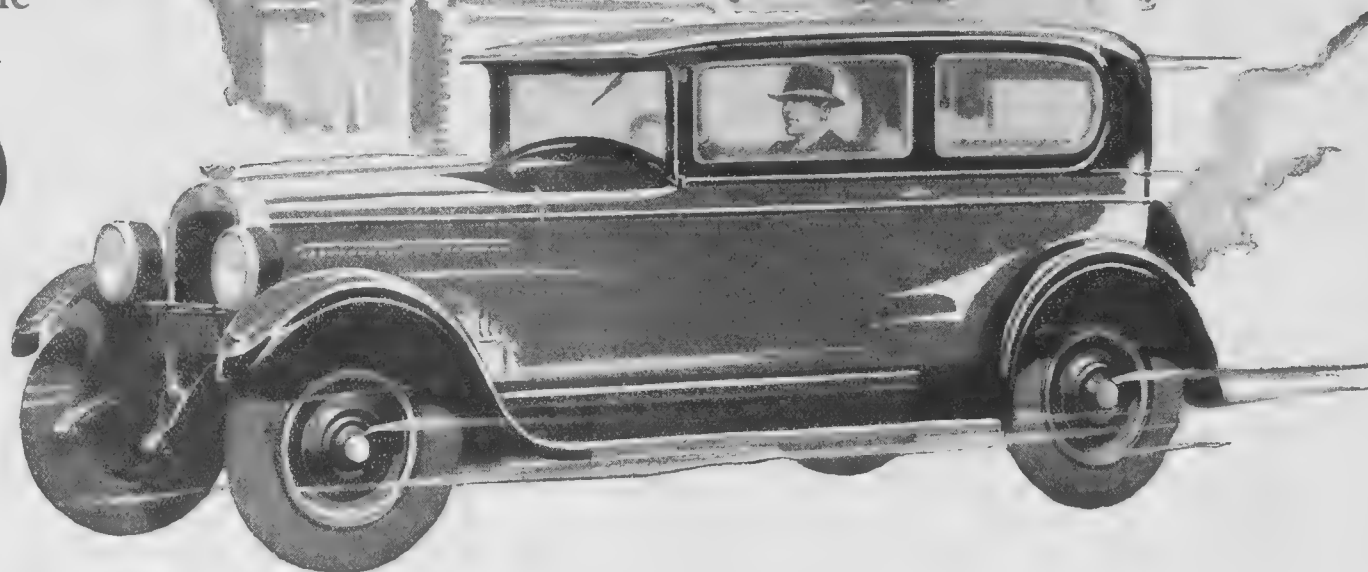
THE nature attractions are many, among which may be noted the mystic caves and sea gardens. The coral roads

Continued on page 56

New Hupmobile
Six Brougham

\$1910

f. o. b. Windsor



The New Brougham

Combines Rare Beauty and Practical Utility

Standing out as one of the most beautiful of enclosed cars, the new Hupmobile Six Brougham also embodies new advantages and conveniences that stamp it as a practical car for daily use.

Graciously long and low, the Brougham combines attractive exterior lines with unusually generous seating capacity.

It accommodates five adults—three in the rear and two in front. There is ample headroom and legroom. Front seats are individual chairs, deeply upholstered and forward tilting to give easy access to rear seat.

Doors are extra-wide (36 inches) to permit easy entrance and exit from either

side. Exterior finish is a rich Biscay green lacquer with smartly striped belt, upper structure in black, with contrasting reveals. Space for a large trunk is provided at the rear.

At small extra cost, buyers may obtain this model upholstered in genuine hand-crushed leather, in place of high grade mohair furnished as standard equipment. Steel disc wheels or painted wood wheels are optional.

See the striking new Brougham at your dealer's. Drive it—and experience the performance thrills of the most advanced type of six-cylinder motoring which this Hupmobile Six now assures you at a very substantial saving.

THE CLOSEST-PRICED SIX IN CANADA

Hupmobile Six

Every Worth While Feature the Modern Car Should Have

Clear Vision Bodies—Instrument Panel Under Glass, Indirectly Lighted—Vision Ventilating Windshield—Automatic Windshield Cleaner—Rear View Mirror—Tilting Beam Headlights—Both Manifold and Thermostatic Heat Control—Dash Gasoline Gauge—Gasoline Filter—Force Feed Lubrication—Oil Filter—Special Vibration Damper—4-Wheel Brakes—Balloon Tires—Snubbers.

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, \$1910. Coupe, two-passenger, with Rumble Seat, \$1910. Roadster, with Rumble Seat, \$1910. Touring, five-passenger, \$1825. All prices f. o. b. Windsor.

Above \$2500, Hupmobile Eight stands out as the one car to buy. Fourteen individual body types.



Henry Saunders never turns down an old Beggar

He cannot resist the pathetic appeal of an elderly man because he realizes that if he had not used good judgment years ago, he too might to-day be begging "the price of a meal."

Henry Saunders is independent. He asks no favors from any man. He has a regular income—ample for the comforts of life—and he will have this income as long as he lives. He is spending the afternoon of life in security and happiness—unembittered by Fate and kindly to those less fortunate.

When he was a young man, on the advice of an older friend, he took out a North American Life Endowment-at-65 Policy. Each year for thirty years he put away part of his income on this plan. Four years ago the policy matured and Henry Saunders retired as he had planned.

There's nothing so comforting as the prospect of a guaranteed source of income for one's old age—unless, perhaps, it is the actual enjoyment of retiring from life's battle and spending the last few years in peace.

No savings or protection plan is better suited to this purpose than the Endowment-at-65 Policy. The attached coupon will bring full particulars.

Please forward particulars of your "Endowment-at-65 Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

(51)

Agents in every Important Centre in Canada

**North
American Life
Assurance
Company**

"Solid as
the Continent"

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA



DURING the last few issues we have been discussing the question of the formation of contracts or agreements and the necessity of having an offer followed by an express acceptance of that offer. Unless the parties have arrived at this stage no binding agreement is in force. Once the parties have decided what the bargain is to be, they then must consider whether it is necessary to incorporate the agreement in a written document or whether a verbal understanding will be sufficient. To facilitate the proof of an agreement it is always advisable to reduce an agreement to writing, but it is not always necessary that this should be done in order to create a binding contract.

There are two forms of contract which are known to the English law, first a contract under seal or a formal contract and secondly a contract not under seal or an informal contract. In a contract under seal the document must be signed, sealed and delivered, but it may be delivered subject to a condition and if this is so it does not become binding until the condition is performed.

The value of a contract under seal is that no party to the contract is entitled to dispute the terms of the document. As has been said in one case, "where a man enters into a solemn obligation by and under his hand and seal as to certain facts he shall not be permitted to deny any matter he has so asserted". An example of this is found in the case of an Insurance Company which issued a life policy but denied liability under the policy on the ground of misrepresentation made by the policy holder in a proposal which was recited in the policy itself.

When they came to examine the facts it was found that the statement was not made by the policy holder. The Insurance Company then tried to state that if there was no proposal there could be no policy, but the courts held that inasmuch as the proposal was set out in the policy and was under seal the Company could not then state that there was no policy in existence, especially when they had received premiums from the policy holder.

In an ordinary contract the right to sue upon it is barred after the expiration of six years, but in a contract under seal in most of the Provinces, the time for suit is extended to twenty years.

It should be further pointed out that amongst other cases a lease of lands for more than three years from the making thereof must be under seal. Generally speaking all contracts made by joint stock companies except in matters of trifling importance or daily necessary occurrence must be under seal.

If there is no express regulation for the requirement of a seal a contract may either be in writing or made verbally. A contract must be in writing where there is a special promise made by an executor or administrator to answer damages out of his own estate; an undertaking to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of any person, i.e. guarantee or suretyship; agreements made in consideration of a promise to make a payment of money or a settlement of property in consideration of or conditional upon a marriage taking place; an agreement for the sale of land; all agreements not to be performed within the space of one year from the making thereof; all contracts dealing with the sale of goods over and above the value of \$50.00 unless there has been an acceptance of part of the goods sold and a receipt of the same or some part payment or some note in writing signed by the Party to become liable.

In all other cases an agreement may be entered into without the necessity of any writing, but in every case apart from a purely formal contract whether the agreement be in writing or be made verbally there must be present some consideration. Consideration has been well defined as "some right, interest, profit, or benefit accruing to one party or some forbearance, detriment, loss or responsibility given, suffered or undertaken by the other". If there is no consideration moving from one party or the other there is no valid binding contract.

It should be remembered that the consideration must either be a present act, forbearance, etc., or a promise to do or forbear given in return for a like promise. In other words consideration must always be present or future, but cannot be past. For instance if I give a man a certain sum of money today and in ten days time he agreed to do something for me because I had given him this money I could not keep him to his promise to perform this act for the very simple reason that the consideration on which it was based was past. If I made the giving of the money conditional upon his doing the work in the future then he would be bound.

Again if the act performed by one of the parties is that which he is bound to do by law the so-called contract cannot be enforced. If for instance "A" owes "B" \$10.00 and comes to "B" and says that he is unable to pay the full sum but that he will pay half of the money provided "B" will accept it in full settlement, is this contract binding on "B"? It is not, because "A" owes the full sum and is bound to pay it and simply because "B" accepts half of it there is no reason why "A" should be discharged from his liability. No consideration is present to justify a binding contract. This may seem a harsh rule but it is founded on the doctrine that the motive for doing a thing must not be confused with consideration passing from one party to another.

Winnipeg Manitoba.

Q.—I bought two lots last Fall. The man who sold me the lots did not tell me that they were subject to a building restriction. I started to build a house and have the foundation in. One of the neighbors has come to me and says that the building is not far enough back from the street and does not comply with the building restrictions and that he will take action against me in the courts unless I move my house farther back. Can he make me do this when I did not know there was any restriction?—

CONTRACTOR

A.—Yes, you are bound by all the particulars of the building restriction. Every person who deals with land is presumed to know the state of the title. Everything that can effect the title is registered in the Land Titles Office. If there is any building restriction registered against this title it will be registered by way of caveat or by an express provision in the land description. You are presumed to have searched the title and found what restrictions it is subject to, and have therefore accepted the title. We would advise you to move your building to comply with the restriction. It may be that you will have an action for damages against your Vendor but this would depend upon the circumstances, and it is doubtful that you would succeed in view of the system of real property in the City of Winnipeg. In any case you probably could not mortgage or sell the house when completed if it did not comply with the restriction.

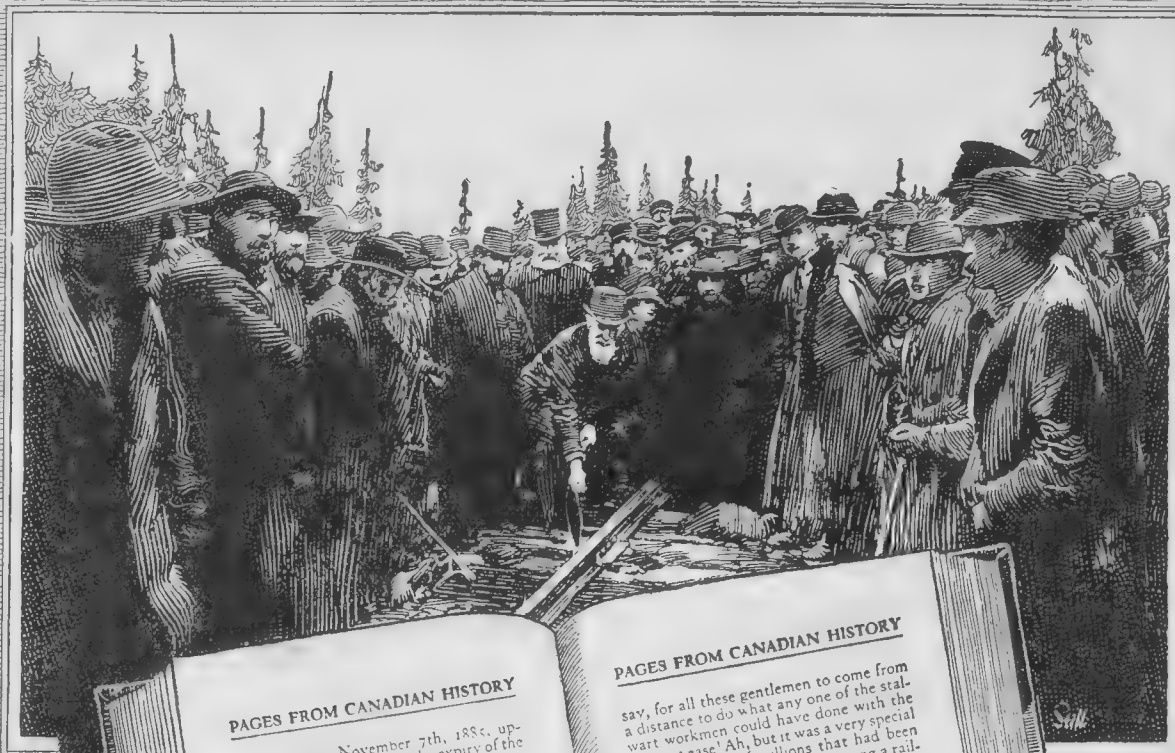
MacLeod, Alta.

Q.—Last Summer I bought a horse from "A" and gave him a promissory note to pay for it, the note to be due after I got my crop off. Now "A" never delivered the horse. He was to bring it around the next day and a little later when I went to look for him I found that he had left the district and I do not know where he is now. Before he left he sold my note to "C" and when the note came due "C" wanted me to pay it. I told him all about the deal and refused to pay it because I thought he had no right to the money. Now I find that "C" has transferred the note to "D" who says he will sue me if I do not pay him for the note. Do I have to pay?—FARMER—

A.—Yes, you are bound to make payment of the note. The rule of law is that if anyone acquires a promissory note in good faith for value before the note is due then he is what is called a "holder in due course" and as such acquires good title to

Continued on page 107

1867 • DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES • 1927



PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

At last, on November 7th, 1885, upwards of five years before the expiry of the time allowed by the terms of the contract, the railway was finished.

"If," it has been picturesquely written, "an inquisitive eagle, soaring above the lonely crags of the Rocky Mountains on November 7th, 1885, had looked down upon a certain spot near the Columbia River and about 350 miles from Vancouver, it would have seen a very unusual sight. A railway train had come to a standstill at this spot to allow a number of gentlemen to alight, and these surrounded by a great concourse of working men, had gathered together to see one among them perform an action apparently simple and uninteresting. At the side of one of the shining rails was an iron plate with a hole in it, and through this hole a spike had to be driven which would fasten it firmly to the wooden sleeper."

"Surely it was not necessary, you will

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PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY

say, for all these gentlemen to come from a distance to do what any one of the stalwart workmen could have done with the greatest ease! Ah, but it was a very special spike, the last of millions that had been driven in the course of constructing a railway which was to join the town of Montreal with the Pacific Ocean."

No bright flags waved in that lonely valley; there were no trumpets to sound a fanfare of triumph. Yet the consummation of a gigantic undertaking was being celebrated. As the vigorous blows from the hammer rang out, it did not seem an exaggeration to say that they echoed through the British Empire. As someone picturesquely wrote: "The shippers of Victoria, British Columbia, heard them and knew that they meant an increase in the carriage of merchandise through their town to and from Japan, because the railway would lessen the distance between London and Yokohama by many hundreds

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The text in the book reproduced here is from "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal," by Beckles Willson, Cassell & Company Limited, London.

CRAIGELLACHIE—Symbol and slogan of romance and achievement—of stubborn fight and ultimate victory.

As Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, drove the iron spike that linked the rails from Atlantic and Pacific, he symbolized the spirit of an old Scottish chieftain. The clans of the indomitable MacKenzies, McTavishes, Stuarts and McGillivrays; the Frasers, Finlaysons, McLeods and McLauchlins, with all their fighting traditions, seemed to "stand fast" behind him as his blows resounded through the solemn mountain pass.

What wonder that Great Britain's Queen

that night cabled her congratulations on the completion of a work which Her Majesty regarded as "of great importance to the whole British Empire."

The task of driving this final spike was allotted to Lord Strathcona as a tribute to his faith and his loyalty to the vision of a great transcontinental railway. Had he not poured his personal wealth into the undertaking when the Government assistance had proved inadequate?

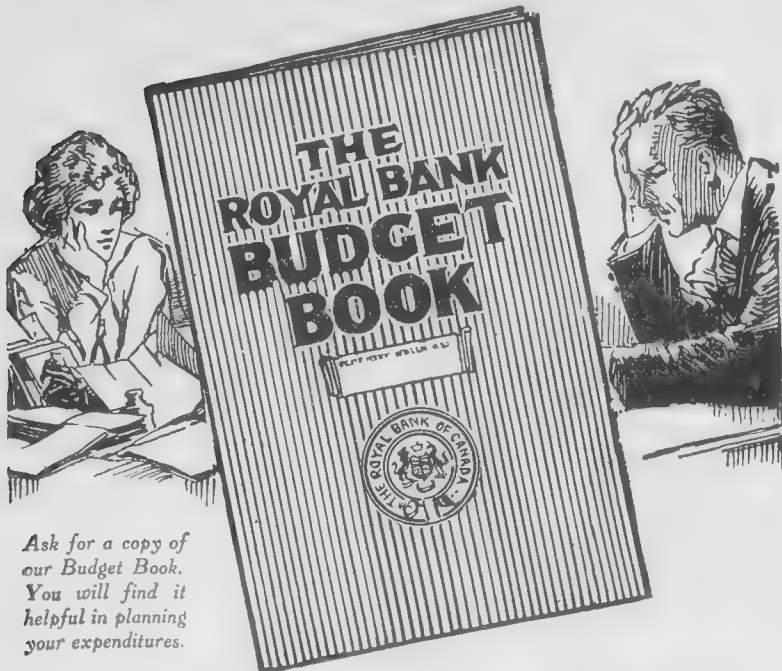
His spirit, and the ideals of those other Titans with whom he was associated, are alive today in the hearts of his successors, who likewise cherish high aspirations for the world mission of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Craigellachie, the name of the station near which the last spike was driven, is named after one of the wildest and loveliest of the glens of Scotland and "Stand fast Craig Ellachie," the historic battlecry of this clan, was the message cabled by George Stephen (Lord Mount Stephen) to his fellow directors in one of the financial crises of the railway's early history.

CANADIAN  PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

A System for Saving



Ask for a copy of our Budget Book. You will find it helpful in planning your expenditures.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Cheerfully Independent!

Some day you will be considered "too old for the job." When that day comes, how will it find you — trusting to relatives or cheerfully independent?



A little saved from salary and invested in a Great-West Life Endowment policy will make old age the brightest portion of your life.

Great-West Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

31



INVEST WITH SAFETY IN OUR Guarantee Investment Certificates

These Investment Certificates are made absolutely secure by—

- (1) The Capital and Reserve Fund of this Corporation amounting to \$4,600,000.00;
- (2) "Trustee Securities" in which all funds are invested;
- (3) Our guarantee as to payment of interest and repayment of capital when these fall due. Not one dollar invested in these Certificates has ever been lost;

Interest 5% per annum paid by cheque half-yearly.

This is an investment worthy of your confidence. Send for Booklet "A Guaranteed Investment."

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION
Established 1882

W. G. WATSON, GENERAL MANAGER

H. M. FORBES, ASST. GEN. MANAGER

TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER



A LADY recently interviewed the writer and asked for advice concerning the disposition of a large sum of money which had been left to her by her father and which had been administered by an executor appointed under her father's will. It appears that in utmost confidence she had committed the full management of her affairs to this executor who had been a close friend of her father's. As time passed the income she was deriving from her investments dwindled each year until she was faced with the bitter fact that her entire estate had been dissipated by him. With every intention of acting in a fiduciary capacity and of safeguarding the interests left to him, by his departed friend, he had nevertheless owing to pressure exerted by bad financial conditions succumbed to temptation and made use of the funds entrusted to him.

His position financially is hopeless, and there seems to be no prospect of any returns being obtained from him. The beneficiary in the meantime is without assistance and without qualification to undertake any position which would adequately sustain her. This is an incident which is by no means uncommon and this occurrence has prompted us to suggest some means whereby this lamentable state of affairs might have been avoided.

It is a curious commentary on human conduct that a man will spend the major portion of his life in a round of ceaseless effort to accumulate some of this world's goods; he will guard his undertaking with every possible protection, but perhaps in the end may either bequeath it to his family under the care of some friend as executor or will die without making a will. If the good fortune which attended him during his lifetime passes on to his successors, his estate will be protected and his heirs will benefit, but if he has been unfortunate in the selection of his executor poverty and want may descend upon those nearest and dearest to him. There is only one way to avoid this possibility, and that is to appoint as executor a recognized reputable Trust Company. The question naturally arises as to the functions, duties, costs of administration and advantages of such an executor.

A TRUST Company, as the name implies, is a company incorporated either under Provincial or Federal Letters Patent or under Provincial or Federal statute. The powers under which it operates are set out in the Letters Patent or in the statute and are always available for inspection and examination. The larger companies have branch offices in most of the important cities and in this way a Dominion wide service is open to all of its clients. Probably the greatest advantage that a Trust Company possesses is the fact that it never dies, or in other words its operations are never hindered or impeded by the death of any of its officers. If John Brown is appointed executor of an estate and is performing his duties when his death occurs, the administration of the estate is held up until an executor of the executor's estate is appointed and assumes office. Thus a considerable delay may ensue which might prove detrimental to the interests of the estate. A Trust Company never suffers in this respect but like the Brook of Tennyson it goes on forever. It is, therefore, a commonplace statement to assert that this continuity of service is something not lightly to be esteemed.

In the second place a trust company is in a favourable position to administer an estate because of the very simple reason that it has had very considerable experience along similar lines. A manufacturer may die and leave his affairs to be administered by some party who knows nothing of the manufacturing business. On the other hand a Trust Company owing to the breadth of its connections will have had experience along these lines and will be able to devote its energies and its skill to the proper administration of the particular estate. For instance in Western Canada practically every estate consists of land

owned either outright or subject to a mortgage or held under agreement for sale. It might happen that the heirs do not wish to continue the operations of the farm and the Trust Company is authorized to lease the land and to look after its proper cultivation.

This involves inspection of the property, the obtaining of reports as to the state of cultivation, the estimate as to the probable crop, the receiving of thresher's receipts, the delivery of the grain in elevators and the disposition of the wheat at the best marketable price. These functions which are vital to the interests of the estate can be properly looked after by a trust company whose employees are trained along these lines and have administered similar estates for a long number of years. In other words it connotes the employment of a company spread over a vast area and performing services of a similar nature for a long number of years.

NOT alone does a trust company act as an efficient executor but owing to the complex state of societies its services are being utilized in a number of other directions, particularly in industrial and financial matters. There is rapidly growing up in our midst a desire on the part of individuals to bestow a portion of their wealth upon their family before their death or in other words by the creation of a voluntary trust during the life of the donor. No better way has been found for the carrying out of these intentions than by the election of a trust company for this purpose. By this procedure the donor is enabled to ascertain how the distribution of his assets is likely to work out in his lifetime, and whenever the trust is a revocable one it can always be altered at will. It is now a common practice to have life insurance policies issued in the contemplation that the party entitled will receive the benefit before his death. When these funds are available for investment the trust company is in a fortunate position to advise as to the best investments.

There are doubts in the minds of some not so much as to the ability or efficiency of a trust company to carry out the proposed objects as to the charges to be made by the Company. In very few of the Provinces are there laid down any rules governing the fees of an administrator but in the absence of any special agreement the fees are always in testamentary matters fixed by the Surrogate Court Judge whose duty is to see that no estate is burdened with outrageous costs. In other matters it can always be arranged with the Trust Company what fee will be charged for the administration of the Estate or the trust as the case may be, and these charges can always be incorporated in the agreement.

SUMMING up the argument, even though the individual may be careful and shrewd and may have gathered together valuable assets by close personal management, there is no guarantee that the same good luck and successful management will follow. We have no hesitation in recommending that for fidelity of service and economical management a Trust Company should be employed in these matters. The only question which might cause any doubt is the financial status of the particular company selected. It is a comparatively easy matter, however to satisfy oneself along these lines because all of the trust companies send out annual statements each year and welcome an investigation of their balance sheets. It is not the function of this article to advise as to the merits or demerits of any particular company, but this information can be secured from a local bank manager. A great number of trust companies have so managed their affairs that they are almost as impregnable as any of the Chartered Banks. They maintain large deposits in savings accounts in addition to other securities, such as land and mortgages, etc. Owing to the diversity of their interests and the extent of their

Continued on page 71

WHEN sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, remember to state the size required. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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Hugh A. Robson, K.C.

THIS IS a recent photograph of Manitoba's new Liberal leader who was the unanimous choice at a recent convention held in Winnipeg. He replaces The Honorable T.C. Norris, ex - Premier, who for over twenty years rendered valuable service to the Liberal cause in the Province and who still will remain a member of the House, providing his constituents will show the same appreciation as they have done during his long and honorable career in public life.

Mr. Robson, who now takes charge of the destinies of the party, brings to his task a long and intimate knowledge of the West and its requirements, as well as great ability and a valuable experience for leadership. Born in England, of Scottish parents, he has inherited many of the finest qualities of his race. He came to Canada at the age of eleven, received his education in the high schools and colleges of Winnipeg, and few men have had a more distinguished career in the legal profession. His standing at the Bar of Manitoba was of the very highest and in 1910 he was appointed a Justice of the Court of the King's Bench of Manitoba, and later, Public Utilities Commissioner for the same province. In both capacities he rendered signal service. In his early barrister days, he settled for a short time in Regina and became Deputy Attorney General of what was then known as the North West Territories. In their new leader the Liberals have a man of the highest character, high ideals and a sympathy wide enough to extend to all the peoples that make up our population. His election received universal favour.



Hugh A. Robson, K.C.

Islands of Enchantment—Bermuda

Continued from page 50

trailing over hill and crest of coralline cliffs reveal delightful vistas of sea and land, made more picturesque by white cottages and mansions that are constructed of the coral stone of the island. Much of the 17th century architecture remains, enhancing the scenic charms. The caves of the Walsingham district are extraordinary products of nature's artistry, and the sea bottom rich in submarine flora and fauna may be glimpsed through glass-bottomed boats disclosing gorgeous colors and shapes.

The house where Thomas Moore, the poet, lived during his sojourn in Bermuda may be seen framed in a glory of tropical foliage, and Hamilton, the capital, climbs the gentle slopes of a landlocked harbor, from which is viewed the cathedral, parliament building, and hospitable hotels, overlooking one of the most beautiful bays of the islands. The old capital, St. George, is located on an island of the same name, as is also the archaic church of St. Peter surrounded by a cemetery where lie the remains of

some of the first settlers of the islands. Every possible effort is made by the Bermuda Tourist Association to furnish wholesome and healthful recreation to visitors. Each day of the year band concerts are given in the gardens of Par-la-Ville, and in the park at Hamilton by the military bands attached to one of the British regiments stationed in Bermuda.

For the sports-inclined visitor, there is golf and tennis, fishing and boating. Golf tournaments are held throughout the year, the most important contests during the winter months. To the patron of tennis, cement and turf courts are found in all parts of the island, and are also an important adjunct of many hotels. Riding, driving, bicycling and walking may be enjoyed to one's heart's content, and either saddle horse or carriage may be found for hire at the local stables. Native drivers are always careful and courteous.

Quiet in Bermuda is assured for there are no street cars, railways, automobiles, or motorcycles.

What Lies Beyond?

By Beresford Richards

What lies beyond? Since that first red dawn
When Dream began.
That vision and its quest have drawn
The soul of man.

There was no peace on the plenteous earth,
The wild made tame . . .
It touched his soul to immortal birth,
Immortal flame.

So the spirit grew, and his heart was led
From sloth and ease
Through aeons down . . . and he found
The dread,
Astounding seas.

When his eyes shall see from that staling west
New splendours dawned,
Will he cry again from the old unrest
What lies beyond?



Cleanse TEETH of Dingy Film

To Brighten Smiles Quickly

*The new way to combat the film on teeth—
the source of many tooth and gum disorders
—which numbers of leading authorities suggest*

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free



A method dentists now
are widely urging

on dental advice, are adopting a new way in
tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

FILM—ENEMY OF SOUND TEETH AND GUMS

For years dental science sought ways to fight
film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come
only when film is constantly combated—
removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get
into crevices and stay; to hold in con-
tact with teeth food substances which fer-
mented and fostered the acids of decay.
Film was found to be the basis of tartar.
Germs by the millions breed in it. And they,
with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea
and most gum disorders.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM— FIRMS THE GUMS

Thus there was a universal call for an effec-
tive film-removing method. Ordinary brush-
ing was found ineffective. Now two effective

WHEN teeth lack
gleam and white-
ness, it is usually because
they are film coated.

By running the
tongue across the teeth,
this film can be felt.
Modern dental science
charges it with many
tooth and gum distur-
bances; with most of
the clouded teeth one
sees, with much of the
prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing
has failed to combat
film successfully. Thus
thinking people, chiefly

combatants have been found, approved by
high dental authority and embodied in a tooth
paste called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then
it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety
to enamel.

At the same time it acts to firm the gums—
Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most
recent dental findings in gum protection science
knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the
alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neu-
tralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the

saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which
might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day
science embodies protective agents like those
in Pepsodent.

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush
teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thor-
oughly film is removed. The teeth gradually
lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights
massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your
finger tips; the gums then should start to firm
and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will
agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepso-
dent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost
science has discovered for better teeth and gums.



The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by
Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth.
That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally
placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

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Made in Canada

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Pepsodent Co., Dept. 1415, 191 George St., To-
ronto 2, Ont., Canada. Only one tube to a family.

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Keeps it Light—Lustrous
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The Meeting of the East and West

THE statement of Mr. Hearst, advocating a union of English-speaking peoples, widely published in the press of the United States and Europe, raises a question of world-wide importance which may affect the peace of the world, and not one particular nation or the English-speaking peoples alone. It has aroused much comment in the American and British newspapers, and has had the official consideration of the existing Government in England," says Mr. J. Krishnamurti in Foreign Affairs.

"We must not consider this question from a sentimental nor from an economic or selfish point of view, but from the standpoint of the maintenance of peace and friendship between the nations of the world.

"The most important principle involved in this proposal is that it constitutes a definite demarcation between East and West which will eventually prove fatal to the peace of the world. There are already Pan-Asiatic movements in existence, some secret, some open; and this proposed Union of English-speaking peoples will inevitably provoke a corresponding fusion of Asiatics, and so bring about a tremendous anti-Western feeling, which will eventually end in a conflagration.

"Mr. Hearst's proposal, if adopted, will mean eventually the formation of another League of Asia, in which will be included Russia, who is to a great extent Asiatic; Japan, who is fully armed, aggressive, and determined to occupy a prominent position in the world, and must have an outlet for her population; China, struggling to express her national sentiment and to establish internal peace; Egypt with her close contact with Europe, and with all her European training and European ideals half digested; Turkey, with her eagerness to follow the edicts and customs of Western civilization, and yet intensely national in feeling; and India, with her ancient traditions and customs still holding tremendous sway over her teeming millions, and with her growing passion for national freedom. Nor can we omit from this League Mesopotamia, Afghanistan and Arabia, with Palestine and Syria, and probably Abyssinia and Northern Africa. It would be a world conflagration.

"Because I have a brown body and another man is white, does it make me less hungry, tired or cold? Do pleasure or pain await the colour of a man's skin? Because I wear a brown coat and you a grey one, does it change the man inside, who is full of pain, full of sorrow, full of ecstasy and joy? The sun shines on all alike, even though you may wear a pith that and I a turban. The day is no complete without both sunrise and sunset. The world is not perfect without both East and West.

"At these moments of great crises, we must not judge by the superficial garments which men call races, but in terms of joy and suffering, in terms of common friendship and humanity.

"A Union of English-speaking races alone, while it might undoubtedly increase the material wealth and prosperity of those races, would not make for the well-being of the world, because it would leave out of the new civilization the wisdom, the culture, the beauty of the East and of the non-English-speaking races.

"The English-speaking races, while they have been distinguished for their power of organization, of government and of law, while they have produced great literature and works of art, have never given birth to a religion or to a great spiritual teacher. The spiritual wealth of the world lies in the East, and the material wealth of the world lies in the West; and the union of both is the guarantee of the world's happiness."

War

THERE are four reasons set forth proving why war can never serve Christian ends; for example, it visits penalties upon innocent and guilty, and does a thousand wrongs for every one it can hope to undo. It does not ennoble but rather debases the champions of right themselves, and it disposes the participants to desire righteous settlements. Above all it tends to sow the seeds of future conflicts.

Women and Time

EMERSON is said to have remarked—not in print—that "women have no clocks in their minds." He probably meant that women as a rule have not that continual consciousness of an appointment to be kept, of a given thing that must be done at a given time, which the average man is obliged to acquire.

One reason for this may be that women do not often carry a timepiece upon their persons, because of that lamentable deficiency of pockets, which to the masculine eye appears to be the fundamental defect of feminine dress. Even when a watch is worn pendent or attached to the wrist, the observer suspects that ornament is more often considered than use.

Punctuality, the constant realization that you must make your actions fit into the time-scheme of others and the general movement of the world, is the first principle of business. A man must learn it, even though it goes against the grain, and although his habits remain shiftless and irregular in the seclusion of his home. Probably the increasing army of women whose livelihood depends on business understand it better than their mothers did.

But the housekeeper and the homemaker do not keep office hours. They have a lordly indifference to time, as if it were a servant, as it should be, not a master. An hour allotted for this, a half-hour for that, to be always watching the kitchen clock and timing the native impulse of the soul! Perish the thought!

The point is that the life of a mother and a housekeeper cannot be scheduled. It may be orderly; systematic it cannot be. Men complain of interruptions. A woman's life is one long interruption. She would like to take her needle and finish a fussy piece of work that could be done in an hour. During that hour the kitchen fire needs attention twice, the grocer calls, two neighbors telephone, one child cuts a finger, another quarrels with her little playmate, a third shouts vociferously for a luncheon to be put up for a day's picnic. And that quiet hour's sewing contains a solid hour and a half of things that are not sewing at all. How would this woman fare if she carried the added worry of a clock in her mind?

But if women have no clocks in their minds, at least they have watches in their hearts to take the pulse and measure the smallest needs of those they love.

Living

IT IS a platitude to say that we are at the beginning of a new era facing a wholly altered world. If there is no art of living, then all we can do is to bungle along. But if there is any such art, then evidently the first thing of all is to decide what we want to make, what sort of life is worth while, what sort of thoughts and emotions. What with the lack of time, the pressure of community opinion and the insistence of standardized advertising, most of us take the easiest way by thinking that what we want is what our neighbors have. But just as standardized machine production has killed the arts of the old crafts, so standardized living quickly kills any sort of living. With one telephone to every seven persons and one motor car to every five, it is difficult to get time for reflection. Perhaps it would be a good idea, fantastic as it sounds, to muffle every telephone, stop every motor and halt all activity for an hour some day to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on what it is all about, why they are living and what they really want.



Profit and Loss

THOSE who object to what is called the incentive of gain, to the acquisitive instinct ordinarily supposed to be at the back of industrial enterprise; those who think that society could be so conducted that profit-making could be eliminated, have yet to explain how they will rid us of the risks and the losses. If all the books and articles that have been written about the iniquity of private gain were rewritten round the subject of private loss, the writers of most of them would, of necessity, be driven to different conclusions. This personal desire, individual greed, so much discussed and so much dissected, is in fact an immense power, working through millions of private individuals, for the preservation of society from losses which, if allowed free play, would soon bring it to an end. When losses and profits are balanced; when it is shown that, notwithstanding all the profits, these are mostly absorbed in the losses; when it is shown that the owners of the profits, whatever their desires, take no more than a very small margin which is barely sufficient to provide us with the increase of savings and capital upon which our progress depends, then it seems to me that the case against private enterprise and individual gain entirely disappears.

Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, in *The Confessions of a Capitalist*.

The Sea

THE sea has an enchanting call for human kind. A few there are who prefer the lonely peace of the pastures, but the majority always find their way to the seagirt coast. A something in the soul feels the hypnotic influence of the sea. Despite its static and monotonous nature, one never tires of the sea. Hour after hour, day after day, one can sit and sit—and gaze and gaze. Never-failing in the fascination of the rhythmic motion of waves crashing and splashing accompanied by the lulling melody of the sigh of the sea rolling back over the shore. Strongly suggestive is the sea in inspiring thoughts of the mysterious Powers that be. As it rolls before us in all its majestic motion, its bosom heaves as if pregnant with the great secret that has baffled mankind from the earnest beginning, and almost with a proud air of mockery it seems to murmur, "Wrest from me this great secret, O Man, if you can!" In vain, we try to riddle the enigma, but she divulges nothing. We know only that this placid sheet of water, smiling in its golden hues of sunlight, under the influence of wind and weather can rear a monstrous head, curvetting with mountain-like waves, and engulfing in its voracious maw the lives of men and the wreckage of ships—never glutting itself to a state of satiation. And the dead can tell no tales. Impressive is the notion that the sea never ceases. The sun, the moon, the wind, and other aspects of Nature assume periods of rest, but the sea appears doomed to wander on in its work, bearing a message to mankind that it cannot deliver.

Lane Crauford in *The Idle Hours of a Victorious Invalid*.

Reading

SOME very foolish person has said that no book is worth reading which is not worth reading twice. That seems to me a cold, narrow, and rather pedantic attitude towards books. I have come across a large number of books which I have not the smallest desire to see again, but which gave me great pleasure when I read them. If you can secure that the right kind of book is at your elbow when you want it, then you have the key into an enchanted garden where there are no sinking investments or increasing taxes.

Never have any conscience about the books you read. Read with a certain critical sense and acumen; read to see, as far as you can, the difference between good work and bad, and you will come to like things which you first of all thought dull, austere, and inaccessible. A man is far more in the way of salvation who likes the trashiest novel, and says he likes it, than the man who does not like Milton but says he does in order to get public approbation.

—Sir Henry Hadow.

Reconstruction Work Now Saves Napoleon's Library

By Francis Dickie

IT IS one of the queerest of historical ironies that money and the work of men from the North American continent are now saving some of the finest ancient palaces of France, and their priceless contents of furniture, tapestry and paintings, and perhaps, most precious of all, the wonderful books of all times.

After two years' work, under the direction of Mr. Welles Bosworth of Boston, the reconstruction of the roofs of the palace, and drainage protecting the private library of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the great adjoining one begun by Francis the First, 1520-1547, situated at Fontainebleau, has been completed, and the remarkable collection of books contained therein, that were being damaged by rain during heavy winter storms, are now safe for many generations.

At this time when the work has just been finished, it is particularly interesting to note that in 1810, wind-driven rain penetrated the roofs and did damage to many precious toms, as it did recently. Napoleon I. then had some repairs made. One hundred and fourteen years later the ancient oak beams of the roof had become

painting on walls and ceiling heighten the effect of magnificently bound volumes, a view open to all visitors.

The private library of Napoleon is not open to the general public. However, learning of the completion of the reconstruction work, the writer visited Fontainebleau, and, after a little diplomatic manoeuvring, obtained special permission to spend half an hour among the volumes where once the mightiest war lord of Europe read and planned.

The library, some 50 feet square, has bookshelves lining three sides of it. The open shelves are of dull finished oak. Above the various sections are large gold letters fitted into the wall ranging from A. to Z., marking the careful arrangement of Barbier, Napoleon's private librarian. With the shining gold letters and the unfading oak shelves, the library presents a strange appearance of newness and business-like efficiency. Against the rear wall a narrow staircase leads to what was once the Emperor's private study. The simplicity, almost bareness of the library, is the most striking note, so greatly in contrast is it to the majority of Napoleon's



Napoleon's Private Library

so worm eaten as to require immediate repairs, which the French Government was not in a position to make. Fortunately, the Rockefeller Foundation came to the rescue, and four million francs have now been spent in building new roofs, perfecting drainage and other repairs.

The main library today houses on its shelves 24,000 volumes, with an additional 12,000 at present stored in boxes. For during the war in September 1914, when the German advance was so close to Fontainebleau, both the private library of Napoleon and the main one, were transferred to Toulouse along with all the movable furniture, carpets, paintings, etc., making four trainloads.

The bringing together of the books in the main library is chiefly due to Francis the First; and here lived for the greater part of his days, Pierre du Chatel, Bishop of Tulle, who, not only was one of the greatest librarians of the Middle Ages, but so entertaining a conversationalist, that the king said of him: "he is the only literary man whose speeches I have never exhausted."

Under the direction of du Chatel, the library was made a collection of volumes which became the subject of admiration and envy by the leading book collectors and the learned in Europe. They are today shelved in the "Gallery of Diana," a room some 250 feet by 20, where beautiful

apartments, where the sumptuousness of furnishings and the beauty of the wall decorations are so marked. The volumes in the private library are not uniform in binding. Brown is the prevailing color, with here and there a gorgeous green or red in Russian or Morocco leather. Four thousand books are housed here, varying in size from duodecimo to elephant folio. Here and there a specially bound book in red pebbled Morocco bears the "N" and four crowns beneath it on the back, distinguishing volumes specially bound for the Emperor.

Under the zealous eye of the palace guard, and with my time so limited, there was little opportunity to browse and dream amid works so rich in association that, if auctioned, would bring hastening hosts of the collectors of the world with king's ransoms to buy. But two or three of the red volumes I took down with hands chary and respectful. In one I noted the faint pencil markings beside a poetic description of an autumn forest scene, from the hand, no doubt, which once nearly ruled the world. Only the President of the Republic is at liberty to withdraw a volume, and this privilege is seldom taken advantage of. So the books stand row on row, files lonely and unread in the chill atmosphere of bygone days which clings to this fireless chamber of the mighty dead.



Look at the Menu—

*Modern cooking—soft and creamy—
robs the gums of the exercise they need*

WHEN next you sit down to a meal, notice carefully the dishes planned to whet your appetite and to appease your hunger. Luscious viands, succulent dainties, creamy desserts—all so very tempting to the palate.

And, as your dentist will add, all so very harmful to the gums. For our diet of soft, refined foods, the dentists have discovered, is the cause of most of the gum troubles so rampant today.

For, from the food we eat they get no work, no exercise. Hence they soften, they weaken, and they slowly lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush" is a call for help from over-coddled and under-stimulated gums.

How to bring your gums back to normal health

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Of course the ten-day tube will be gladly sent if you mail the coupon. Your very first brushing will convince you that Ipana will keep your teeth as clean and brilliant as you could wish. And, too, you will find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube from your druggist, and give your gums the full thirty days of Ipana. Then you can decide if you wish to make Ipana your tooth paste for life.

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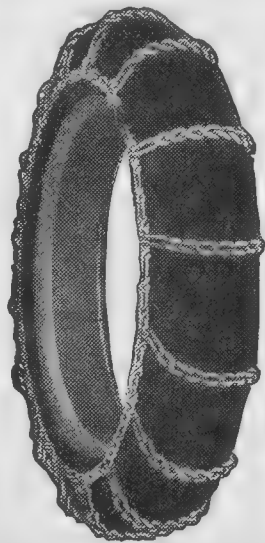
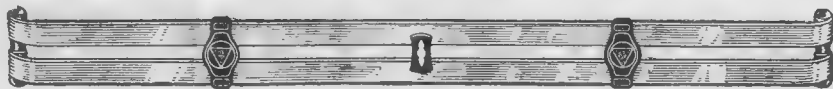
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A Voice Frae Hame

By Kathryn Pocklington

SHE sat in her little kitchen, wee Jamie on her knee. His tousled curls and rosy sleeping face were pressed against her breast. Past the open door her glance wandered over an expanse of prairie land. In gentle undulations it swept away to meet a bright blue sky that was surely higher than any sky she had seen before. There were no buildings except their own small barn, the fences were of wire with the slightest of posts. A clump of slender trees had been left in spots by those who had cleared the land. Otherwise, it was all so bare. It seemed crying out to be tended and adorned.

On the Scottish braes the heather would still be brown, but the whin and the gorse would have broken into gold. The fern and the brake would be lying thick and green in the hollows. Birds would be singing the livelong day. The young lambs, grown strong, would be happy in the pastures. Peat reek would be curling from the chimneys.

The laird's men would be done with the shearing of the sheep. The clear burn would be trickling down the braeside behind the old home. And O, the bonnie bluebells! There would be sweet mists of them lying along the winding way to the village. As it all came before her, there was a little ache in her heart.

She could not say that she was disappointed in this strange land, that it was not what she had expected. For she had had no notion what it would be like. How could she, when she had scarcely ever set her feet beyond the border of her native shire? Besides, there had been short space to think. The whole thing had been so hurried that there was a vagueness about it, as about a half-remembered dream. The decision to emigrate—really David's decision more than hers—much more. For he had talked of emigrating many times during the past years. Though all along she had paid slight heed. Until the chance to come to Canada had suddenly presented itself. Then she had assented, mainly because he had been so eager. She had not realized to what a total uprooting she was committing herself.

There had followed the selling of the furniture grown dear to her through many years of use. It had been hard to see it go. Then the other preparations, and the little gifts from friends, the final wrench of parting.

How wonderfully steady the great liner had seemed at first. But afterwards how sick she had turned. The children had kept well. And David too. He had been none too sympathetic. Thought it mostly her imagination. He would never know how wretched she had felt.

Then the disembarking. The beginning of the long train journey, the most trying bit of it all for the children who had run about so freely on the boat. She had not supposed there was so much land in all the world as she had seen pass the car windows. Her own shire had seemed large. She knew better now. Yet, small as it was, how much it held. Perhaps she would never see it more. There were the thousands of miles between. And David was so satisfied here. It might easily be that he would never want to go back even to visit.

If only they had not lost the tea-kettle! To bring it so far, and then at the last lap of the way to lose it. As they were leaving the train, she had given it into the care of Effie, the most dependable of the bairns. But Effie had been tired and bewildered, she had not been quite herself. There had been a score of people to meet them, and in the confusion, somehow the kettle had been mislaid. When they had got out to their new home all they could find of it was the lid. The lid hung now on a nail against the kitchen wall.

Just an old, gray-enamelled tea-kettle! Yet what it would have meant to hear it singing on the range! She had thought it would be a visible link with the old home. It was a symbol of that home, for it had steamed a welcome to her when she had gone there a bride.

Jamie stirred in her lap and sat up, wide-awake. A shadow fell athwart the doorway. The Supervisor stood there, he who had driven them from the station and who seemed to feel responsible for their well-being.

"Good-day", he said. "See what I've

brought you". Smiling, he held out a lidless gray tea-kettle.

She rose, set the round-eyed Jamie on his feet, and took the kettle. She placed it on the back of the range, and as she stood looking at it a strange look came over her face.

"It is very kind of you. But it is not our kettle." She spoke in careful English, for in family conclave it had been resolved that only in the domestic circle would they use the Scots.

The Supervisor looked nonplussed. "But the station agent found this the day you came, and he has been taking care of it for you". She shook her head. "I am sorry. I am sure it is not our kettle."

"Well, you may as well keep it until someone else claims it". He turned away, disappointed at the reception accorded to the utensil he had driven many miles to restore.

Three children came running into the kitchen. They had seen the visitor's car from the poplar bluff where they were playing. It was Effie, the eldest, who caught sight of the kettle first.

"Our kettle!" she cried, and began dancing about in glee. Jennie and Aleck instantly followed suit.

"Wheesh! Haud your noise!" said the mother. "It's no our kettle."

The bairns stood still, sobered by the shock.

"If it's no our kettle, mither, it's its twin," exclaimed Effie.

"I wad think it our kettle mysel', if it wasna sae sma-like. And it has ower mony dents in it".

Impelled by a sudden remembrance, Effie ran to a chair, scrambled upon it, and reached down the lid hanging on the wall. Hurrying with it to the range, she snapped it on the kettle.

"There, mither, it fits," she cried, in triumph.

"Ou, ay. Nae doot it wad fit any ane o' a hundred kettles. But that's no saying it wad belong to them a'".

"Weell, mither, will we hae our tea frae it the nicht, instead o' the saucepan?" asked Effie.

"We will that," was the emphatic reply.

"Then I'll rin and fill it at the pump," said Effie.

"And Jennie and Aleck maun bring some chips frae the wood-pile while I roll out the scone," directed the mother.

And so the kettle was put on the fire, and in the course of time it began a steady purr, then finally to thump as a more insistent signal that tea-steeping was quite in order. To the mother, turning her scones, it was the cosiest sound she had heard in her little kitchen. She felt happier than she had felt before in this new land.

"Will we keep the kettle, mither?" Effie enquired.

"We'll keep it if naeboddy speirs for it. What else should we dae? We'll no throw it intill the road, onyway. It's sic a comfort."

I wonder what your faither will hae to say when he comes. We'll keep it singing.

He came, by and by, a big, broad-shouldered Scot. He worked each day at a neighboring farm. He saw the kettle at once.

"An unca cheerfu' sicht that," he said. "Whaur did you get it, Mary?"

She explained. "But I ken weel it's no our kettle," she concluded. "And I telled the Supervisor sae."

"Hoots, lass! Whaur are your een? And your lugs? Yon's the same skirl we've heard mony a day in Scotland," he declared, with a twinkle in his eye.

"O, you'll no tak' tent to what I say, David. So we'll hae to differ. I'm no denying I like the sound o't onyway, though I canna think it's ours. It may be wrang, but I hope naeboddy comes to tak' it awa. I'll feel mair content like, gin I can keep it. For it's like a voice frae hame."

"I thocht you were content, Mary."

"Ay. Though whiles there comes ower me a longing for the auld places. But syne the kettle began to sing the feeling's gone."

"Naeboddy will come for the kettle, Mary, for it's your ain. I've noticed that onything ane doesna see for a while aye looks different. I mind a time when I gaed awa to Glasgow for a week on the

Continued on page 63

Romance of the Fur Trade

Continued from page 30

trading to the full extent of their credit, for they had brought in but few furs, they wanted to play poker. Warren invited me to sit in, and although I had never played more than a dozen games of poker in my life, thought I would experience no difficulty in putting it over Friend Indian. Indeed I was fortunate, for when the game was ended I found myself a dollar and a half to the good, and I accepted a pair of moose-hide moc-casins from the Indians with a feeling that I was a seasoned card sharp.

The Indians left owing Warren some fifty or sixty dollars on account of the card party, but they vowed to return in a month or so and get even with him.

About six weeks later the Abrahams, as these Indians called themselves, returned to the post with a valuable catch of fox skins. After settling up for their debts and buying all the stuff they could take back, they insisted on a poker party. Warren was agreeable and I felt this time I could make a little money on the side, so preparations went ahead.

We commenced playing about eight o'clock in the evening and at twelve there was little difference in our standing with each other. We then called a halt and partook of a feed of white-fish that had been roasting in the oven. By the time we had eaten heartily I, for one, was ready for bed, but the visitors weren't at all anxious to quit. So we had another session and when the party broke up about four o'clock I discovered myself about ninety dollars minus. Since then I've entertained a decided respect for the poker-playing ability of an Indian.

Around Christmas time Warren and I decided to go "outside" for the holidays. He secured the services of an old and trusted friend and, leaving the post in his care, departed southward.

We had to cross the Athabasca River en route and on arriving there were shocked to discover the crossing place was not frozen over sufficiently to carry us. However, we were not altogether discouraged as I happened to be very well acquainted with the Athabasca River at this point. A mile or so below the crossing, at a point where I had formerly run a trap-line, we found the river frozen over and made a safe crossing. The next two days were spent in crossing the divide and when we finally got to the settlement we discovered it was too late for Christmas—we had made a miscalculation and landed there a day late.

THE life of the free trader is one of constant activity and often he is forced to endure hardships and dangers. The question of transportation is a big one with him, for until he can land his wares at his trading-post they are actually nothing but a constant worry to him. Often it is necessary to bring his stuff into the wilds on scows or rafts, drifting down treacherous streams that have been the burial sites of many men before him. Just a year ago two friends of mine were rafting down the Athabasca, taking some wares into their trapping grounds. Sensing a sudden swerving of the raft, the man who was handling the front sweep looked back to see what had ailed his partner. The space at the rear end of the craft was empty—his partner was gone! Nor was his body ever discovered.

A constant source of worry to the free trader is the danger of fire at his post. He carries no insurance and a fire would be disastrous in the extreme. Often it would leave himself and many trappers absolutely stranded and they would be forced to leave the country as fast as they could in order to get out alive.



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a floor from
the proper
viewpoint*

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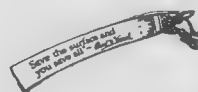
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Do You Know of Better Value or
Anything More Distinctly Canadian
Than The Western Home Monthly?

The Melting Pot

By M. R. Hagerman

NICHOLAS GUSTAFFSON, the Norwegian, had lived on his homestead for six years. He and his family had worked hard and his reward had been great. He was now a prosperous farmer. All summer he toiled at his sowing and reaping and haying in the slough bottoms. In the winter he and his two older sons went to the bush north of the settlement and cut and hauled his wood. If they cut more than they needed he sold the surplus. He also had the supplying of wood to the school, one mile away. This brought in a little extra money.

The settlers around Nicholas were of many nationalities—Russian, Austrian, Swedish, American and Canadian and Icelandic.

To all he was kind and civil but not to the Icelanders.

His nearest neighbor was Lars Larson who had been out from Iceland but two years as yet, Lars was very poor and very industrious. Yet Nicholas had not spoken to him once in all that time.

Anna, Nicholas' wife said, "Nicholas, God will most surely punish you for the hatred you bear in your heart for an innocent man."

"My Anna—do you not remember it was an Iclander who ran away with my sister Katrin, much against my father's wishes. She was promised to another and the folk in Norway well remember my father's sorrow till he died. It is enough."

Yet here was a new iniquity heaped upon him. An Icelandic teacher had been sent to care for the children in the little school near him. She would be teaching his little Signe and Naavka. This was too much. At first he kept the children home. Then a letter had come from the teacher, Freda Areson, saying the children must attend, or he, Nicholas, would be reported to the authorities.

Nicholas was furious at first—he spat upon the ground and whacked the rump of his old horse, Breta, quite needlessly.

Well he would find a way. He would be a member of that school board himself next year and would see that no damned Iclander would teach Naavka. He would not speak. He would let the wood run very low. Perhaps she would leave. He forbade the children to speak of her.

Then one day in January, Nicholas and Anna and the two big boys, took two loads of wood to the settlement at Onslö to trade for groceries and flour. They had started home early enough but a storm had come up and much snow fell. The wind drifted the road ruts full, until you could not tell when you were on the right track. It was slow travelling and very cold. Darkness settled in very quickly.

Half way home they passed Lars Larson with his team of bays. He stopped and waved his arms frantically at them.

"Icelandic oaf," muttered Nicholas, "to go to town at such an hour and in such a storm."

"Wait, wait Nicholas," shouted Anna from the pile of straw and old quilts in the sleigh bottom, "he wishes to speak with you."

"Fool!" It was eight o'clock when they reached home at last. Out from the door ran Signe.

"Do not stop.—Go to teacher and Naavka.—He is hurt.—You are so late."

What, his Naavka—his little son so much like him. Poor little man, what had happened?

Then Nicholas remembered that he had forgotten to replenish the school wood yesterday. It must be gone by now. The boy would be frozen. There had been but a few sticks left.

He ordered the boys to leave their sheep skincoats in the sleigh box, and whipped the unwilling horses quickly over the remaining mile to the school house. No smoke came from the chimney. Anna who was weeping knew well why her man did not enter with a light heart.

Yet huddled on a chair they found them. Freda Areson had her coat on and wrapped around the little boy who sat asleep on her knee. They were numb with the cold.

Naavka's legs were bandaged and swollen. His blue little face was drawn with pain. "My father it is so cold."

It seems he had in play fallen from the roof on to old rusted stove pipes which had lain on the stable's dung heap all

through the summer. Right through his red stockings had they cut—making ugly wounds. His legs were much swollen.

"Did you meet Lars?" asked the teacher, "I sent his little girl to have him meet you on the road and fetch a doctor."

Nicholas hung his head, would they shame him so?

"I met him and passed him by."

"You must get a doctor quickly Nicholas. Blood poison is an evil thing and is so quick. I lost a little sister that way once."

Nicholas lifted the boy tenderly and carried him to the sleigh. Freda Areson tried to walk but her numb feet would not bear her. She cried out with pain and Nicholas and Anna had to carry her to the sleigh too. They covered them both with the sheep-lined coats and straw. They beat the horses to make them run.

IT WAS almost daylight when Lars returned with the doctor. Naavka's temperature was rising and he cried with the pain. Yet ever he held the teacher's hand in his own.

In a few moments his wounds were dressed and the little boy lay more comfortably.

"Some one did good work here," said the doctor, picking up his case. "I do not understand why the inflammation is not greater. You know Nicholas, that blood poison is quick, and caused by those dirty old pipes could make short work of your little son. But fear not, his wounds are clean."

Then did Naavka raise his little head and speak.

"My father—she—teacher, when I lay bleeding did cut away my stockings for fear of the dyes. Then did she suck with her own lips at every wound and spat upon the floor. She said 't'would ease the sore.'"

Nicholas could not look at the teacher for shame.

"Then my father did she tear her shirt in little strips and bind me up. But it was so cold."

Freda Areson hung her head. "It was the only cotton thing upon me without dyes therein. I was afraid of infection."

Then did Nicholas jump to his feet with tears streaming down his face. "You an Iclander do this thing for me the Norwegian, why?"

Freda held out her hand. She was not cold now.

"Nicholas say not this, for we are countrymen. I do this for Little Canadians. Besides Naavka is so sweet."

He took her hand and his hot tears fell upon it. "For such as I this is too great a kindness."

"God has been good to you," whispered his wife Anna.

"And you," said Nicholas turning to Lars. "Why do you reward my evilness by so great a kindness?"

"Nicholas," said the Iclander, "it is Naavka and the children. You would have done the same for my little one. As there is love in your heart for Norway, so in my heart nestles Iceland. Yet we will be brothers soon when I get my papers. We will be Canadians." He shook Nicholas by the hand.

"Anna," shouted Nicholas, "bring the white wine and coffee and the little frosted cakes. We make celebration this day. For with us we have guests of great honor—my friends the Icelanders, and from this day my countrymen."

Anna smiled happily while Naavka slept.

If a successful man boasts that he is self-made, do not believe him unless he shows that he is still at the job.

Is the word "succeed" so stale that we must always say "make good"? Is the word "win" so weak that we must always say "win out"?

As soon as a man is ashamed of his cowardice he is beginning to be brave.

There is no Height that Man shall fail to climb,
No Task he cannot do, with Toil and Time.

Do not forget that there is a great difference between living and making a living. One is the end to which the other is only a means.

We And Our Neighbors

JUSTICE RIDDELL of the Supreme Court of Ontario has been describing justice as administered in the courts of Canada in such a way as to cause the New York Times to wonder why frontier methods are so common in the Great Republic. As Justice Riddell points out: "Criminal law thirty-five years ago was re-codified and changed by the Dominion Parliament. The old confusing jargon was wiped out. Technicalities and hair-splitting distinctions were done away with. Every effort was made to give clear and simple definitions. Speedy trials are the rule. There is no wrangling and wasting of time." This may seem to Canadians to be overdrawn, but when justice as administered here is compared with the long-drawn process sometimes common enough in the United States, it is understandable how the Times should continue:

"To a New Yorker Justice Riddell seems like a visitor from some new and impossible planet when he says: 'I have never known it to take half an hour to obtain a jury.'

"From some still more distant and impossible planet he seems to come when he tells us that he has never seen a murder trial that lasted more than a day and a half. The Canadian judge is not an automaton. He comments freely on the evidence, subject only to the restriction that he makes the jury understand that it is for them to judge the facts and for him to lay down the law. Appeals on small technical grounds or mistakes are dismissed. They are not granted unless the court is satisfied that 'substantial wrong or miscarriage of justice has occurred.' The prosecuting attorney, though appointed by the party in power, has no hand in politics. He tries to secure justice by collecting the credible evidence in the case of laying it before the jury fairly and without passion.

"He is not supposed to use his position for purposes of sensation or glory:

"No lawyer acquires a reputation by securing convictions or loses one by failing to do so. We look upon a criminal as a solemn inquiry by the State, and any Crown counsel who should, in the heat of advocacy, endeavor to bring about a conviction by an appeal to the sentiment or prejudices of the jury, or by an unfair comment on the evidence, would earn the reprobation of his fellows, if not a stern rebuke from the judge.

Schools are free and abundant and in rural districts they are not left to the mercy of teachers who are quite as ignorant as the pupils; government is what the people care to make it; state and church are independent and every man is free to worship in his own way; there is on the whole a respect for one day in seven as a time for needed rest from ordinary duty; the press is free

and untrammelled; and withal there is little national narrowness and bigotry.

Frankly, it is not the slowness of American courts, nor the wrangling of counsel, that cause us chief concern. It is the fact that newspapers insist on parading all the ugliness of the trials before the world. To our shame our own press reprints the scandals, and despite ourselves we become like the things we see and hear. It is not fair to our neighbors that we should advertise the horrible and repulsive in their lives. There are good, sweet and true things to be said. Can we not find space to record these?

As a sample, take the story of that great American Webb, who transformed the railways of Australia by efficient management, just as Thornton has wrought a similar change here. There are some great leaders whom we cannot admire, but there is a Lincoln to revere, a Garfield to remember; there are writers in plenty of a lower order, but not many in any land that can compare with Lowell, Hawthorne, and Irving. And so names might be multiplied in art, in music, in invention, in trade, in education, and in practically every field of activity. It is a good rule to mercilessly criticize ourselves when we need it, but it is equally binding upon us to say as many kind things of others as circumstances will permit. Particularly is this becoming at Easter time.

"In the United States many criminal trials may be said to be treated substantially as matter for the motion pictures. Professor Pound has noted the long-drawn criminal trial with its atmosphere of melodrama, its 'clashes' of eminent counsel, and so on, as a survival of the 'frontier,' which got its theatre and its novels in the courtroom. A trial was a show, a game, a fight. According to Justice Riddell, Canadian opinion and habit rule otherwise:

"We are a poor and busy people, and have no time or money to waste on frills and sensation. We view a criminal prosecution as a solemn investigation by the State to determine whether the accused has been guilty of a crime against it. It is never a game at which the smartest man wins and the newspapers get a lot of interesting copy."

This quotation is not made to belittle justice in the United States. That country has its own ideals and its own methods and we can let it go at that, but it is no harm now and again to point out to those Canadians who delight to indulge in self vilification that we are not in all respects quite so unworthy as they would picture us. Our courts are respected; there is regard for legal obligation, including the obligation of men and women to remain faithful to their life-chosen partner.

A Voice Frae Hame

Continued from page 60

laird's errant. My ain kitchen looked strange-like when I came hame and walked intill it."

She said no more. But she was still unconvinced.

It was next morning when David had gone to work and she was milking the cows, known domestically as Luckie and Tibbie, that the true ownership of the kettle was made clear. She had finished with Luckie and was about to move the milking stool to Tibbie's side. At that moment Effie, who was throwing grain to the fowls congregated in the barnyard, had an inspiration.

"Mither," she said, eagerly. "I've thocht o' something."

"Weel, what is't?"

"Do you mind the day Aleck hit the kettle a crack wi' a stick underneath the spout? And Aunt Lizzie was there frae Perth, and she'd a bit silver cross on a chain, and the mark Alex made on the kettle was for a' the world like the cross that Aunt—"

"I mind it fine. Rin quick, Effie, tae

the hoose, and gie a look under the kettle spout. Tibbie maun wait till you're back."

But Effie hesitated. She desired a clear understanding. "If the cross is there, mither, will you ken it's our kettle?" she asked.

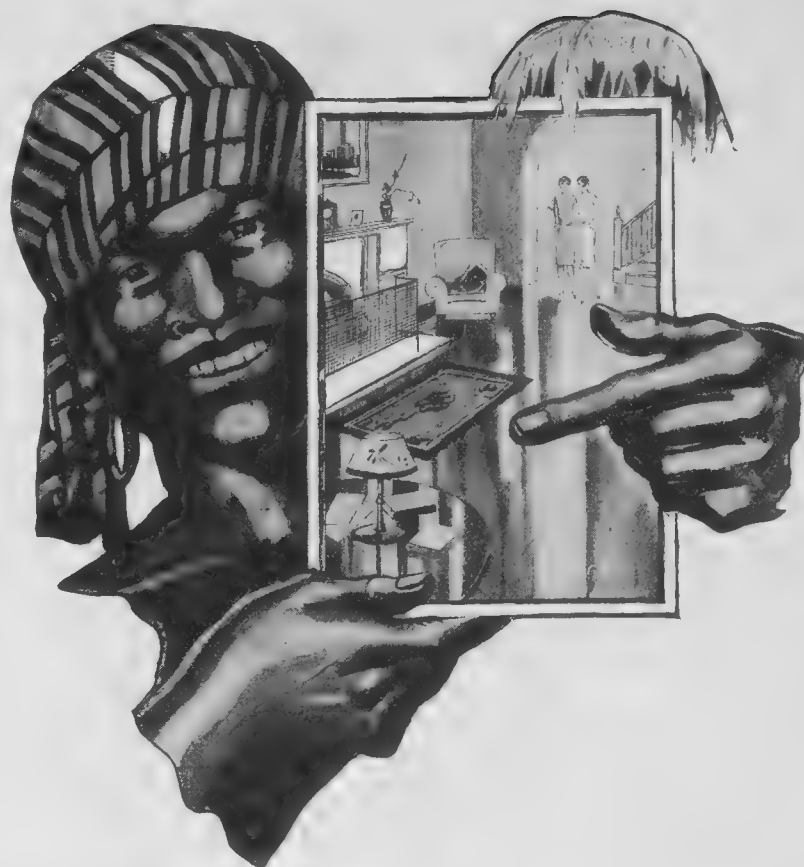
"I will that," came the answer, impatiently. "Rin, lassie. Rin as if Auld Nick was at your heels."

Effie stayed no longer. Her plump legs scurried over the ground as though in truth urged on by a pursuing Evil One. Her mother turned to meet the mildly inquiring gaze of Tibbie.

"Ay, you may weel look, Tibbie. You may weel think your mistress has gone daft."

Effie was returning. When within hearing distance she shouted, and there was jubilation in her shout, "It's there, mither. The cross is there."

And the mother set her milking stool against the waiting cow and said, "Noo, Tibbie, you maun gie doon your milk to the happiest woman on a' these prairies."



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LURKING in the bathrooms of American homes are millions like him—poor wraiths of tooth brushes that have long since outlived their usefulness.

Because they do not look worn out, we go on using them—blissfully believing that we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting them just as surely as though we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Why take chances with our teeth? After all, it is only a few cents' worth of extra wear that we are trying to wring from some poor old brush.

Let's pension off the old brush. Let's retire it from active duty. Get a new Dr. West's—the convex brush with firm, lively, vigorous bristles—special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but *polish as they clean*.

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—away from the gums—two minutes in the morning—two at night—is bringing to the teeth of millions a whiteness

they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would keep your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. The Adult's size is 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—a Biography

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine all the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. . . . Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean all the teeth and polish as they clean.



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What of Your Summer Issues?

It may sound a trifle early but a change of address for the summer months must reach the office weeks before your departure. Remember we wish you to receive twelve copies of "The Western Home Monthly" in the year.

Pineapples By Mark Meredith

ONE of our oldest imported fruits is the Pineapple; a native of Brazil, it was taken to the West Indies, then to the East, to Holland, and other countries, including England, in each of which it was cultivated with success. One reference book dates its introduction to Britain from Brazil as far back as 1568. "Evelyn," writing in 1661, refers to "the famous Queen Pine" brought from the Barbadoes, and adds that the first seen in England were sent to Cromwell four years earlier. There is an old picture of Mr. Rose, gardener to King Charles II, presenting on bended knee, a fine pineapple to that monarch, said to be the first grown in Britain, and presumed to be from a sucker of the one referred to by "Evelyn." Another date given as the time at which the first was cultivated in England is 1712, in support of which it is said that the royal gardener in the picture is presenting a pineapple grown in Holland. It is fairly clear that the fruit was grown in Holland before any attempt was made to raise it in Britain.

Still another date may be found. The first to grow the pineapple in Britain, it is claimed, was Mr. Bentinck, ancestor of the Duke of Portland, in 1690. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century it became very popular at the tables of the well-to-do, and was cultivated in hot-houses and pits, from Cornwall to Caithness. One grown in Glamorgan-shire in 1820 graced the Royal table at the Coronation banquet of George IV. It weighed over nine pounds, and even this was beaten by Lord Cawdor's gardener, in Pembrokeshire, with one weighing ten pounds and eight ounces. Very few are grown in Great Britain now, although the notice: "Hothouse Pines," may still be seen at some fruiterers' shops. Presumably this may sometimes apply to the "Azores" pineapples, some of which are produced under glass, though without artificial heat. Cultivation in the old country is said to be not a commercial proposition.

Among the principal sources of production are Brazil, Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Singapore, where cultivation is conducted mainly for canning, although considerable quantities of the fresh fruit from Cuba and Porto Rico are disposed of in New York. The crop in Hawaii for 1926 was a record of nearly nine million cases. The fresh fruit comes to Britain from the Azores and South Africa, those from the Azores being known as Saint Michael's pineapples, from the name of the principal island. This fine, large fruit is of the smooth Cayenne variety. From the pineapple plantations of South Africa are received a variety called Little Queens, smaller and paler than the Azores' fruit, but of delicious flavour, and generally obtainable at as many cents as the other costs in dollars.

Large quantities also come canned from South Africa in chunks, slices, whole fruit, and shredded; the last-named being ideal for the increasing numbers who admire the delicate touch of sweetness and acid that pineapple imparts to a green salad.

Growers in the Azores especially cater for Britain and Germany, the Germans being particularly partial to the pineapple and sometimes attracting some supplies sent to Britain by payment of very high prices. Although cultivation is conducted in the open in the Azores, the clearest and brightest are produced under glass. The fruit is the inflorescence of the plant, the separate flowers and the bracts which support them, becoming consolidated into one succulent mass of richly-perfumed, fleshy fruit.

It is quite common to see purchasers testing the pineapple by pressing it with their fingers, a method which does the fruit no good and conveys nothing of value. The test is by the smell of the base, which should have a somewhat pungent, acid aroma, peculiar to the pineapple. There may be a bruised appearance, and this indicates better condition for eating than if the fruit is looking just perfect.

To Be, or Not to Be

THAT is the question! Is it better to simply exist day after day in the same old rut, with never a new idea, or a fresh inspiration, or is it better to toss your cap over the windmill, dip into the family horde of savings and adventure forth into the world? It may mean that there is not so much laid by for a rainy day, but how much more interesting the rainy day will be if you have memories to companion you! There is nothing in the world so hopeless as an old, or even middle-aged person without happy memories. How can they enjoy what they have unless they have seen something else in the world? What do books mean to the untravelled? Do they not increase in value a hundredfold when every reference calls up a mental picture? Does Conrad mean as much to the person who has never seen the sea as he does to one who knows the feeling of insignificance that comes to a mere human as he gazes over the limitless expanse of gray water rolling into the sky line? Dickens lives again when you know the streets where he walked, and Shakespeare seems a man indeed, and not a fount of quotations only, when you see the bench where he courted Anne Hathway, still standing in front of the same fireplace. Napoleon, was he a little figure with folded arms stalking dimly through history, or was he the man who lived out a tragic love story within the walls of Malmaison? Was Louis the Thirteenth a figment of someone's imagination, a figure in a story book? No, because he hunted in the forests of Fontainebleau, and entertained in the beautiful halls of Versailles, and his court lived in unimagined luxury in its endless rooms. Can you picture to yourself even with the aid of moving pictures the long, black, ugly mole extending out into the gray sea where brave little English ships came up and destroyed the safe harbor of enemy submarines? Does Bruges conjure up pictures to you? Fancy strolling across a square built around with buildings such as we see only in etchings, and nibbling as you stroll a Bruges cruller; the like

of which is not known anywhere else! What a change to have for breakfast, only the black coffee and the twisted rolls of France, and to find unknown vegetables on your dinner plates! Fancy the sensation, you who eat always behind drawn blinds, or in a sunless dining room, of sitting at a tiny table on the street, watching the changing crowds, and sipping a sweet syrup, or a glass of white wine, while the sun pours around you and the wooden wheeled carts rattle by over the cobblestones! From art to artichokes; from baths to buildings; from clothes to costumes, all are different. The All-Canadian Tour will give you riches of memory for your old age, will strengthen your love of books, and bring you happiness, the elusive bluebird that no money can buy. Write Miss Hesson, Suite 7 Dunstan Court, Winnipeg, for full particulars.

Origin of the "Black Bottom" Dance

THE 1927 "black bottom" dance is nothing more nor less than the "shuffle" and commotion among African natives prior to a big-game hunt or a fight among tribes.

This is the assertion of Gerald Grove, fourteen years a British army officer in the Dark Continent, who is now technical advisor for First National Pictures.

"Up-country—Central Africa—in the natives' villages," says Grove, "they dance to drums called ngoma, to a sort of Xylophone and also to the sound of their voices. Every man plays the drum and from them can get wonderful expression. They are made from trunks of trees hollowed out by hot irons and sharp tools. Goat skin is stretched over the top. For dancing purposes, smaller drums are used and the hands are employed to cause the rhythmic beat. Big war drums are beaten with small sticks. These are used also for signalling."

Grove declares that the women and men dance separately with the men first to display their skill.

A Shake Shack

By E. Grant Wright

"YOU mean we can have a house just like that?" we asked incredulously. "Sure, that ain't nuthin'. Don't need but a few logs, an' some cedar poles an' some slabs an'—" but we were too dazed to hear the rest of it.

The house we were inspecting belonged to one of the engineers, and consisted of two rooms with the roof extended over a goodly sized porch. This had wood stacked along one side, and a work bench. Rather crude, thought we—then.

chicken house and the ubiquitous wood shed.

Cedar is a most useful wood for building purposes. With but a few very ordinary tools, it can be fashioned into dimension lumber, flooring, siding or roofing, and is, of course, hard to beat for finishing lumber.

Six goodly sized logs, neatly laid side by side, held fast by cross ties which were cabled tightly to each log, made our foundation. For the supports under the



Cutting the Cedar Shakes

Our disdainful manner had been mistaken for the ignorance of the greenhorn. But just the same we were just that: an ignorant greenhorn.

However, here we were, some two hundred miles north of Vancouver with a logging outfit, and likely to stay for some time. And we wanted a home. The bunk-houses were all right for the single men, but a man with a family had to have a place to live—even in the woods.

There were no carpenters near; and to send for lumber too expensive. In fact, the project of building in the ordinary way seemed such a tremendous undertaking that it was with some misgivings that we learned that "building a shack ain't nothin' to worry about."

"Sure," said our informant, "go to the woods and get some float logs, some cedar poles, and cedar slabs, and you can have a house up in a few days." Just like that. A house made to order with no carpenter,

floor and for the framework of the walls and roof, we cut the required number of second growth cedar poles. For the flooring, wall siding and roofing, cedar boards were split out of slabs with a froe.

The froe is worthy of honorable mention. It is a most useful tool, indeed indispensable, to the home-building logger. It is merely a slightly wedge-shaped iron bar about two inches wide and 12 to 15 inches long, with a wooden handle attached to one end. This is driven into the end of the slab with a wooden mallet, and if you have hit the grain right (a matter of practice) a few upward and forward twists will split off an even strip of cedar. These strips are known as shakes. Therefore a house built of these strips, is known in this locality as a "shake shack".

Boards two inches thick split off a slab made excellent flooring; much thinner ones were used for the walls and roof. The inside finishing boards were planed so



A Group of Shake Shacks

masons, bricklayers wages to pay; no lumber bills to settle at "so much down and the balance like rent."

As we needed a house which could be towed from place to place, wherever we were working, a float house was the only practical thing.

The site did not matter as long as there was a convenient creek which would eventually furnish us very literally with running water, and living on the "chuck", as the salt water is called here, would solve many other problems.

Building seemed to be more or less of an overnight job, with the minimum of expense, so we decided to go the whole hog and have a mansion of three rooms: living room, kitchen and bedroom. Later we would add the luxuries of boat shed,

that we could paper the walls or use some other finish when we wanted to. The floor required a little touching up with an adze to make it level. When that was done, and linoleum laid or a few rugs scattered hither and yon, it was as good a floor as one could wish.

Except for nails, windows and some small hardware for the doors, this house was built from materials we found in the woods. We could have made hinges out of leather strips, but thought that under the circumstances we could afford to be extravagant.

Thus we found that building a "shake shack" was truly nothing to worry about, cost practically nothing, but it did take a little longer than a few days. We won't say how much.



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Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true—accept 10-day tube to try

Dear Sirs:

You've heard men advance some pretty broad claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Claims which make your present favorite take second place.

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true—accept 10-day tube to try.

Palmolive Shaving Cream embodies the expressed desires of 1000 men who were asked to name their supreme desires in a shaving cream.

It is different in 5 major ways from any other shaving preparation you have ever used. Made by the makers of Palmolive, the world's

leading toilet soap, 60 years of soap study stand behind it.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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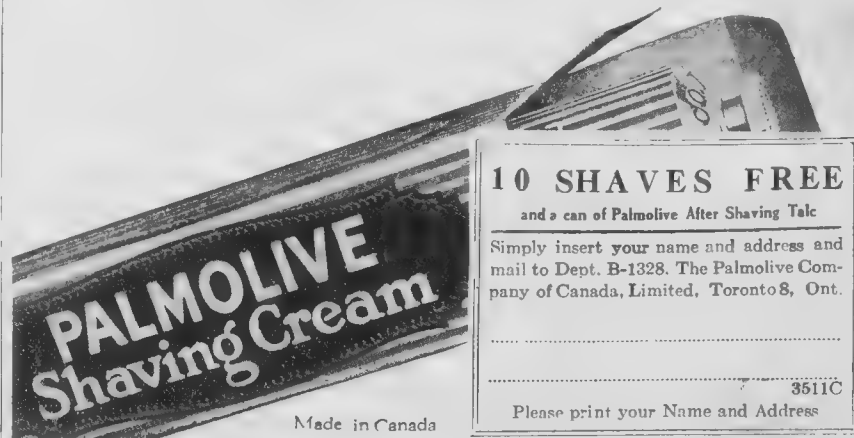
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THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING



EVERYONE appreciates the vital part played by proper care of the teeth and gums in the drama of keeping well and keeping young.

But what is proper care? You have been asked to believe dozens of plausible, but conflicting theories! On your druggist's counter you may find as many as 50 different dentifrices! . . . Millions who brush their teeth regularly, nevertheless suffer from decay! . . .

E. R. Squibb & Sons believed that this confusion was unfair to the public. It was decided to get the real facts regarding the proper care of the teeth and gums.

In one of the world's greatest dental clinics more than 100,000 treatments are given every year. We asked to what conclusions this stupendous work had led regarding the greatest danger to teeth and gums, and the best means of overcoming it. These findings were then compared with the opinions of practicing dentists everywhere. The result was an almost unanimous agreement that—

- (1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and gum infection.*
- (2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—The Danger Line—especially that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*
- (3) *The best product to prevent acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.*

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most pleasant and effective form, plus every other ingredient necessary for the proper care of the teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser. It relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It contains no harsh abrasives. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream not only neutralizes acids at the time of use, but tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia lodge at The Danger Line and prevent the formation of acids there for a considerable time after.

Take no chances. The highest authorities say that acids cause the trouble at The Danger Line and that Milk of Magnesia is the best antacid. See your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream. You will be doing the utmost to protect your teeth and gums.

At all druggists—45c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto
THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The People Who Fish With Their Feet

Continued from page 34

started with sail and with motor for the mile-distant home strand. The youngsters swiftly dressed and either crowded down into the well of the boat or stood up in the strong cold wind and dried out as the boats leaped homeward.

The hard-shell clams, and the soft-shelled too, that you eat with such gusto, are taken all along America, right down to Florida, both by rake and "tread," and digging. One would wonder how the same narrow half-mile-long strip of beach could daily supply this throng with a living, but the quahog shellfish "creep" in every night and the pickers can only work in about two feet of water, so the shellfish far out are safe until they "creep" or the rakes become lawful again.

Poor quahogs, with their siphons partly out, fishing themselves, must take the frilly pink toes as food, at first, but they never injure a foot. The cockle I know can catch a wild duck's bill as it intrudes into the open shell, trying to eat the tender retreating "mantle" that wavered in the tide outside the shell, and it can hold the bill between its shells until the wild duck drowns, for I have taken them that way—poor little exquisite little "buffle-heads" floating dead in the tide with a cockle closed tightly onto the bill end.

JUST as soon as the oyster goes out in April, the quahog, or hard-shell, and the soft-shell clam too, comes into its own, and tens of thousands of men, women and children make a cold, hard living, from Bathurst to Shediac, and all around Nova Scotia too, until the oyster comes back; for the old story is that you cannot eat an oyster in any month that has not an "r" in it—in September (unless you pronounce the month before it "Argust" as I hear a few people doing.) Even then the quahog fishing goes on. If you were away down on the Florida coast, where friends tell me one room clerk had the august nerve to quote "thirty dollars to one hundred a night for those sea-front bedrooms," you can see the quahog so big that it weighs as much as five pounds, shell and all. And the biggest clam in India will go to thirty pounds and five feet in length. Of course these are uneatable, to us, at least.

Once when we were "crabbing" on the beach near the Fraser River in British Columbia we saw the Orientals at work in the shallow eelgrass-laden waters of the bay. Laddie had just had an experience with a big crab; they grow so large there that the law does not allow any to be taken under nine inches across the back (carapace). Laddie was hand-grabbing for them, and one evidently saw him coming, for he emerged from the "salt chuck" with a most terrific yell and half a supper clinging tightly to his fat middle finger.

"If you yell at a crab catching a finger, what must those Chinks suffer?" I said as I pointed to two Chinamen who were toe-fishing "treading out" crabs. True to the well-taught lessons of the East, they calmly went along with their work, reaching down and taking by hand what a sensitive toe had told them was a large succulent

crab, and never once did I hear even a cackle, let alone such a yell as Laddie had given.

In a lifetime work even the clams, most fortunately, had to show me just where and how they lived. You see, if you wander far enough and keep going you are bound to see odd things. This day I am writing of, followed a night of hard frost. The exposed low-tide beach had suffered severely on the Northern British Columbia coast and everything living in it was frozen to death. Along came the great hot sun and melted it. The river's water flowed across it, the tide came and went, and carried off the frozen muddy sands and I most fortunately arrived there at the first low-tide after the freeze-up, and there, in situ, as they had lived and worked and fed and travelled, lay, or stood, the entire colony of soft-shell clams, each, of course, dead in its shell. Very rarely has it been given to man to read below the sands the life of these industrious edible creatures, and I took a photograph of them for my readers, marvelling greatly at the power that made the winds and the tides and these humble shellfish and our unworthy selves.

BEFORE I close I want to tell you of some dealings I had with those two fishing Chinks. Once we wanted to move a box-stove out of the dining room of the bungalow, so John was called. They are all "Johns" out there in B.C. "Take him out!" we said, pointing to the long, heavy box-stove. Out went John, empty-handed. Pretty soon we heard a great bumping, pounding noise and John re-entered, dragging behind him half-suspended over his shoulder and tied to the end of the rope from his shoulder tote-pole a *big fir stump!* He calmly tied the end of the other end of the other rope of the tote-pole to the stove, put his shoulder under the pole, grinned faintly as we roared, and staggered out of the room with stove and stump swinging well balanced in the air!

Another day, very early, as I landed from my outside island reef where I had been studying, I spied John, now in the role of a gambler. They are the greatest gambling people on earth; almost every night every household "boy" Chink in B.C. risks, and generally loses, to the cunning Chinese gamblers all his day's wages. . . there sat John, under the straight level rays of the rising sun, with a crinkled-up mass of bills in his lap, just as he had most evidently grabbed them as winnings—smoothing them out one by one over his knee preparatory to folding them. For once he had fooled the gamblers.

Then he would start out in the morning with his two baskets swinging from his pole-ends, both heavily laden with "duk," as he called them; chickens, ducks and turkeys. When he sold one out of the front basket, instead of reaching into the back basket and replacing the bird with another, he calmly stooped down and picked up a stone and gravely laid it in the front basket.

"Take duk from back basket and put him in front one," I counselled.

"No sabe. No sabe velly much," said John, the toe crab fisherman.



British Settlers in Canada

Continued from page 28

different religious sects. The local Board sends the names of settlers to the clergymen of the neighborhood where the strangers expect to live, and thus a welcome is already assured them.

The entrance today of settlers in a new country is very different from that of the earlier days in the Eastern provinces, where the homesteaders not only found no welcome, but had big forests to cut down, wild animals to hunt out, and the hostility of the Indians to fight. Now the strangers are met at the station and escorted to their home. Sometimes this greeting takes a substantial form in having the home ready, a fire built and a meal prepared, and any other attention that thoughtful people may plan.

Organizations for both men and women in order to study and improve their condition, create a common interest in farming and marketing. The United Farmers' Association have a membership of forty thousand, and a similar one among the women, with four thousand members, give every man and woman an opportunity to meet and become acquainted with the most progressive spirit of the times.

The response made by the settlers to all these efforts to assist them in their new surroundings is very hearty. Lack of space forbids making quotations from the many letters received by the Board. All express thanks for the kindness shown. Some letters mention with gratefulness the help given by the men and women appointed to visit the settlers. In a few of the letters the writers recount with pride their successes in farming and what property they own.

John Jones, a Welshman, declared to a newspaperman "that he would not return to Wales for \$20,000." He said: "This is a jolly good country for any man who is willing to work hard, and I'm writing to tell all my friends in the Old Country about it."

This man belonged to the Welsh Fusiliers, was wounded three times in the Dardanelles and Egypt. Last year he came with his wife and four daughters to Canada. He has had work ever since he came and is buying a farm. He also bought an old car and is running the mail from Woodbend to Edmonton. His wife and family are well pleased with their home and are helping by raising geese and poultry.

"How did the Canadian Immigration

people treat you?" Mr. Jones was asked.

"Jolly good, right from the time I landed. Didn't I tell you that before?"

THE good crops of 1925 in Alberta resulting in forty millions of dollars more than realized in the previous year, have begun a wave of prosperity that gives an air of expectancy for future wealth of great proportions. Many people, owing to good financial conditions, were able to spend Christmas this last two years with friends in the Homeland. The distance from Canada home is much less than from any of the other Dominions, thus making visits possible in short intervals of time.

The increased number of passengers with return tickets, who made the homeward journey at Christmas, illustrates the success of the farmer; and the passenger list stands a fair chance of being added to greatly in the next few years. Since the Garnet wheat, which ripens ten days earlier than the Marquis, has been ready for general cultivation, and also that the Wheat Belt has moved north from the United States, the financial status of those engaged in agriculture will be very materially improved. Now is the time to get all possible land under cultivation.

Canada needs the British settler, not only to help develop the natural resources, but because he has sentiments on law, home, and citizenship that Canadians wish to encourage. He has an advanced outlook on life, and will uphold the liberties for which the early fathers fought. In times of crises, as in the Great War, he will give his help most gladly. Furthermore, there is not the handicap of language, nor the traditions which another race has to overcome.

Men with families are welcome, because their children are prospective settlers. In a few years the three thousand families may become ten thousand. Much of the uncultivated land will be made into homesteads and settlements. The more people in Canada to work, to spend, and to take their share in civic affairs, the greater nation it becomes. The more land cultivated the more food there will be to supply the overcrowded cities in the Old World. It is now that Canada must have the farmer to help build it to its destined height.



Mary Philbin makes a charming picture in Czecho-Slovakian costume which she wears in "Love Me and the World is Mine"

"I EAT IT EVERY MORNING"



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WHY not let your appetite keep you well? Post's Bran Flakes regularly eaten at breakfast will add so much to health and enjoyment.

Post's Bran Flakes adds to your health because it is a natural laxative which will effectively keep the system in good working order.

Post's Bran Flakes adds to your enjoyment because it brings you such a delicious flavor. Each crisp toasted flake imprisons a tempting goodness captured from the golden grain.

Ready to serve right from the wax-wrapped package. Serve with milk or cream. Today get Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer. Help Nature help you!

Send the coupon today and we will mail you a generous trial package of Post's Bran Flakes made in Canada.

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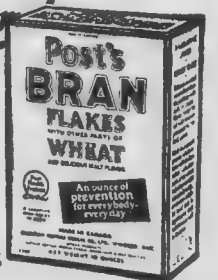
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FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns



GILDA GRAY'S Famous Dancing Feet

"I have several hobbies," writes Gilda Gray, the incomparable dancer and screen star! "But I do not keep a corn."

"Keeping a corn these days seems like an eccentricity, when a day or two with Blue-jay will drive the troublesome offender away."

And what a delightful way to end a corn! A dainty pad... like velvet... fits over the corn and stops the pain at once... One plaster usually conquers the corn. But even the deep-seated corn seldom requires more than two... The new 1927 Blue-jay, with the new creamy-white pad, is now ready at your drug store... For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE New
Blue-jay
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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Take Your Spring Tonic During All The Seasons

By Phoebe Cole

WHAT is a tonic?

Not necessarily something in a tall bottle. It is anything that imparts vigor, increases "pep," makes one feel better. And a spring tonic is something to tone one up in the spring.

But why wait until spring? Take daily outdoor exercise, sleep in a well ventilated room, and eat the type of food that will bring one up to spring with a maximum of vim and enthusiasm.

Diet is most important in the fall and winter health regime, for too often the tendency is to hug the fire, evade outdoor exercise, and eat the heavy, concentrated diet of meat and potatoes, bread and butter, pie and cheese, omitting the fresh green things and the fresh fruits that are needed for their vitamines content as well as their excellent laxative qualities.

Canned vegetables are mighty good food, and improved canning methods bring to the farmer's table in winter nearly all the vegetables that make summer menus a delight. Indeed, one farmer of our acquaintance finally begged his good wife not to can beans and peas, corn and squash. "Fresh summer vegetables are no treat if you can have them all winter," he declared. Few men would go as far as that, for most farmers are proud of their wives' skill in preserving for winter use the finest of the summer's garden offerings.

But even the most expert canner cannot make her canned vegetables and fruits retain all the precious vitamins they had when fresh. Cooking destroys some of the vitamins—on that all authorities agree. And so, no matter if you are able to serve six or eight kinds of the most beautifully canned vegetables each week, in addition to the fine potatoes, beets, parsnips and Hubbard squash you fetch out of your cellar, your family needs

a fresh fruit or a fresh vegetable daily. Fortunately, two of the most beneficial fruits are to be had the year around. They are apples and oranges. Don't think of apples as something to eat casually, just once in a while. And don't think of oranges as a luxury to buy just when you wish to fix a big centerpiece of handsome bright fruits for Thanksgiving, or something nice to tuck into the children's Christmas stockings. Oranges, like their citrus cousins, the lemons, are simply packed with two important things—vitamines, that produce vigor, and valuable mineral salts that are highly important especially to growing children, as these mineral salts are needed to make strong bone and tooth material.

For little children and feeble old persons who do not or cannot chew perfectly, the orange is more appealing than the apple, as it can so easily be squeezed into a glass. The weakest stomach can digest orange juice; it is now given to babies three or four months old, and the diet specialists say it should be given daily until the last of the second teeth are cut. It is given to sick people in hospitals when no solid food at all can be taken.

The properties of the lemon are very much like those of the orange, though it is more tart in flavor. While it seems acid, its effect in the body is alkaline, and it is a good neutralizer of any acid condition, particularly rheum tism. A pint of lemonade a day is a most excellent drink for the rheumatic, hot in winter, cold in summer, with little or no sugar in it. Indeed, if everybody would eat an orange every day all winter, and drink lemonade, there would be small need of bottled tonics in the spring.

When obtainable, fresh lettuce, celery and other greens should be eaten as often as possible in winter, also for their tonic effect.

Farming on a Big Scale

AT the recent convention of implement manufacturers in the United States, Thos. D. Campbell, of Hardin, Mont., an engineer and farmer, often called the Wheat King explained how he farms 95,000 acres, cropping 45,000 acres, and using modern machinery. In 1926 he turned out over 500,000 bushels of wheat. He also had 50,000 bushels of flax. In the past year Mr. Campbell was not particularly favored by the weather. His farms averaged 12 bushels per acre of wheat, on 38,000 acres. With his production cost at \$10 an acre at current prices a profit is ascertained.

The remarkable fact is that this gentleman farms on this scale and makes it pay, in a territory with an average annual rainfall of only 15 inches a year.

Careful track is kept of all expense. His equipment is capable of plowing 1000 acres a day, or harvesting 2000 acres. At the peak load his gasoline consumption is 5000 galls. a day. He pays from \$4 a day for common labor to \$6 a day for his engineers on the tractors. About 250 men are employed on this mammoth farm. Farm Implement News gives some details of the methods he uses to handle his crop. They include:

Tractor pulling four binders, with a man on each binder.

Combining grain according to the usual method, with various sizes of combines.

Combining the grain by the windrow method.

The advantages and economy of each Mr. Campbell grades according to the order given. In the windrow method, which he says is applicable to every section of the United States, the grain is cut at the time it ordinarily would be cut and bound. A week or more hail hazard is thus avoided as against direct combining. The cutting is done not by the combine but by binders from which the knotters heads have been removed and the grain is carried out to the side by an extension elevator so that all the binders hauled by a single tractor deliver the grain in one windrow.

There the grain sweats as it would in the shock and is reasonably safe from rain; as much so as in the shock, according to Mr. Campbell. While in the windrow, the green weeds dry and shrivel, so that the principal difficulty in threshing combined wheat is avoided. Small bits of green weeds tend to clog up the sieves on any thresher and interfere seriously at times with combining, in addition to increasing materially the moisture content in the bin.

The Critical Faculty

If good and bad are merely relative terms, and works of art, like human beings, contain both elements, is not the surest education of the critical faculty to be found in an attempt to sift the better from the worse? How is that to be done but by seeking the good everywhere and seeking with sympathy! Sympathy is at the root of true criticism, as it is at the root of successful human relationship. To condemn things or persons because we do not like them is as fatal as to approve them because someone else likes them. The intolerant judgment closes a door; the sympathetic attempt to appreciate

opens a door. The one prevents change of taste, and therefore hinders the cultivation of taste; the other at any rate makes it possible.

To be able to select the good from the worse is better for us than to receive passively the good chosen for us. Moreover, it is our own judgment that we should learn to exercise, not the judgment of the recognized authorities or of our superiors. Further, we have to learn to revise our judgments in the light of our own experience, and not that of someone else.

—Sir Henry Rivers

The Two-Purpose Room

Everyday Liveable Qualities May Conceal Every Comfort
For The Occasional Guest.

BY KATHERINE M. CALDWELL

HAVE you no guest room—and an occasional need for one? Or have you, perhaps, a guest room equipped to meet any demand—and the demand occurring so few weeks in the year that you sigh often for the use of that room between times? In either case there is a solution to be found in the two-purpose room that I am going to describe to you this month.

In this day of the livingroom-dining-room, of the one-room apartment that has appeared in all the big cities (at a rental that still takes our breath), of every conceivable space-saving scheme, it should be no trick at all to plan a guest room in combination with a room for more steady use.

Just what that use will have to be will depend greatly upon your needs and the available space you have for them. But, in the average instance, this room will be most useful if it takes the form of an informal little sittingroom, perhaps devoted principally to mother's use, when she rests or sews in the day-time, or wants a quiet hour when the young people of the household are holding revel in the evening. The young mother will appreciate a pleasant spot upstairs, when she desires to be near at hand while the baby sleeps; or perhaps she feels the need for a place in which she can keep her sewing during a seasonal orgy, so that there is no need to gather it all up every time she stops for the day—to lose valuable time next day, perhaps, when she is ready to resume it. A second room of livingroom or sittingroom type will certainly never go amiss—and it will share the honors with a guest room of exceeding comfort and attractiveness, a room any hostess can turn over to a visitor with pride.

Let us think first of the guest's welfare. The pleasant guest room contains, first, a bed of truly comfortable qualities; a dressing table; a comfortable chair and a straight one; a bedside table and a reading lamp, in case the visitor has as a beloved weakness, a penchant for reading in bed; a writing table, equipped with the few simple necessities for letter writing, is a courtesy, that never fails to win appreciation, and if you look for guests who will remain some time, you must have also proper provision for the stowing of clothes.

How, then, are all the characteristically "bedroomish" furnishings to be placed in a room without giving it an avowed bedroom identity?

It can be done, and easily; just a little careful thought about the furniture (and, if necessary, the patience to look until one finds the right pieces), decorations that fit nicely into either scheme, and the problem is as good as solved.

The bed, being at once the most important piece of furniture for the guest chamber, and the most difficult for the sittingroom, had better be put out of the way first. The necessity that faces us is to find that beautiful compromise which will assure absolute bed comfort and keep as far as possible from suggesting bed appearance.

THE bed-by-night and couch-by-day is not so new an idea as to make the finding difficult. As a matter of fact, furniture is being built in greater quantity every year to fill exactly these requirements—for, as the time passes, there is an ever-increasing demand for small-space furnishings, where space is at a premium. So we have manufacturers whose important concern it is to make innocent-looking couches, which at night will, when required, open out into a full-sized bed. There are two points that the buyer of one of these convertible couches should watch. The first, that both day and night versions should be truly comfortable, sacrificing softness and ease of neither one to the interests of the other; the second, that in the contriving of the open-out feature, the height of the day-time couch is not made too great for comfort. The well-designed members of this accommodating two-purpose furniture family will comply with all of your comfort-requirements, and throw in handsomeness to boot.

The day bed, which flourished as a piece of furniture away back in the days when mansions were mansions, and the average bedroom an apartment of noble proportions, has found itself in an era of new appreciation today. In the olden time, it offered an invitation to indulge in a brief siesta without disarranging an elaborate bed, and without the bother of climbing into one of the great canopied, high-set bedsteads that found a place so often in the elegantly furnished bedroom. Today, we appreciate the first of these advantages as much as ever, for whether the bed itself is covered by a flounced taffeta spread or a simple one of white washable material, we certainly do not relish the idea of any lying down, or even sitting on it, in careless fashion. Yet it so often seems to be not worth while to turn it back—and the impulse towards the few minutes' rest that would mean so much in refreshment and health to the busy woman, is resisted and, in a moment, forgotten. Here alone is one sound argument, in my estimation, for the presence of one really comfortable and essentially usable member of the couch family in some convenient part of the house!

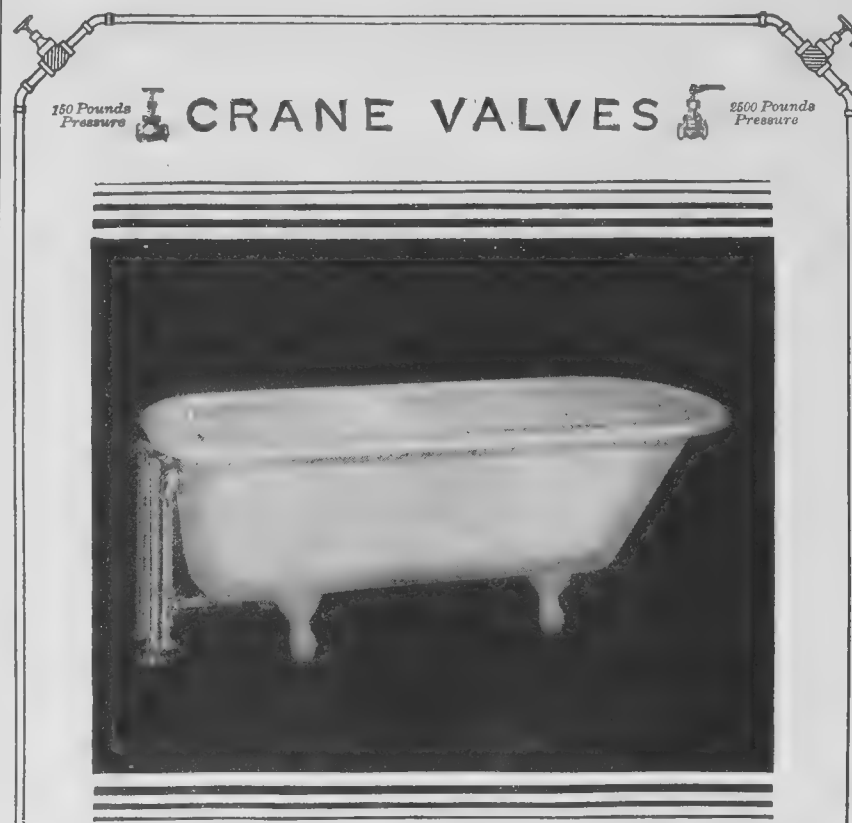
A day bed of good practical design is illustrated on this page. The modern makers of furniture have taken what they have liked of the old designs and added new ones of their own, so that there is quite a choice for the shopper who goes forth to find a day bed. The most satisfying are on the whole simple in design, with wooden head and foot exactly the same—sometimes high, sometimes quite low—and a good box-spring. The wood is varied as in any other furniture—mahogany, walnut, maple and the enamel finishes, light or dark. A suitable day-time cover and an abundance of cushions gives an excellent effect, and at night there is ready for occupancy a first-class, single bed.

Many a humble camp cot has managed to masquerade very satisfactorily in the guise of the aristocratic day bed, and is to be preferred for the double role of day and night usefulness to almost any kind of ordinary sofa, for the latter will seldom make a really comfortable bed, owing to the roundings and curvings that are so often a part of its conventional appearance. A casual and colorful day-time throw, and the usual array of bright pillows, will make it an unobtrusive and quite acceptable part of the sittingroom's furnishings—as every college girl knows so well!

PERHAPS next in difficulty to the bed is the problem of the dressing table. A small table, that may or may not have been designed for a sewing table (so long as it has not the hinged lid as a feature of its usefulness), does duty admirably, with the aid of a wall mirror in nice proportion, as a toilet table, its drawers affording ample accommodation for all the secrets of milady's beauty, the hundred and one little tools and preparations that turn out the well-groomed woman of today. So demure, however, is its outward aspect, so non-committal the trifles placed upon it—candlesticks and a trinket box, perhaps, or a small lamp and a flower vase, that no hint of its double usefulness is given.

With these two indispensable pieces of furniture artfully disposed of, the furnisher of the two-purpose room has quite clear sailing ahead of her. The desk or simple writing table is equally at home in bedroom or sitting room. Let its equipment include a good pen and some new points, a blotter, a bottle of ink large enough to ensure against its having gone dry unnoticed, and a few sheets of letter paper and envelopes, perhaps also a few cards, or sheets of note size. Many a note you will write yourself that would otherwise haunt you in ghostly fashion just as you are dropping to sleep or in the midst of some pressing activity, if you can turn as quick as thought to this handy little writing table—and your guests will mark your thoughtfulness. Add an ash tray, for the masculine guest's benefit.

Continued on page 71



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Fireside Music

By Arthur Mason

CERTAIN musicians and musical activities have felt it necessary of late to voice an objection to wireless music. They do so on the twofold ground that the provision of this music has a disastrous effect upon concert enterprise, and that it gives its great audience music in such mutilated condition that they cannot be regarded as hearing music at all, using the word in its best sense.

As to the latter complaint, nothing need be said here save this—that of all the musical instruments that now make possible the wonderfully varied music we know, not one leaped into the world in a condition of completeness and perfection. Each of those instruments, on the contrary, attained its best powers only as the result of its slow development out of an original crudity. And there is no good reason to demand that the still quite new marvel of wireless transmission shall be, at its present stage, a complete and perfect medium of music. Much time, indeed, may elapse before that is so—but how long was it, for example, before the modern pianoforte was evolved from the clavichord and developed into the instrument it now is?

Concert Enterprise and Its Public

That side of the recent criticisms of wireless music may safely be left, however, to the scientists who, with marvels already to their credit, are engaged upon improved processes of wireless transmission. The other criticism is less easily disposed of. Concert enterprise cannot hope that the wireless music will be abandoned in deference to it, and there can be little doubt that the fact of being able to listen to music night after night by their own firesides is likely to keep within that cosiness many people who else would have been compelled to seek their music outside. It is evident that concert enterprise will have to strengthen its appeal both to these and to that other class of music lovers—and in any city it ought, by now, to be a sufficiently large class—who prefer their music at the best possible artistic level, and enjoy it most when they are in intimate touch with its performers.

Music in the Home

The music-lovers who are satisfied to make their music in their own homes, or to have it made for them are, nevertheless, a rapidly increasing number. They increase, for one thing, because of this astonishing gift of wireless music. They increase because of the constantly increasing use of the gramophone. The number of them may not be increasing, but there still is a large body of home-makers of music, who remain lovers of the piano as it is played at home, and lovers of that delightful form of singing, the singing of friends to each other and the cultivation of singing within the family circle.

A Pleasant and a Useful Music

All this is fireside music, a pleasant enough music when winter comes, and indoors is an alluring invitation, and the cold cheerlessness of outside is a poor exchange for it. A useful music too, since it is our own, and some of it, at all events, is a music we ourselves make. The appeal to the home-music of wireless and the gramophone was assured by the simple fact that this was music brought to us at our own firesides. By now, as we see, it is a music which is the valued pleasure of millions, which fact in itself triumphantly justifies wireless and gramophone music as beneficent home influences. It is true that neither as yet provides the perfect reproduction of music which is the ideal of each of them, but at all events they have done a great deal to make the home a centre of music, and they have drawn to music hosts of new listeners to whom they have revealed aspects of music's beauty.

Our Own Music-Making

That is no small achievement to the credit of wireless and the gramophone. But of still greater value is the fireside music we make for ourselves by singing and playing music. We may not be able to make music at the level of the concert artists, to whom we still must go for that class of performance, but neither can they give us the fun we get from our own per-

formance. That is the essential feature of fireside music made by ourselves—we get a lot of pleasure from the very fact of singing or playing ourselves. Community singing is valuable for a similar reason. No great musical progress can be expected as the result of it. But this singing together is enjoyable. It cannot produce a great type of music, but it can produce a desirable camaraderie which has music as its basis. So, too, can the fireside music we ourselves make within the home circle.

Home Companionship

For that reason home music-making, fireside music, is worth encouraging in every home. It is a source of pleasure within the home—and that is good enough recommendation of it. For to provide a source of pleasure within the home is to do something for the home as the centre of family interest it ought to be. Greater and greater is the necessity for home enjoyments able to counteract the enjoyments of outside. Music's chief difficulties in these days are concerned less with the wireless music which some musicians are objecting to than with the appeal of dancing and the cinema. That appeal is drawing great numbers of our youth who otherwise might be lovers and patrons of music. Many of them might be lovers and makers of music within the home. Everyone who believes in the worth of home companionship has a duty in this matter—the duty of making the companionship of the home attractive and desirable. Fireside music is an admirable means to that end. It certainly can be a home pleasure worth having.

MOODS IN MUSIC

The spiritual effect of music is the accepted idea among all people. It uplifts the listener—it creates a mood of joy or sorrow, or anxiety, or anger.

But the intellectual effect—here is where we come to the big idea. Music makes ideas and communicates them from musician to listener. Instead of using words—notes and combinations of notes are employed. These notes are capable of making any story, play or picture, and where the great composers are understood it is seen that they are also novelists, story writers, dramatists and even motion picture makers.

There is nothing mysterious about this idea; nothing to worry you or make you annoyed that you cannot understand it. Ask any violinist to imitate the crying of a baby—it is the easiest thing in the world. Ask him to play a laugh, a sigh, a moan, a fretting sound. Ask the pianist to represent for you the playing of chimes, the shriek of an engine, the rumble of thunder. Ask the harpist to play the sound of a breeze rustling the trees, the sound of a mountain brook, the whisper of fairies. Ask the clarinet player to represent a shepherd call, the lowing of cattle, the sob of an old man. So you will understand that in music instead of describing ideas and action, as with words, the thing itself is actually reproduced in symbols. Thus when you hear a certain composition, and this idea has gained upon you, will you discover that you are actually seeing the story, the play, the description.

THE FIDDLER

(Written for The Christian Science Monitor)

The memory makes my heart grow warm:
He stood there with lights turned dim
And cradled it upon his arm
And let it sing to him.

To him it was a thing alive—
Indeed it sang to us as such!
It made old legends grow and thrive
Beneath his wizard touch.

We could not hear the words he spoke
(All softly) to his fiddle-child,
But knew the joy its answer woke
Because the fiddler smiled!

His dreams he must have whispered so
In words no louder than a croon,
For when in love it answered, lo,
The world was filled with tune!
Marion Steward.

The Two-Purpose Room

Continued from page 68

As for a small table and lamp that will act as bedside table and light—what better place for them in the sitting room than beside the couch?

The comfortable chair prescribed for the bedroom can only be improved upon by two comfortable chairs, if there is room for them and you happen to want that much seating accommodation. However, for the room of modest size and informal usefulness that I have in mind, the one cushioned chair and the couch will often provide enough lazing accommodation. The straight chair required by the writing table will do duty quite as cheerfully at the dressing table. Perhaps chair and desk will be gay little painted affairs, equally attractive in either phase of the room's identity.

IF the room is called upon to harbor an occasional sewing bout, it is an excellent plan to include in the furnishings a low-boy, a high-boy or some other type of chest of drawers—or a lidded chest that might stand becomingly beneath a window. The chest of drawers might have one always reserved in hospitable emptiness for the coming of the short-stay guest, and only the real old-time "visit" need necessitate the clearing of the other drawers. It is a good idea to tuck away in the guest-drawer, in instant readiness, a pair of fresh sheets and pillow-slips, with a slip of dried lavender for that inimitable linen-sweetness, towels and a wash-cloth. And just here, may I add, that it is a splendid plan, if you have a family or friends who are apt to stay over night occasionally without having come prepared to do so, to take advantage of an occasional sale of tooth brushes—ever so cheap ones will do, when it is merely a case of functioning for a time or two; one sees them often at ten or even at five cents, and at the right moment they take on a value many times that amount!

One other small provision the thoughtful hostess makes—a small box or basket containing spools of white and black thread, some darning thread, needles, pins, a safety pin or two, and a pair of scissors. You have only to find these small comforts at your hand once, when you visit a friend, to make you determine that your guest room will surely contain them.

I have said nothing so far about the general treatment of the room, apart from its furnishing. Of course, the walls and floor need to be considered with a thought for their dual responsibilities, but in these days of delightful wall treatments and limitless carpets and floor finishes that need not be difficult.

If the room has a sunny outlook, blue or green might be taken as the keynote of its color scheme; painted walls or a paper in a paled-out blue-green would prove effective under the varying circumstances, with wood work in a deeper tone of the blue-green. If the floor is of hardwood, the rug might take up the same tone; if the floor is to be painted, black would be smart for it, with a casual and colorful small rug or two. Grey would be suitable in any type of room, as would cream, so either of these peaceful colors might be selected for the walls without fear of a mistake, leaving you very free in the matter of the colors you would elect to use in your throw for the couch, your pillows, and any bits of bright painted furniture that you might introduce.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 54

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The Hands of a Child

By M. M. Parker

SPRING was coming across the bare, bleak prairies. On hillside and plain the snow lay, packed too deeply in months of chill to be fluttered away by the first soft caresses of March. But the hills showed their withered brows; the setting sun lingered upon them, as if it loved them. The strong chinook breeze, which all day had been trampling the plain boisterously, grew quiet now. A faint star showed, and all the little poplars drew themselves longingly up on tiptoe in the still balmy air.

The soft breeze in its wanderings passed two children hurrying across the prairie—two children, although the head of one was heavy with the snows of sixty winters, while upon the ripe-barley-coloured curls of the other the spring suns had shone barely six times; two children, although one was the Cree Chief, Standing Buffalo, and the other, Betty, Reuben Gray's baby daughter. Firm friends they had been, since two years before, the old Indian had found Betty crying with a cruel thorn in her little bare foot. This, he had extracted, and then had carried her home. As she had grown, a merry, restless spirit, with a wanderlust which carried her into frequent dangers, the silent old savage had become at once her companion and her protector.

The two wanderers reached the Gray, farm house just as the "bob-sleighs" dragged over the frozen ground, and Reuben Gray, tramping alongside, brought the steaming oxen to a standstill. He had been absent all day at Fort Qu'Appelle, a little Hudson Bay outpost "down the Valley" and his arrival threw the farm-yard into a state of bustling activity. A shrill whistle summoned from the barn "the boys," who set to work unhitching and stabling the weary team. Reuben Gray and his wife carried the bulky packages containing their next month's provisions to the storehouse; while Betty trotted in attendance, inquisitive little fingers prying into mysterious parcels, and dispensing "rock candy"—her monthly treat—to all who crossed her devious paths.

Mrs. Gray's cry of "supper!" from the door was answered by a joyous whoop, as "the boys" hurried in—fifteen-year-old Jack, the farmer's fun-loving son, and Patrick O'Shaughnessy, the "hired man," who had left the "ould sod" out of the pure daring of his hot Irish blood.

"Guess Spring's come to stay this time, all right," observed Jack, as he plunged his ruddy face into the wash basin.

"I saw some pussy-willows to-day," announced Betty, whose face shown with friction and soapsuds above the white frill of her "nightie" as she busily devoured bread and milk.

"Has 'Buffalo' been around here to-day?" inquired Gray. His wife noted his anxious look, and responded quickly,

"Yes, he was here not long ago—why, when did he go? I didn't notice that he had gone."

"Oh, there's no telling what those Indians are up to, ever," said Jack, attacking baked potatoes with vigour.

"They say there's an outbreak of those Metis at Duck Lake," said Gray. "The Mounties were out, but they haven't heard any news at the Fort yet. That rascal Riel is back again at his old tricks, stirring up the Half-breeds and Indians."

"You're not afraid of him stirring up our Indians, are you, father?" said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "More tea, Pat?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," her husband replied. "Indians are unreasonable enough, and this new government survey looks suspicious to them. If Dumont comes around here with his 'firewater,' and puts it into their heads that they're being swindled out of their lands, losing their rights as a race, and so fourth, this will be one Happy Hunting Ground for awhile, I'm afraid!"

"Wouldn't it be fun to be shut up in the house and besieged?" cried Jack. "We'd make a palisade and store water and provisions inside, wouldn't we, Pat?"

"Pray Heaven, it may not come to that!" said Mrs. Gray, shuddering at the picture that to Jack's youthful imagination seemed inspiring. "Sleepy, Betty? Yes, mother's pet shall come to bed!"

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So the subject was dropped, though it is doubtful if any of the elders could have forgotten it that evening. However, when two and even three days passed without news, Riel and Indian outbreaks ceased to hold place in the minds of the Gray household.

ON THE afternoon of the fourth day after Reuben Gray's trip to the Fort a tousled yellow mop appeared at the door of the store-room where the mother was busy, and an eager little voice demanded a basket "to pick crocuses in."

"Crocuses, Betty? So early?" said Mrs. Gray, producing the required article. "Don't go into the wet if you can help it,—and don't go too far away," she added, trying to persuade herself that she would not be anxious about the child; she had often gone farther alone—the hill could be seen from the door-way!

Betty trudged up the hill, her thick, sturdy, little shoes leaving impressions in the spongy ground. She scanned the gray-green earth carefully. Yes, here was one precious bud, and there more, pushing velvety caps up all over the moist, sunny hillside. And oh, joy! Here were one, two, three blossoms fully out, and yonder dozens more! So, Betty went on, blissfully unconscious of time and space, until her basket was full of the purple anemones. It was just then that the wind snatched her loose sun-bonnet from her curls—not a gentle breeze, but a sharp, vindictive gust. Betty looked up—the sky was dark with clouds, save for a hectic flare in the west, where the sun had set. She must go right home—Mummie had said not to go far. She had come this way—only somehow the trees looked unfamiliar—perhaps it was this way she should go. Suddenly large rain drops splashed her upturned face, the wind grew gustful and chill. Cold and terrified, the child dropped face downwards on the earth, sobbing; presently she raised a grimy little face and cried, "Mummie!" But Mummie was far away, and silence only answered. In desperate fear the little one rushed forward into the darkness, shrieking and sobbing. Her foot slipped. She went tumbling down the hillside, at whose foot the swollen creek rolled deep and sullen. There was a shrinking as she touched the cold water, and then—she remembered no more!

IN the western hills that spring afternoon, where the campfires wove slender wreaths of smoke in the sweet air, sachem and brave sat in council. Since early morning they had listened to the short, dark-faced man who stood before them denouncing, with fiery eloquence, the White Men and their perfidious plans. Was not this Gabriel Dumont, who allied with his French-Canadian perseverance the haughty boldness of his Indian forefathers? No wonder, then, that the savages crouched spell-bound before him, swayed this way and that by his passionate words!

The old Chief, Standing Buffalo, sat stolidly gazing straight before him. Dumont at his best had failed to move the flinty-hearted old warrior; the White People had been his friends, and, with the staunchness of his race, he refused to break the unspoken covenant which existed between them. Dumont saw this, and knowing that the Chief won over meant a troop of bloodthirsty braves on the warpath, redoubled his efforts.

"These White Men", he thundered, "have come into your land, pretending to be your friends. From you, once masters of the wide prairies, they have taken your lands; you, who were once free as the wind, they have almost enslaved; yet, they are our friends, say you? This is the White Man's friendship!—A war waged, not with war-clubs and tomahawks, but with lying words and treacherous actions! And will you, men of the Indian race, weakly allow them to take from you your lands, your hunting grounds? Shall the weapons with which your fathers won glory be covered with dishonor, because there is not left one spark of courage among you?"

"Hold!" broke sternly across the storm of fiery Cree. Standing Buffalo sprang up, drawn to his full height. The right string, the string that Dumont had been feeling for all day, was touched at last. He who deals treacherously with an Indian makes a foe he may well fear. Let it never be said that the Cree feared the White Man", thundered the old Chief. "We will make war!"

Thus it came about that just as the sun sank a long dark line of savages wound out from the hills, bent upon a revenge hideous as only the Red Man's revenge can be. Like a giant serpent gathering its coils for the spring, that dusky chain threaded its way through the willow-bottomed ravines. Three times in its sinuous course it halted; once at a lonely trading outpost where two or three settlers were talking over the fire; once at a farmyard where a neat housewife stood churning, while her two baby sons, playing on the doorstep, watched for "Daddy's" return from the distant "breaking"; and once at a solitary "shack" where two young Englishmen, fresh from College, sat mending ox-yokes, quoting for amusement rolling Greek lines. At each stop, behind them the Indians left smoking ruins and all the terrible signs of the Red Man's warfare.

Now the band stood upon a high brow where the hills sloped sharply to the Gray farmhouse. A lantern glimmered through the drizzling rain—then darkness, as before. Would the farmhouse be the next subject for the Indian's lust of blood? They were already hot with bloodshed, and the Indian is a relentless foe. The braves stood silent waiting vainly for word or sign from the old Chief. Suddenly something rushed past them through the darkness—there was a sudden panic-stricken cry and the splash of water—and the moon, through a rifted cloud, showed a rushing river, with a mass of golden curlstossing upon it. The braves stood still, their natural stolidity giving way before the piteous vision. But Standing Buffalo sprang forward. There was a moment's fierce struggle—and the Chief stood erect on the bank, a crushed bundle of dripping gingham and golden hair on his shoulder.

"We must take the child home," he commanded the waiting braves. "Back to your lodges, men of the Cree race! We can make no war here!"

CONSTERNATION reigned in the Gray home. A "Mounty" had galloped to the door with warning of the sudden outbreak of Standing Buffalo's tribe, then had galloped on. Mrs. Gray, half-frantic with grief and horror at Betty's disappearance, went about unwonted task automatically, seeing as in a dream that the men were conveying stores to the house, barricading windows, preparing arms. She scarcely heard Patrick's "Sure, now, Mrs. Gray, don't ye be fearin! It's meself will be afther finding her and bringing her safe home!" nor her husband's sharp command "Stay where ye are, Pat, my man, you won't likely be here much longer with these bloodthirsty heathens about. I've hunted that hill all over and away up the draw. The poor little maid's past our helping, no doubt!" and the father's voice dropped huskily.

Suddenly there came a sound at the door—a hand upon the latch! The boys grasped their weapons more firmly, as Reuben Gray sprang to the threshold. Upon the tense hearing of the four crouching in the darkened room fell the voice of Standing Buffalo!

"Peace—it is peace, White Man, for your child's sake."

Across his halting English broke the mother's cry. Seizing the child, she chafed the cold hands and kissed the white cheeks until the blue eyes opened slowly, and Betty whispered. "Mummie—I'm so tired!"

Mrs. Gray's eyes brimmed with long-restrained tears, and the father said brokenly, "What's that it says—A little child shall lead them!"

Weigh a thing or measure it and you think you have determined its value, but the most precious things of life you can neither weigh nor measure. Experience is the only scales that will determine their worth.

Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be good; honesty desires rather to be good than to seem good.

To be true to your ideals takes character, and it also makes it.

It is easier to help people than to teach them to help themselves, but of far less benefit.

Sometimes a person needs to have the conceit taken out of him; but if you take it out, do not add it to your own supply.

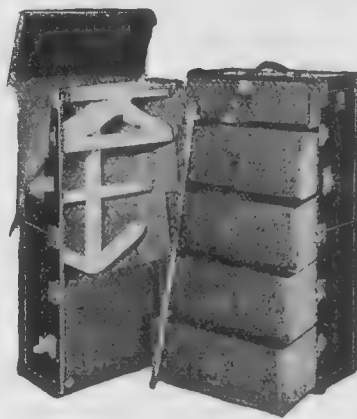


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Federated Women's Institutes

British Columbia Notes

By V. S. MacLachlan, Department of Agriculture, Victoria

DENMAN ISLAND W.I. members have decided to purchase an organ and to improve the school grounds. For the latter purpose a pie social has been arranged.

Hornby Island W.I. is co-operating with the F.I. arranging to have Mr. E. R. Bewell, District Agriculturist, address the residents of the Island on some agricultural topic. This Institute decided on May as the most suitable time for the Provincial Conference. A button-hole competition was held, Mrs. Parnell receiving first prize and Miss A. Slade, second. A sock-darning competition was held in April, and it was decided that the Institute will collect tried and tested recipes, make a cook book and sell the same at Courtenay Fall Fair. Astor seeds are to be bought and distributed to the school children and a prize given by the Institute to the child growing the best pot of flowers from this seed.

Keremeos W.I. decided on the May dates for the Provincial Conference. The Institute is endeavoring to arrange a dental clinic for the school children; unfortunately Dr. Davidson of Penticton is unable to leave his practice and as yet no decision has been reached.

Creston and District W.I. also decided on May for the Provincial Conference dates. The Institute held a dance for a family who recently were burned out. Net proceeds \$77.50. Capt. Manning gave an interesting address at last meeting entitled "Intelligence of Children."

Willow Point W.I. decided on the May dates for the Conference, and went on record as desiring to retain the services of the public health nurse for another six months. \$5.75 was donated towards the public health nursing fund.

West Saanich W.I. listened to Mrs. Wm. Peden on "Immigration." This Institute voted in favor of July dates for the Provincial Conference.

Valley W.I. listened to Mr. Bromham who gave suggestions for spring gardens and making of hot beds. A debate was held on April 8th. Flowers had been sent to several members who were ill.

Silver Creek W.I. decided in favor of May dates for Conference. This Institute is endeavoring to build a hall; \$13.50 proceeds from Masquerade Dance is the latest addition. A paper prepared by Mrs. I. H. Wright summarizing and commenting upon the 29th report of the Provincial Board of Health was read.

Bella Coola W.I. decided to form new committees and to appoint a hospital committee to look after the interests of the local hospital. The hospital drive to

be held as soon as roads and weather permit.

Penticton W.I. listened to a discussion entitled "Health of the Nations," regarding narcotics by Mrs. Gilley. Mrs. Emily Murphy's book entitled "The Black Candle," provided subject matter. This Institute has decided to help the Scouts' Building Fund, by assisting at their May Day Festival, and to have on hand an emergency layette. The following committees reported: Home Economics, Mrs. Etter, display of labor-saving utensils; Legislation, Mrs. Johnston, spoke on "Some New Zealand Laws," and Mrs. Huntingdon spoke on the "Fruit Bill" which has just passed the recent Legislature; Mrs. Leslie, convener of Industries, spoke on the "Oliver Oil Spray."

Rutland W.I. listened to Mrs. T. Anderson on "Home Nursing and Bed-making for the Sick." The Public Health Committee reported securing the appointment of Dr. Oatman as health officer in the scarlet fever epidemic. Also making arrangements for sewing bee in aid of the hospital. The Girl Guide Committee reported work in full swing, and asked transportation for guides for five trips to town to attend First Aid classes. These were volunteered. Books to the value of \$3.15 were ordered purchased for Guides. Agriculture Committee reported trying in conjunction with the Farmers' Institute to arrange a lecture by J. R. Terry on "Poultry." Sick Committee sent two dozen oranges and one plant, and reported making two visits to sick; while flowers were sent to funeral of a former member.

Royal Oak W.I. listened to Capt. Ian St. Clair on "Discipline and Hygiene." Report was given by Miss Ann Sherwood on "Progress of Cub Pack." The members have decided in addition to the contribution of fruit to donate a cot for the Queen Alexandra Solarium; this will require \$50.00. The members are taking part in the Vancouver Island Spring Flower Show which features bulbs very prominently.

The following resolution has been endorsed by the membership and is submitted for consideration of the Institutes throughout the Province.

"Whereas the white birth rate in this Province is lessening, especially when times are bad, showing the cause to be chiefly economic, and

"Whereas hospital and medical charges are so high that maternity expenses are entirely too heavy for the average citizen to pay, thereby loading young parents with debt.

"Therefore, be it resolved that we ask the Government to give a grant of fifty dollars (\$50.00) to the parents on the birth of each child, to aid in paying the necessary bills incident to each confinement."

Manitoba Notes

THE Manitoba Women's Institutes are busy, as usual, lending helping hands wherever needed. The epidemic of Flu these last few months has decreased the attendance at meetings, but those who were well have carried on splendidly.

Wonderful reports of hospitality and kindness, extended to British settlers coming to Manitoba, were received from the Institutes last year. The Institutes are welcoming the settlers again this year, by meeting their trains, taking them out to dinner or supper, (in some cases keeping them for the night) taking them to their new home, which the Institute members had made ready for them, supplying them with sufficient food for a few days, and inviting them to attend Institute meetings. We know this good work is appreciated very much by the settlers.

"Made-In-Manitoba" exhibits have been held at many points throughout the province by the Institutes, and the members have benefited greatly by these. An exhibit will be on display at the Annual Convention in June, that those

Institutes which have not held one may have an opportunity to know about it through their delegates.

The usual concerts, debates, and plays have been given, presentations have been made to members leaving the community, etcetera. Many new books have been purchased for libraries, and donations of money and kind have been sent out to the various institutions, including many substantial sums to Grace Hospital.

A great number of the "twelve month" programmes have been received from the Institutes and entered in the programme competition. It is hoped that the Institutes will take as much interest in the poster contest as they have in the programme competition. These contests will be judged shortly before the Annual Convention, and the programmes and posters will be displayed at the Convention.

There is one very sad thing to report, however. Mrs. Alice M. Jones, who was secretary of the Valley River Institute, has passed away. Mrs. Jones organized the Valley River Institute in 1910.

Continued on page 75

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

The Life of a Sewing Machine

RESULTS just announced of the nation-wide search for the 100 oldest sewing machines in Canada and the United States reveals that in this day, when a two-year-old automobile is considered "old", thousands of women are still sewing on machines that their mother and even grandmothers used nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

The first successful sewing machine was put on the market in 1851, and the search for the oldest machines still in use, which was conducted by the Singer Sewing Machine Company in observance of its seventy-fifth anniversary, brought to light 100 machines from 68 to 74 years old. Most of these were still in every-day service.

During the search, which was carried into every part of the country, letters were received from 153,040 owners entering machines in the contest. More than 100,000 of these were at least 40 years old, but the winning machines were all manufactured before the beginning of the Civil War. Each winner in the contest has received in exchange for her old machine a latest model Singer Electric.

Mrs. P. W. Willis, of Cranbrook, British Columbia, is here shown running a Singer which is seventy-three years old, only two years younger, in fact, than the Singer Company itself. Yet today, having done its millions of stitches for several families probably, this pretty little machine, handsomely decorated with pearl after the fashion of that day, runs as easily as a new model, and does its work within its limitations, as well as a new one. Fashions in women's clothes having changed more than the fashion in sewing machines, the material its present owner is seen working on is probably not quite what its first owner used, but it is questionable if the



Mrs. P. W. Willis of Cranbrook

latter got any more satisfaction out of the use of it than the former does.

No doubt Machine No. 5042-387 has a history, but unfortunately its record of service is lost in obscurity. Its first owners have probably long since gone to their graves, and the machine has since been brought many miles from the scene of its first labors. It was discovered a few years ago in the basement of a second hand store in this city, and purchased for a mere song to enter another sphere of usefulness. Cleaned up, oiled, supplied with needle and thread—it was ready to go to work once more, and seems good for a long time yet.

Mrs. Willis has a more than ordinary knowledge of sewing machines and Singer's in particular. She has been using them since she was eleven years old, and her husband has three or four in his tailoring establishment. She is a busy woman and in addition to doing most of her own sewing, finds time for activity in the Women's Institute, and is often found acting as a substitute teacher. She excels in amateur theatricals and entertainments,

and is much in demand on programmes of this kind, and incidentally at these times there is often a lot of quick sewing to be done for the part.

She had no idea of the value of the little Singer and when her husband read the announcement last fall of the Singer contest, she did not consider the machine she had was of any particular value. In fact she had to be urged to fill in the little form, and was naturally pleased to learn later that she was to receive a new Library Electric Singer in place of the little one she had chanced to come into possession of.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 74

Robson—The regular March meeting of the Robson W.I. was held at Mrs. Johnson's home. There were 13 members and 3 visitors present. Mrs. Norman gave an excellent paper on Legislature. She divided the members in two groups. First singing "Maple Leaf," second O Canada; prize going to the latter, judges being Mrs. Cullings, Mrs. MacNaughton and Mrs. McGeorge. Unique little cards were given to each one present in memory of the Diamond Jubilee. Mrs. Obone assisted Mrs. Johnson in serving refreshments.

Moore Park—The Institute held their monthly meeting on March 12th. Two splendid papers were read, one by Miss Dearsby and one by Mrs. Shewfelt. Twenty five dollars was given a member who had lost her home and contents by fire. Two sales of home cooking added \$53.05 to the fund for beautifying the cemetery. Hostesses were Miss D. Jenner and Miss G. Armstrong.

Amaranth—A St. Patrick's concert and dance was held in March. Equipment was purchased for making and serving coffee at this dance.

Arizona—The members at Arizona are discussing the advisability of having a skating rink built for next winter.

Arnaud—It has been decided by the Institute to purchase a basketball outfit for the young people.

Cartwright—"A Banquet for the Husbands" was given by the Cartwright members, when the musical programme was enjoyed very much.

Cromarty—A very interesting debate, also a paper on Tuberculosis, were given by members last month.

Forwarren—The Institute here has decided to co-operate with the school board in putting up prizes for the local oratorical contest.

Minitonas—The secretary at Minitonas reports a play held recently brought in \$150.

Roland—A very interesting talk was given on "Chinaware," and a small collection of old china was displayed, which the members found very interesting.

Solsgirth—A member gave an interesting talk on "Poultry," and will also give a demonstration on "How to Cull Poultry," early in September.

Tummel—Each member brought an article to the last meeting, made from 25 cents worth of material. A prize was given for the best. The articles were later sold at a bazaar.

Winnipegosis—This Institute is having a new book-case built in their hall. I think their library must be growing.

Listen well to the words of a few men, and to the men of few words.

I ploughed "Perhaps," I planted "If" therein
And sadly harvested "It Might Have Been."

When people can do as they please, what a revelation they sometimes give of their ideas of pleasure!

Don't cross a River till you reach its Brim;
Yet come prepared to Row or Wade or Swim.



SHEER, delicately colored, with a soft, silken sheen—*new* stockings. Oh! to keep them *new* until they wear out!

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Novel Cut and Color Emphasize the New Spring Toggery

THE waist with a soft sash or girdle serves to indicate the upward trend of the waistline, although there are still many models, with the waistline set quite low.

Pink and blue are shown in attractive combination this season.

This is a season of jackets, and the style is certainly youthful and becoming, for one may have the jacket in the mode that suits one best. A bolero, or a very short double or single breasted model, or one of the cardigan type. Striped jersey is much in vogue for the sweater blouse or for jacket styles.

Jacket suits, two or three piece, are made with skirt and coat of one material, and the blouse in contrast.

A pretty style of suit jacket, has a yoke with long tab like extensions and a high tie collar. Yokes are employed for dresses, jackets and coats.

Belts were never more popular. Some very charming belts are of leather, others are of self material. For evening wear jeweled belts are shown.

Sleeveless jackets or vests, or waists coats are popular for sports wear. They match the skirt, and are worn over a blouse of contrasting material.

Sleeveless dresses may be expected to appear as soon as warm days arrive.

Some pretty afternoon dresses are made up in lovely violet shades.

Front draperies, cascades, and shirrings over the front of skirts are very popular.

Plaited panels falling from the shoulders and from below a plaited belt form attractive trimming on dresses of silk, and chiffon.

Silk-crepe and wool jerseys are combined for sports dresses.

Many interesting details are offered in the new coats this season.

Tiered effects, tucking, intricate shaping and seaming are noticeable.

A coat of beige cloth, a tweed coat or one of black silk or black cloth will be good for early spring.

Cape sections cut in one with full sleeve portions, that are shirred to narrow bands at the wrists, are new and youthfully becoming.

Flowered silks in small patternings make pretty daytime and country frocks. Sometimes the figured material is combined with plain material in contrasting color.

Loose panels, tunic portions, and flowing draperies are graceful and attractive.

A new neck line on the bateau order but cut somewhat deeper is in vogue. The square neck is also shown, usually decorated at one corner with a flower or a bow.

Short belted jumpers are worn with skirts showing front plaits.

Futuristic decorations on jumpers are interesting and often attractive.

Dolman sleeves cut with raglan shoulder extensions are shown on a silk coat, made with full skirt portions, below a bloused waist.

A frock that may do service for day and evening is made of Georgette and trimmed with bands of lace on skirt and bloused waists; the lace is also used for deep puffs above the wristband on the full sleeves.

New and novel are the tiny bows at the wrist end of sleeves; sometimes ribbon is tied twice around the wrist and finished in loops and ends.

The long V shaped neck opening outlining a vest of lingerie or crepe is seen on new models.

Very pleasing is the girlish frock of black taffeta, vests, revers collar and insert at the centre of the skirt front of white organdy.

A yoke shaped in scallops is smart on a skirt flat in back but with the front forming three godet folds.

Two contrasting shades of crepe are used on a dress made with plaits all around and a bloused waist slightly surplice and finished at the left side with a jabot. A wide girdle circular in shape is set on below the blouse.



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The flash of CLEAN beauty

Your teeth show it; your mouth feels it—after brushing with this dual-action dentifrice

AT GLANCE in the mirror, the admiring looks of others—both tell you that your teeth *look* more beautiful after using Colgate's. The sensation of tingling health, the fresh feel of your gums and teeth—these tell you that your mouth *is* cleaner.

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Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes the entire

mouth—teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequaled cleanness; removes the causes of decay.

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A normal healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary afflictions of teeth, mouth, or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans; cleans thoroughly!

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all that it is possible to do to keep your teeth healthy, bright, clean.

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Please send me a sample of this modern dual-action dentifrice.

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Seasonable Suggestions for the Young Folk's Wardrobe



5770

4762.—A familiar model with new lines is here shown. The "hip skirt" styles call for long lines in blouses and waists, as this model indicates.

The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5496.—Sleeveless jackets are in vogue, and may be worn over a one piece frock, a blouse or shirt waist. The model here shown was developed in checked sports silk with facings of broadcloth.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40 inch material, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and pocket facings.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5793.—Crepe de chine, challie, voile or taffeta may be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch lining for under back and stays.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5795

5782.—White and black crepe are here combined. The style is also attractive in plain and figured crepe. The blouse back is mounted on a lining.

This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch lining and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on cuffs and cascade. The width at the lower edge of the dress, with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5773

5778.—Figured silk, printed crepe, or gorgette may be used for this design. Graceful tunic portions lend fullness to the front. The waist is bloused above a narrow belt.

This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch lining and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 40 inch wide together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5774

5790.—The new figured silks and printed voiles and gorgettes are fine for this design.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide for facing on fronts and on collar and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5785.—Crepe de chine or crepe may be used for the blouse and plaid woolen for the skirt. The blouse may be finished with long or short sleeves. The skirt is mounted on an underbody of lining.

This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32 inch material for the blouse if made with short sleeves or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards if made with long sleeves, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch lining and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40 inch material for the skirt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Continued on page 97



5771

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Land of
Romance



'TIS well over 300 years since Champlain instituted "The Order of Good Times" at Port Royal in Acadia. To while away the tedious winter even the simplest dinner was invested with pomp and jollity.

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4. Economical to use—more light from same amount of current.
5. Its smooth surface makes it easy to clean—and to keep clean.

Ask your dealer to let you see it

LACO
MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

48

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 17

It was as though his mind were congealed and reluctant to get going, like Dan's Ford on a frosty morning.

WITHOUT comment she went out into the bar and drew a tankard of ale. She set it down silently before the inspector and then fetched Dan's tobacco jar from the mantelpiece. Mr. Manderton watched her trim figure in the neat pink print flitting about the room, and his eye softened. When she stood over him with extended hand he passed over his old black pipe in quite a lamblike manner. She filled it and held a match for him while he lit up.

"Well, and how are things going?" she demanded, perching herself on the table at his side. Her uncle set down the pewter and wiped his moustache on his large red handkerchief.

"Rotten," was the blunt answer. "The first day of investigation is always the worst. . . ."

"They've had to release Newcome, I hear," observed his niece.

Mr. Manderton grunted. "This case is out of Newcome's class," he said. "I was never much in doubt about that. The consul at Monte Carlo has got in touch with Kenyon, the bloke that Newcome claims to have spent Friday night with, and Kenyon fully supports Newcome's alibi. Humph!" He grunted again.

"And what next?" queried Elsie, glancing at the inspector under her long lashes while she affected to contemplate a very slim ankle.

By way of reply Mr. Manderton slammed his hand down upon the ironing board.

"Stanismore was killed in the grounds of Node, or I'm a Dutchman!" he affirmed emphatically. "Look here, I was early on the scene, wasn't I? Earlier than I had any call to be, as you might say, and I saw no blood or any signs of a struggle on the sand. The rain may have accounted for that, I'll grant you. But what about the position of the body? No man dropped by a crack over the front of the head ever fell in the cramped-up position in which Stanismore was lying. Do you know what I think, Elsie, my girl?"

Elsie smiled a little triumphant smile to herself. She had never known her treatment to fail. When things were going badly, what her Uncle George required was an audience. It seemed to cheer him up to think aloud.

"Tell me!" she prompted eagerly.

"From the very start it looked to me as though he'd been killed somewhere else and the body brought down afterward and pitched on the beach in the belief that the tide, when it came up, would fetch it away. Only half the body was below high-water mark, remember! What did that suggest? First, that whoever put him down there was in an all-fired hurry to be rid of him else they'd have taken him lower down the shore and dumped him straight into the sea. The fact that he was flung down anyhow, as you might say, at the top of the beach, gave me my second idea, namely, that the job was done when the tide was low, that's to say, at night, when, therefore, it was too dark or the party concerned too flurried, to see just where the high-water line ran. This means that the body was fetched down very soon after he was killed."

"Why?"

"See how the times fit. Stanismore disappeared at half past ten on Friday night. He must have been murdered, therefore, between that time and the hour when it was still too dark and the tide still too far out for the party in question to have the time, or perhaps the strength, to carry the body all that

long way down to the sea. On Friday night low water was at 10.10. High tide would be, therefore, about 4 a.m. on Saturday. But at this time of year sunrise is shortly before four o'clock, and at three o'clock it's already getting light. I've been talking to the fishermen round here, and from what they tell me I'm satisfied that on Friday night the hour when the state of the tide and the light would fit in with my theory is somewhere between eleven and one. D'you follow me?"

"You make it all wonderfully clear, I think!" his niece declared.

MR. MANDERTON puffed at his pipe for an instant.

"Where was he brought from?" he demanded, addressing the room. "The incident of the locked door gave me my answer." He briefly described Gerry Leese's experience. "What does a locked door say? 'Keep out!' don't it? Keep out from where? From the grounds of Node House, you'll reply. And you'd be dead right, my dear."

"But who should have bolted the door?" demanded Elsie. "And why?"

"I can't tell you—yet. But what I can say is this: If Stanismore walked through that door to meet his death, his corpse was never carried out through it."

"How do you reckon that?"

"Simply because twenty-four hours later the catch was still down. You'd bolt a door to kill a man without interruption or to get rid of the body undisturbed. There'd be no sense in bolting the door after the corpse had been removed, would there? Therefore the body must have been taken out of the grounds otherwise. . . ."

Elsie Twigg looked rather scared. "How?" she questioned in a small voice.

Her uncle drew on his pipe reflectively. The fragrance of his tobacco was strong in the little room.

"That very question sent me back to the mortuary tonight. I found the answer there. Stanismore's right hand was raw and torn when they found him. I made the police surgeon re-examine the body in my presence, particularly the right hand. There was glass in the wound, my dear. . . ."

"Glass?" repeated Elsie, mystified.

"AYE, glass. And there's broken glass set all along the coping of the wall at the bottom of the grounds of Node."

He paused.

"But, Uncle, it's horrible," she cried. "Do you mean that the body was dragged over the wall?"

"Not quite that. The murderer never left the grounds. The fact that twenty-four hours later the door was still bolted shows that. The body was heaved very carefully to the top of the wall and let down, probably by the legs, until it fell on the other side in the position in which it was found. Stanismore was already dead; the right hand proves this. It is lacerated, but it has not bled. The clothing is not torn; a coat or something of the kind must have been laid across the top of the wall, but I found a little splinter of glass adhering to one of his cuffs. And now I'm beginning to appreciate the significance of that locked door. . . ."

He stood up abruptly and started to pace up and down the parlor.

"What does it matter to an outsider," he demanded, stopping and frowning at his niece, "whether the body of this man is found in Node grounds or on the beach? He might fasten up the door against a possible surprise while he was at work; but,

Continued on page 82

AS THE INSTRUMENT IS TO THE MUSICIAN

A swing of the leader's baton . . . and the band blares forth its martial melody. Every instrument is tuned to a nicety . . . sure and responsive to its master's touch. So with your Eversharp. At a moment's notice it swings briskly into action. Never tires, never clogs, needs no whittling. As sure and reliable as your own right hand.



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The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 80

the job over and done with, he'd open the door and leg it for all he was worth, wouldn't he? Who alone could have an interest in trying to prevent this crime from being traced to Node House?"

Elsie stared wide-eyed at the detective.

"You don't mean—" she began, but he interrupted her harshly.

"Why was that body not taken through the door?" he resumed in a tone of growing exaltation. "Why did the murderer go to the trouble of manhandling this corpse over a high and difficult wall?" He dropped his voice and tapped the table impressively with his hand. "Because he knew that one of the three keys of the sea door was in Major Barleston's possession. Because he was acquainted with the major's habit of arriving unexpectedly at all hours, and was afraid of being disturbed. Because he was not aware—nobody at Node knew it, except Mrs. Barleston—that the major had returned to Node two hours or so before and was already in bed and asleep!"

"My gracious goodness!" she ejaculated. "You make my blood run cold. Do you mean to tell me that you suspect someone at Node House of this awful murder—Sir Harry or one of that lot?"

"I can't do otherwise, it seems to me," he rejoined sombrely, "though, the Lord knows, I'm stuck for a motive. . . ."

She suppressed the question that her natural curiosity forced to her lips. She had been trained in the police tradition of discretion, and she knew, from long experience of Uncle George's confidences, where his reticence began.

"I shouldn't have thought it possible!" was the remark she substituted.

"Why not?" he retorted. "Robbery was not the motive of this crime. This man was killed in anger. His wound shows that. He was struck down from the front, a lightning blow. He had no chance to defend himself, I'd say. . . ."

"You mean—it was a fight?"

He gave a short hard laugh. "The sort of fight in which the chap that hits first is the only survivor."

"Have you discovered where he was killed?"

He shook his head.

"There's a deal to clear up yet," he answered. "We've still to find the weapon of the crime, and Stanismore's hat is missing too. We know that he was wearing a yachting cap when he landed from the Anthea, but it hasn't turned up yet. It wasn't with the body. . . ." He broke off and softly pounded his open palm with his fist. "It's a rare cat's cradle," he muttered, "and the deeper I get into it the more I have the feeling that somebody has stepped in before me and deliberately tangled up all the threads. . . ."

A KNOCK at the door interrupted him. It was Superintendent Nolling, half an hour late and rather out of humor.

"If you have anything better to do, Inspector," he remarked, "you're wasting time on this trip. Me and my men visited the Anthea and she's in apple-pie order. You'll pick up no clues there, sir. Stanismore weren't on her but a few hours. He came on board at Portsmouth at three, changed into yachting clothes and went off to his garden party. Newcome picked him up again at the railway pier at 7.15 and took him aboard; and he had a bit of supper the whiles they went, under the auxiliary engine, across to Chine Bay. You'll find now't on the Anthea but his trousers as he left them when he changed, and his felt hat."

"Since you've been good enough to call for me," said Manderton suavely, "I think we'll go along."

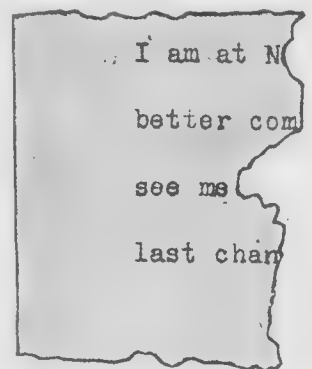
A boatman sculled them across the placid bay in the warm June dusk to where the abandoned yacht rocked quietly at her moorings. A blue-jerseyed hand, whom Nolling had installed as caretaker, led the way down the steep companion to the two cabins situated fore and aft of the hatchway, the one for meals, the other for sleeping. The superintendent remained on deck, seating himself in the cockpit with a resigned air.

One glance below almost satisfied Manderton that he might as well have taken his colleague's advice. The electric light with which the little Anthea was fitted shone down upon such a scene of compact neatness as the amateur yachtsman delights in. The saloon was in perfect order; nothing was out of place. To spare himself his confrere's jibes Manderton purposely prolonged his visit, peering into lockers and lifting the cushions.

He peeped into the sleeping cabin. Stanismore had clearly changed his clothes here, for his hat and gloves were on a locker, a pair of blue serge trousers hung from a hook, and his brown walking shoes stood on the floor. Mr. Manderton patted the trousers; the pockets were empty.

He was about to turn away when he noticed that, under the dead man's hat, a book was lying. Now, Mr. Manderton had come on board the Anthea for the express purpose of seeking information about Stanismore. He said to himself, when he saw the book put down with the dead man's hat and gloves, that this was in all probability the book which Stanismore had been reading in the train on his way down from London, and was therefore to that extent associated with the last hours of his life. And because he was accustomed to neglect no detail, however small, in his work, he lifted the volume to see its title, just as, a moment before, he had taken one of Stanismore's shirts from the locker to note the maker's name. As he moved the book he observed that a strip of paper protruded from between the leaves as though it had been slipped in to mark the place.

Manderton drew forth the marker. It was a long and narrow fragment, apparently torn off a typewritten letter, for there was a scrap of typewriting on the upper half, and the paper, grayish in hue and of good quality, was obviously notepaper. This is what he saw:



For a full minute he remained lost in thought, staring down at the gray slip in his hand. Then he heard the companion squeak. Mr. Nolling's impressive rear obscured the hatchway.

"Found something, have you?" remarked Nolling as his eye fell upon his colleague. Silently Manderton held out the book marker.

"What do you make of that?" he demanded.

His colleague glanced at the slip, turned it over in his pudgy fingers, held it up to the light.

"It's Node House paper all right," he pronounced.

"Ah," commented the other, I was wondering if it was—"

"Not a doubt of it," said Nolling. "I've seen it dozens of times. Sir Harry's had the same notepaper as long as I can remember."

"Who uses the typewriter at Node, d'you know?"

"Sir Harry does. You'll see the machine standing in his study. This here's a queer go, Inspector. That 'N' stands for Node, I'd say, and that's 'last chance,' these two words here. It's an invitation, ain't it?"

"Or perhaps a threat," the other suggested. "Anyway, invitation or threat," he added as he put the slip away in his letter case, "it's what brought our friend to Node, I'm thinking. We'd best be getting ashore, Nolling. . . ."

NIECE ELSIE was waiting at the tavern door. .

"Oh, Uncle," she cried, "how late you are! You must be famished. I waited supper for you. Dan's had his. You come straight in."

"Right you are, my lass," said Mr. Manderton, heartily. "Has there been anything for me?"

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you. But you have your supper first."

The inspector stopped. "Who is it?"

"Only Major Barleston, from Node. He's been here this hour or more; he can wait a bit longer. You come and eat."

"Where's the major, Elsie?" her uncle demanded.

She sighed. "In the tap, along of Dan!"

Elsie supped alone. Mr. Manderton was closeted, for greater privacy, in his modest bedroom with Major Barleston, who was very mysterious, very long-winded and slightly inebriated.

THE saying of the doctors that women have greater powers of resistance than men recurred more than once to the mind of Ronnie Dene in the days following the murder. He marvelled at the resolute calm with which Alix faced their little world.

Even her husband, who knew something of her strength of character, was astonished at her reserve of natural force. He was happy enough to relinquish the management of things into her firm hands. .

"This affair is mine as well as yours, Frankie," she told him, and "I'm going to show you," she promised, "that I meant what I said."

It was she who proposed at their talk in the dawn of that Sunday morning, that she should go down to the tower and efface the traces of Stanismore's visit. Though her husband still refused all information about his movements on the night of the murder, she realized that he must have contrived in some way to be present at her interview with Stanismore; and she very soon elicited the fact that the tower room remained as she had left it, with the window open and the candle standing on the table.

Frankie wanted to go down that very night and put things straight. But to this she, being more farseeing than he, objected. "We can't afford to run the risk," she said in her practical way, "with the police about the beach. But tomorrow's the day for turning out the tower, and in the morning everybody will be away at the inquest. Aunt Ethel likes me to visit the tower from time to time; she'll be very glad to let me take Vance's place."

The intervention of Scotland Yard terrified her husband, and he could scarcely contain himself when, in the seclusion of their bedroom, Alix told

him how Inspector Manderton had surprised her at her task. She put a bold face on it. "He was only looking round," she assured Frankie. "I'm sure he suspects nothing. He can suspect nothing if we always remember that I had an absolutely valid reason for being there."

But secretly her heart misgave her. And when she learned that the inspector had locked up the tower she had a sense of foreboding.

Her misgivings would have redoubled had she been in the grounds of Node very early on the following morning. Although midnight had struck before Mr. Manderton got into bed, the sun in rising had forestalled him by little more than an hour when, soon after five o'clock, he unlocked the sea door and looked about him.

"Smith!" he called cautiously. There was no reply. Mr. Manderton pursed up his lips severely and followed the walk along to where the path to the tower turned off.

A number of planks had been laid to protect the footway. The detective put down the bag which he carried and began to remove them. Then, walking on the grassy border, he started to move very slowly forward, scrutinizing the path with utmost care. On reaching the stone steps he continued the process, examining each stair with the same scrupulous diligence. Arrived at the top, he drew himself erect and shook his head dubiously. "That damned rain!" he muttered. "Like playing against loaded dice, that's what it is!"

He went back to fetch his bag, and mounted with it to the stone platform before the tower door. He opened the bag and took from it a reading glass.

A shallow canopy of wood, affixed on iron brackets to the wall, sheltered threshold and door of the tower. The door, sunk within the tower's face, stood raised from the platform by a stone stair. It was upon this stair, a flat slab, mottled like a lizard with lichen and slime, that Mr. Manderton, lens in hand, now bent his especial attention.

The centre of the slab was smudged as the detective, mindful of the traffic of the previous morning, expected to find it. Indeed, hereabouts he picked out and held under his glass the rounded print of a woman's high-heeled shoe. On this he wasted no time. He moved the lens to the left along the face of the slab with a sureness that suggested he was looking for something already seen. So fast did the glass sweep that he all but missed the edge of a singular pattern which for one brief second flashed into its circular field.

At once the lens swung back and steadied. Punched clearly in the slime a series of rounded dots, like the surface of a golf ball, came into view. The pattern was a rough pyramid in shape, the summit pointing to the door.

With an impassive face he stretched his arm behind him and groped in the bag. When his hand reappeared it clasped a stained buckskin shoe strapped with leather. It was long, with a pointed toe, and had a rubber sole. The inspector turned the shoe over in his hands. The sole was corrugated with a mass of closely-set, rounded protuberances.

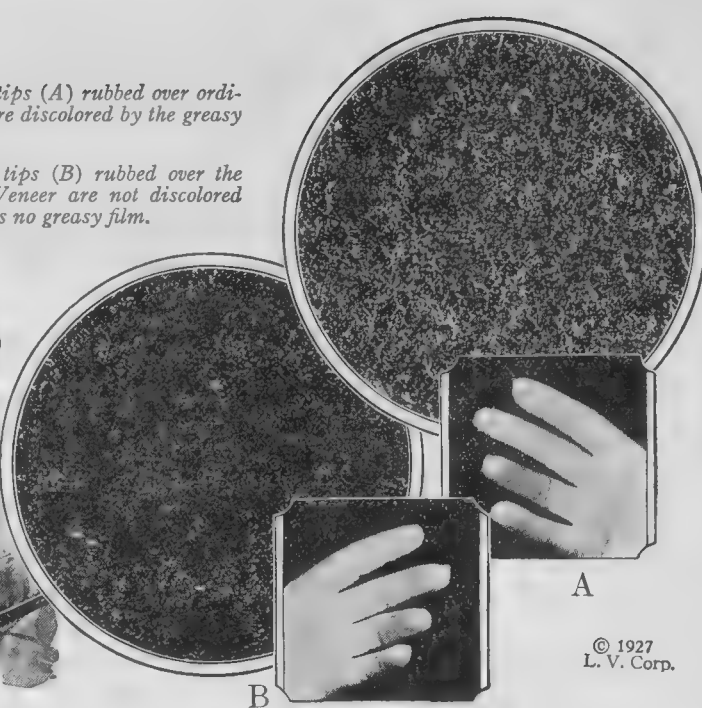
Laying the shoe aside, the detective picked up his glass again and resumed his study of the stair. Once more he passed lengthily over a mark half-effaced in the muddy layer. Under the lens it showed up as the bold curve of a plain flat heel.

WHEN, half an hour later, Smith, rather red in the face, panted up the tower stairs, he found the door ajar. His chief was on his knees in a corner of the room. It was a dark and dusty nook in the angle between fire

Continued on page 84

Gloved finger tips (A) rubbed over ordinary polish are discolored by the greasy film.

Gloved finger tips (B) rubbed over the new Liquid Veneer are not discolored at all. There is no greasy film.



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— these photographs show the reason why.

IMPORTANT!

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The two table tops illustrated stood untouched in the same place, the same length of time, and accumulated the same amount of dust. Then a current of air was blown over both. The photographs show the dust that remained sticking to each surface.

Why did one surface retain so much more dust than the other, just as the furniture in so many homes seems to have an affinity for everything flying through the air?

The furniture polish is the answer.

The table top in photograph A was treated with an ordinary polish similar to hundreds — the greasy kind that collects dust and causes continual trouble for the careful housekeeper.

The table top in photograph B was treated with the new Liquid Veneer — the improved greaseless product that leaves a hard, dry, brilliant finish from which dust can be blown almost as easily as it can be rubbed.

It is this greaseless, dust-free characteristic of the new Liquid Veneer that makes it also ideal for floors, woodwork, pianos, automobiles and all fine finishes.

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	Regular Price
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit.....	\$.50
(Includes all the materials and tools needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture)	
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Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25

Total value.....\$1.10
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	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25
Book — "The Care of Fine Finishes".....	.25

Total value.....\$.60
Special price.....\$.25

Special Offer No. 3

	Regular Price
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer.....	\$.10
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth.....	.25

Total value.....\$.35
Special price.....\$.10

The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

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Liquid Veneer Corporation, 1915 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

I wish to take advantage of the offer checked:

—No. 1, 50c postpaid—No. 2, 25c postpaid,—No. 3, 10c, postpaid

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Bending, Kneeling,
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Polishing Mops for painted, varnished or linoleum floors. Dusting Mops for all wax surfaces. Both in \$1.25 and \$2.00 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO



The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 83

place and window where the circular sweep of the wall began to flatten out. A shabby screen, once gay with bright pictures, stood folded up against the centre table.

"Didn't 'ear you come in, sir," the plain-clothes man began to explain volubly. "I was up the path a piece, toward the house. There's something there I think you ought to see. . . ."

The inspector sat back on his heels and looked up at his assistant. "Ah, there you are, Smith!" he remarked absently. .

"If it isn't troubling you, sir," his aide broke in hastily, "I'd like you to come out in the grounds with me for a minute. It ain't fur, just a little way along and then a piece down to the left. I relieved Mallow at midnight, like what you said for me to do, and, as soon as it was light, nothing 'aving transpired in the night, I sez to myself, I sez: 'No 'arm in 'avin' a look round,' I sez, and—"

But it was evident that, however closely Mr. Manderton might appear to be studying his assistant's somewhat rubicund features, his thoughts were far away. Smith broke off in some embarrassment. Said the inspector, as though he had not heard him:

"A damn' rum go, I call it!"

Discipline came to Smith's aid.

"Yessir!" he agreed briskly.

Mr. Manderton jerked his head in the direction of the murky corner which he had been scrutinizing.

"Take a look at that, will you, and tell me what you make of it."

At the curt command, roughly spoken, the plain-clothes man pulled himself together. He knew that tone of old: the gov'nor was on the job, and things were not going well. .

The inspector was pointing to the grayish blur of dust, extending to the wall behind, which marked the angle cut off by the screen. Smith peeped over his chief's shoulder. Here and there the thick layer of dust had been superficially disturbed. But in one or two places—

"Footprints, ain't they, sir?" spoke Smith. "Two—no—three of 'em. . . ."

With a sour look Mr. Manderton rose from his knees.

"That's right," he said. "And to think," he added irascibly, as he brushed his trousers with his hand, "that there's pretty near a yard of surround between the carpet and wall which must have been fair thick with dust before that damned woman came butting in and cleaned the whole place up. Why, the housemaid who's supposed to turn the room out every week as good as admitted to me last night, when I had a word with her alone, that she never swept it. . . . That Mrs Barleston would have had that corner brushed out if she had noticed it. By the Lord Harry, if I could have been in here at this time yesterday! I bet the place was fair stiff with tracks for anybody with eyes to see them!"

"These wouldn't be the lady's prints, would they, sir?" asked Smith, who had been peering into the dusty corner.

"Too large; besides, the heel marks are to the wall." He swung round fiercely on his aide. "And tell me what you think she was doing behind that screen?" he demanded. "Playing puss in the corner. . . . Blast it, look at the size of the prints! Can't you see it's a man? Here"—he pointed to the screen—"open it out!" Smith obeyed. "It covers you all right. What height are you? Five foot nine?"

"Five foot seven and a half in me socks, sir!"

Manderton moved forward to the screen and drew it about him.

"I can see the top of your 'ead, sir," said Smith.

"Six foot, I am," the inspector remarked. "Still, that don't prove anything. . . . He might have crouched down. There's plenty room enough behind there."

Smith jerked his head backward in the direction of the corner.

"That's the chap we're after, I s'pose, sir," he suggested.

"I reckon he is, Mr. Manderton retorted, "though he's left us little enough to go on. What with the crowd trampling all over the beach, and the rain sluicing away anything *they* missed, and this blasted woman with her mop, I'd like to know how the chief expects me to make a job of it! Not that there aren't one or two traces left about the place just the same. . . ."

He glared gloomily at his assistant.

"Somebody was in this room Friday night," he said. "Stanismore for one. Leastwise, I've picked up the track of his rubber soles on the step outside. I spotted a print there yesterday, pointing away from the tower it was. Just now I located a second print, turned toward the door this time, and I've identified 'em both by the shoes that Stanismore was wearing. And if I'm not mistaken, I've got in my pocket the butt of the cigar he threw away on the path below. Our friend behind the screen was here too, if those footprints behind the screen mean anything. And *he* left a heel mark on the doorstep which I'll take a small shade of odds is identical with those prints in the corner. He was smoking too; at least yesterday I picked up out of the grate a fag which hasn't been lying around here since the poor young lady died, I'll warrant."

"Ah!" Smith remarked, "and who would it be, sir?"

"Ah!" retorted Mr. Manderton, "who?"

HIS myrmidon scratched his head. Then, with a significant expression, he fixed his eye on the inspector. "Well," he observed evenly, "it worn't done in 'ere!"

"No, nor yet on the beach," Mr Manderton retorted sharply. "I don't care anything about where it wasn't done, my man. What we've got to find out is where it *was* done."

"That's right," agreed his assistant cheerfully. And if you'll kindly step out with me, I think I can show you something as will interest you. . . ."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Manderton slowly. Then he snatched up his bag. "Lead on," he ordered.

As he hurried out after Smith one of his legs caught the table cover. Stopping to adjust the cloth, which was slipping to the ground, he noticed a yellowish smear on its faded red pile. It was a ragged patch of candle grease, rounded on the inside as though it had dripped from a guttering candle and coagulated on the cloth about the base of the candlestick. The cover being too large for the table, the side marked with the grease had apparently worked its way down out of sight.

The detective's eye flashed to the candlesticks in their place on the high mantelpiece and from them back to the yellow stain. Suddenly his face became scarlet. His mouth closed with a snap, and his lower lip pouted like a sulky child's. He picked up his bag once more and fairly stormed out of the tower, slamming and locking the door behind him.

Smith was waiting for him at the end of the path and on his appearance forthwith started up the mossy walk leading in the direction of Node House.

Continued on page 115



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Can You Make a Good Cake?

MANY women worry about cake-making, which is really one of the least difficult of cooking processes. If a few principles are kept in mind, one need never fear a failure. Only good ingredients should be used. This does not necessarily mean extravagance. Here, more than in any other branch of cooking, is careful measuring absolutely essential. Only in this way can one be sure of success. Of course, many older cooks say they never measure things, they have not time to be bothered. Actually they do measure fairly accurately with their eyes and fingers, when making the things they bake so very, very often. And not always are they equally successful with the results. Careful attention must be paid to the oven heat. Thorough creaming and beating, and sifting of dry ingredients are important.

No longer do we look on cake as something "extra" for special occasions, to top off an already adequate meal, but plan for it to fill a definite place in the days' food requirements. It is a legitimate way of satisfying the craving for sweets, when so used. There is no reason why the children who are old enough, should not have a reasonable amount at meal time, if it is neither too fresh nor rich. Plain cakes, made of good butter, flour, milk, sugar, and eggs, are excellent, wholesome, delicious food. On a very hot day, a piece of sponge, or angel cake, which contains such a large proportion of egg, might be used as a goodly part of the protein for that meal.

Cakes are of two types—

Sponge Cakes

These contain no liquid except the eggs and flavouring, and no leavening agent except the air beaten in with the eggs. No fat is used.

Varieties

A True Sponge Cake, which contains egg whites and yolks in equal proportions.

Sunshine Cake has a larger proportion of egg whites than of egg yolks.

Angel Cakes have only egg whites, no egg yolks. As there is more water in the whites than in the yolks, a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar instead of lemon juice, is used for flavor, and tenderness.

Lady Fingers are small cakes made of a batter much like Sunshine Cake mixture.

Combining Sponge Cake Mixtures

As Sponge Cake Mixtures are "raised" by the air beaten in with the egg whites, the other ingredients are added first, the stiffly-beaten whites folded in last.

Baking

For the same reason, cakes of the sponge type are baked in a slow oven, to allow the air to expand.

Cheap Sponge Cake may be made by omitting part of the eggs, and substituting, for each egg left out, two tablespoons of water and one-half teaspoon of baking powder. One may omit in this manner, any number of eggs up to one-half of the number which the recipe calls for.

Butter Cakes

Butter Cakes are those which contain, in addition to the flour, eggs, and sugar, a liquid, a fat and a leavening agent, such as baking powder or soda, and an acid. The proportions of the ingredients vary according to the sweetness, texture, and richness of the cake.

Several flavors may be used. Various fruits, nuts, spices, etc., may be added.

The Ingredients

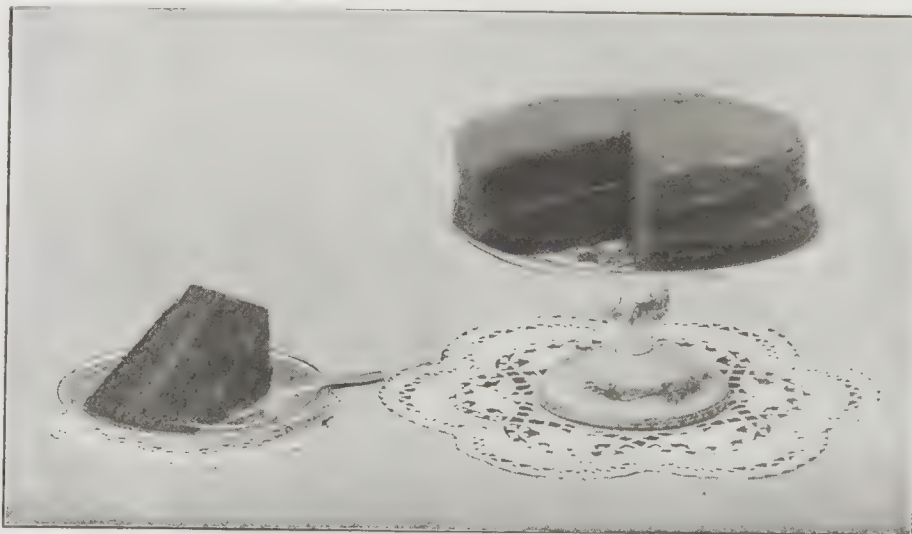
The liquid is usually either milk or water. Milk

makes a more nourishing cake, and one which does not dry out so rapidly. Fruit juices may also be used.

The Fat is butter, cream, lard, chicken fat, or some vegetable oil. As fat is liquid when heated in the oven, as it is increased in the recipe, the other liquid is decreased.

Sugar; either granulated or brown, is the most common sweetener, but molasses, syrup, or honey are also used. A little less liquid and more baking powder are required than when all sugar is used.

The number of Eggs called for usually varies from one to four. Two egg whites or two egg yolks are equal to one whole egg.



Devil's Food

The Flour is important. A starchy flour made from winter wheat gives better results than bread flour. We prefer a tender fine-grained cake rather than one which is "bread-y." The flour should be sifted before measuring, as it packs down, and if not sifted, we probably use more than we should. Good results may be obtained with bread flour, if, after sifting and measuring, two level tablespoons are taken from each cup of flour. Some people then like to add an equal amount of cornstarch to replace the flour. If by chance a recipe calls for bread flour and one is using pastry flour, two tablespoons extra should be used to each cup.

Leavening Agents—Baking powder, or soda, and cream of tartar, are usually used, unless one is using sour milk or buttermilk as the acid. If one prefers to use cream of tartar and soda in any recipe which calls for baking powder, half as much cream of tartar as baking powder should be used, and half as much soda as cream of tartar.

Mixing the Cake

The usual method is to sift together the dry ingredients, preferably three or four times, and have ready in a bowl. Cream the fat very thoroughly, add the sugar and continue to cream. If the sugar is very fine, and the more creaming one does, the finer will be the grain of the cake. But this takes more time than many women feel justified in spending. One must decide which is more valuable, her time and energy, or a perfect cake. Most of us would rather save time and have a cake which is just good, rather than super-excellent. Add the beaten egg-yolks, then a little of the liquid, then a little flour. Alternate the liquid and flour, so that at no time will the batter be too thin nor too thick. When this, and the flavoring and any fruits or nuts are added, and the batter is well-beaten, the stiffly-beaten egg-whites are folded in, and the cake put at once into the oven.

The pans should be prepared before starting to mix the cake. Vegetable oils are less liable to scorch

than butter, if used to grease the pans. Paper, put in the bottom of a pan, greased then floured, is a good plan to follow, as it also prevents scorching. Most cake mixtures may be baked in any kind of pan, a flat one, a deep narrow loaf pan, layer cake tins, muffin tins, etc.

The baking of cake is the most important part of the process. The time required should be divided into quarters. During the first quarter the cake begins to rise; during the second quarter, it continues to rise and begins to brown; during the third quarter it continues to brown; and in the last quarter, it finishes baking and shrinks from the pan. An oven thermometer is valuable in regulating the temperature. This should not be confused with the heat indicators on some oven doors.

Oven Registrations:

Slow Oven.....250-300° F.

Moderate Oven...350-375° F.

Hot Oven.....400-450° F.

Very Hot Oven....500-550° F.

If one does not have a thermometer, a little dry flour may be put on a pan, or a piece of white letter paper used. The flour will brown in a hot oven in two minutes, in a moderate oven in three minutes, and in a slow oven in five minutes.

When a cake is done, the sides shrink from the pan, a tooth-pick or clean straw inserted in the middle comes out clean and dry, and if lightly pressed with the finger, the cake springs back again at once. It should be inverted on a cake-cooler, and allowed to drop out of the pan from its own weight. It is as well to avoid having a draft blow on the cake while hot, or it may fall. If cakes are frosted, with

boiled frosting, it does not matter whether they are cold or warm, but for an uncooked frosting, the cake should be cold.

The Reasons for Some Failures:

Using ordinary tea cups instead of regular standard sized cups for measuring, and guessing at the various ingredients. Too much baking powder makes it coarse and porous. Too much sugar makes it heavy, with a hard sugary edge. Too much shortening makes the cake heavy and dense.

When the oven is too slow, the cake runs over the side of the pan, and is coarse and loose in texture.

Too hot an oven forms a hard crust before the cake has time to rise, which causes it to split, and bulge out over the top making an ugly shaped cake.

Too thick a batter causes the cake to crack on top, and makes it hard and dry. If the batter is too thin, it runs over the sides, or falls in the middle, making a heavy crumbly cake.

Too slow baking or too deep a pan often makes a heavy, doughy streak near the bottom of the cake.

With a standard cake recipe, an infinite variety of cakes may be made.

Plain Standard Cake

Shortening, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.

Egg Whites, 2.

Milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Baking Powder, $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Sugar, 1 c.

Egg Yolks, 2.

Flour (pastry), $2\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Flavoring, 1t.

Mix according to the directions for butter cakes.

Variations

Bake in two layer-cake pans, and put together with any desired filling, and frost. About 15 minutes will be required.

Bake in twelve ordinary sized muffin pans or in twice as many very tiny muffin tins. Ice and, if wished, decorate the tops with halves of walnut meats, sprinkle with cocoanut or with tiny colored candies, or with dried fruits, such as a strip of dates or clustered raisins, or a design of slices of candied peel. About

Continued on page 88

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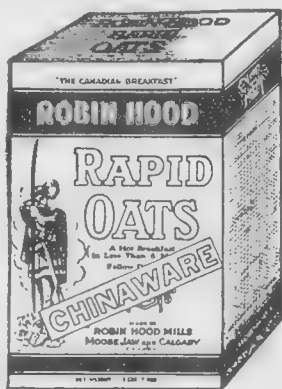
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Continued from page 87

fifteen to eighteen minutes will be long enough for baking. If the pans must be used more than once, the labor of washing them may be avoided by scraping out any crumbs that stick, with a spatula, while the pans are still warm, greasing and filling again. The crumbs come out as readily as if the pans were washed.

Bake in a loaf cake pan.

Reserve 2 tb. of the flour and stir into 1 c. of seedless raisins, and add to the batter before folding in the egg-whites.

Add 1 c. of grated cocoanut to the batter.

Add $\frac{3}{4}$ c. broken nut-meats to the batter.

Use four egg yolks instead of two whole eggs.

Use $\frac{3}{4}$ c. orange juice instead of milk, and a little grated orange rind for flavoring.

For a spice cake, use $\frac{1}{2}$ c. molasses, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. sugar, and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk or water instead of the 1 c. sugar and $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk, and add cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, to make a total of $\frac{3}{4}$ t.

Devil's Food

Part I

Chocolate, 4 squares
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sweet Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Yolk of 1 egg.

Part II

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sour Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Egg, 1.
Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Vanilla, 1 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Melt the chocolate in the double boiler, add the sugar, sweet milk and egg yolk, mix well and cook over hot water till thick. Set aside to cool while preparing Part II.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg (well-beaten, two yolks may be used in place of the whole egg), sour milk, and the flour, soda, and salt sifted together, stir in Part I, and the vanilla, and bake in a shallow pan. Frost with boiled frosting. For a specially nice cake, a date filling may be spread on top, covered with thick boiled frosting, then with a very thin layer of melted dipping chocolate. Chocolate frosting on a chocolate cake is rather too much of the same flavor at the one time.

Walnut Chocolate Cake

Cocoa, 4 tb.
Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg Yolks, 2.
Walnut Meats, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking Powder, $2\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Hot Water, 2 tb.
Vanilla, 1 t.
Sugar, 1 c.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg-yolks, the milk alternately with the sifted flour, salt, and baking powder, the cocoa mixed with the hot water, the vanilla and broken nut meats. Bake in a shallow pan, cover with white frosting, and arrange halves of walnuts on top.

Silver Cake

Butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar, 2 c.
Pastry Flour, 2 c.
Baking Powder, 4 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg Whites, 8.
Almond Extract, 1 t.

Follow the directions for butter cake.

Plain White Cake

Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Egg Whites, 2.
Milk, 1 c.
Flour, 2 c.
Baking Powder, 2 t.
Vanilla, 1 t.

This recipe makes thirty-two little cakes in very tiny muffin tins, for teas, etc.

Separate the batter into two equal parts. Color one-half of it a dainty pink, and make a marble cake in a deep loaf pan by alternating the white and pink spoon-fuls of batter. Sprinkle with cocoanut and bake. One half of the batter may be made dark with chocolate melted and mixed with a little hot water.

Honey Cake

Honey, 1 c.
Butter, 1 tb.
Egg, 1.
Milk, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Flour, 2 c.
Cinnamon, $\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ t.
Chopped Fruit, 1 c.

Cream the butter, honey and add the beaten egg. Add the milk alternately with the sifted flour, soda, salt, and spices,

reserving two or three tablespoons to mix with the dried fruit, which may be dates, raisins, or figs. Bake in a loaf pan.

Seed Cake

To a plain cake batter add 1 t. of caraway seeds, and bake in a round loaf pan. Do not frost. A little more shortening may be used than in other plain cakes.

Mocha Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Coffee infusion $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour $1\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Baking powder 2 t.
Egg-whites 2
Walnut meats $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Mix like any butter cake.

Citron Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Eggs 3.
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour 2 c.
Orange juice 1 tb.
Candied citron peel 1 c.
Baking powder 2 t.

Cream the butter, add the sugar, the beaten egg-yolks, and milk alternately with the sifted flour and baking powder fold in the beaten egg whites, the orange juice and the citron which has been cut in thin slices, then in strips, and dredged in a tablespoon of the flour.

Pound Cake

Butter 1 c.
Sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Eggs 5.
Flour 2 c.
Mace $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Use a round deep pan, buttered and floured. Cream the butter very thoroughly, add the sugar, and continue creaming. Add each egg, unbeaten, one at a time, stirring the mixture each time till the egg is thoroughly blended in, then mix in the flour and mace sifted together, and bake at once in a slow oven, for an hour or longer. Some people use the hand to do the mixing. The cake should have a velvety, close texture, neither porous nor soggy, nor with any streaks through it. It is not frosted.

Spanish Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Egg yolks 2.
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour $1\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Baking powder 2 t.
Cinnamon 1 t.
Egg whites 2.

Follow the directions for butter cakes, and frost with a caramel frosting, made of $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk or thin cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. butter (omit the butter is using cream), cook in a saucepan to the soft ball stage, add vanilla and beat till smooth enough to spread.

Currant Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Egg yolks 3.
Currants 1 c.
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour 2 c.
Baking powder 2 t.
Egg whites 3.

Reserve 1 tb. of the flour to mix with the currants. This cake does not need frosting.

Almond Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar 1 c.
Egg yolks 3.
Water (cold) $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour 2 c.
Baking powder 3 t.
Egg whites 3.
Almonds, shelled $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Mix like any butter cake, and after putting the batter in the pan, sprinkle with the almonds which have been blanched and shredded, and with 2 tb. powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 or 45 minutes.

Sour Cream Cake

Sugar 1 c.
Flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Baking powder $1\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Soda $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Vanilla 1 t.

Sour Cream

Sift the sugar, flour, salt, soda and baking powder together into a mixing bowl. Break the eggs into a measuring cup and fill up the cup with sour cream. Beat enough to blend well, and add carefully to the dry ingredients. Beat hard for at least one minute, and bake.

Sponge Cake

Egg yolks 6.
Sugar 1 c.
Lemon juice 1 tb.
Eggwhites 6.
Grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.
Flour 1 c.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Beat the yolks till quite thick, add the sugar and continue beating. Add the lemon juice, and rind and fold in the

stiffly beaten whites, and the flour sifted with the salt. Bake in a slow oven, in a narrow deep loaf pan or tube cake pan.

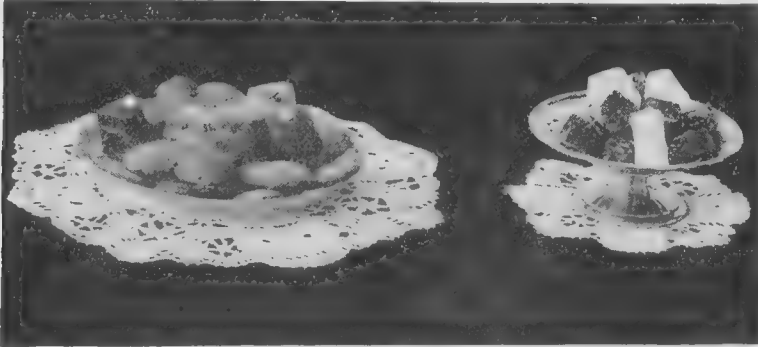
Sponge Drops

Whites of eggs 3. Flour $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Powder sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Egg-yolks 2. Vanilla $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Beat the egg whites till very stiff. Fold in the powdered sugar, then the well beaten egg yolks, the vanilla, and the sifted flour and salt. Drop by spoonfuls on unbuttered paper on a flat pan, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven. It will take about eight minutes. These are delicious served with ice cream.

Angel Cake

Egg whites 1 c. Flour 1 c.
Sugar 1 c. Cream of tartar $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Flavoring 1 t.



Dainty sweet morsels for any occasion

Sift the flour 4 times, and the fine granulated sugar at least once. Beat the egg whites on a platter with a wire egg beater till foamy. Add the cream of tartar and continue beating till stiff. Fold in the sugar a tablespoonful at a time, then the flavoring and flour a little at a time. Some people add the salt to the egg yolks before beating, others have better success when sifting the salt with the flour. Vanilla and almond extract, or vanilla and lemon extract are satisfactory flavors. Bake in an unbuttered angel cake pan in a slow oven for 50 to 60 minutes. After it has risen it may be covered with buttered paper if there is danger of it becoming too brown.

Sunshine Cake

Egg whites 10. Flavoring 1 t.
Granulated sugar 1 c. Flour 1 c.
Egg yolks 6. Cream of tartar 1 t.

Sift the flour and cream of tartar together. Make according to the method for sponge drops and bake in an angel cake pan, in a moderate oven for about 50 minutes.

Jelly Roll

Eggs 3. Flour 1 c.
Sugar 1 c. Baking powder 1 t.
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted butter 1 lb.

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, milk, flour salt and baking powder sifted together, then the melted butter. Pour into a dripping pan, lined with greased paper. Spread the batter evenly over the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven about 12 minutes. Turn at once on a paper sprinkled with powdered sugar. Remove the paper from the bottom, cut off a strip from the edges, spread with jelly and roll. Roll the paper around the cake to keep it in shape. If the work is not done rapidly enough to do it before the cake cools, it will crack when rolled. Marshmallow filling may be used in place of jelly.

CAKE FILLING AND FROSTINGS

Uncooked Cocoanut Frosting

Mix 1 egg white with 2 tb. cream or rich milk, add 1 c. powdered sugar and beat till smooth. 1 t. flavoring, and enough more sugar to make a thick creamy frosting. Spread on the cake, and sprinkle with shredded cocoanut, and if wished, decorate with candied cherries.

Strawberry Cream Filling

Cream 1 c. Sugar 3-4 tb.
Egg white 1. Berries (mashed) $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Whip the cream, fold in the sugar and stiffly beaten egg white, and the crushed berries.

Raisin Filling

Water $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Raisins (or figs) $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Lemon juice 1 t.
Flour 1 tb.

Mix the sugar and flour, pour on the hot water and cook with the raisins till

thick, add the lemon juice, cool and spread between layers of cake.

Orange Filling

Butter 1 tb. Flour 2 tb.
Powdered sugar 2 tb.
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg yolk 1.
Grated orange rind 1 t.
Orange juice 4 tb. Lemon juice 1 t.

Mix the flour and sugar, egg yolk, orange rind and juice and lemon juice and cook over hot water till thick. Cream very thoroughly the butter and powdered sugar, combine the two mixtures, cool and put between cake layers.

Orange Filling 2

Scalded milk 2 c. Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Egg 1. Cornstarch 3 tb.

Orange juice 4 tb. Grated orange rind 1 t.
Mix the sugar and cornstarch, add the hot milk, stir till dissolved, pour on the

beaten egg, cook till thick, add the orange rind and juice, and a little salt if needed. Cool and spread on cake.

Orange Frosting

Mix together the grated rind of an orange, 1 tb. of orange juice, 1 t. of lemon juice, and the yolk of an egg. Beat in enough powdered sugar to spread on the cake.

Mocha Frosting

Butter 4 tb. Cocoa 2 tb.
Powdered sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Coffee infusion 2 tb.
Whipped cream 1 c.

Cream the butter. Cream in part of the sugar, then the dry cocoa and very strong coffee alternately with the rest of the sugar. Fold in the whipped cream, taking care not to use enough to make the frosting "runny".

Nut Filling

Brown sugar 2 c. Milk $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Nutmeats, chopped 1 c.

Boil the milk and sugar to the soft ball stage, remove from the fire add the nuts and any desired flavor, and beat till it begins to thicken. Use with caramel frosting.

Caramel Frosting 2

Brown sugar $1\frac{1}{4}$ c. Egg whites 2.
White sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Water $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Vanilla 1 t. Walnut meats $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Boil the sugar and water, without stirring, till it threads from a fork. Pour while beating on the stiffly beaten egg whites, and beat till almost cold. Set over boiling water on the stove and cook, while stirring, till it begins to granulate around the edges of the dish. Remove from the fire and beat till it no longer "runs", add the nuts and vanilla and spread on the cake.

Lemon Filling

Sugar 1 c. Lemon juice 4 tb.
Flour $2\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Egg 1.
Butter 1 t. Grated lemon rind 1 t.

Mix all together and cook over hot water till thick. Cool before spreading.

Cream Filling

Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Scalded milk 2 c.
Flour 4 tb. Salt to taste.
Eggs 2. Vanilla 1 t.

Mix the sugar and flour and the slightly beaten eggs, pour on the hot milk, return to the double boiler, and cook till thick, stirring continually. Cool and add the vanilla.

Chocolate Filling

To the recipe for cream filling add chocolate to taste, melted over hot water; one square or a little more.

Date Filling

Dates chopped $\frac{1}{2}$ Boiling water $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Sugar $\frac{1}{3}$ c. Lemon juice 2 t.

Mix and cook till thick enough to spread. *Continued on page 90*



These FOUR delicious dishes can all be made from **ONE** package of Knox Gelatine

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[1] BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING (6 Servings)

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice. 3 cups milk. 1 cup brown sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls butter.

Wash the rice and cook it until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups milk scalded and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls butter until it gets very dark brown but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak the gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve it in one cup hot milk. Strain this into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

[2] TOMATO JELLY (6 Servings)

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. 1 tablespoonful onion juice.
2 cups tomatoes. Stalk celery.
Few grains cayenne. Few grains salt.
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

Tomato Jelly Perfection: When Tomato Jelly begins to stiffen, add one cup shredded cabbage, one-half cup chopped celery and one-half green pepper or pimento, finely chopped. Turn into wet, individual molds.

Favorite Salad: When Tomato Jelly begins to stiffen, add one-half cup chopped celery and one-half cup blanched and chopped almonds. Turn into wet, individual molds.

[3] FRUIT WHIP (6 Servings)

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. 1 cup fruit juice.
1 tablespoonful lemon juice. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.
1 cup fruit, cut in small pieces.
Whites 2 eggs. Few grains salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in hot fruit juice (canned pineapple, cherries, raspberries, or any fresh fruit or combination of fruit juices). Add sugar, lemon juice and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit cut in small pieces and drained. Beat, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold or pile in glasses and garnish with whipped cream and pieces of fruit.

[4] SALAD-DESSERT

(A Double-Course Dish for Six Servings)

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
4 tablespoonfuls cold water. 1 tablespoonful butter.
Yolks of two eggs. 3 tablespoonfuls sugar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika.
Few grains cayenne. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice.
1 cup prepared fruit (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears, etc.)
1 cup heavy cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine, and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Stir occasionally while cooling. When beginning to set, whip and fold in whipped cream and fruit cut in small pieces. Turn into wet mold. When firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which a few spoonfuls of whipped cream or a beaten egg white has been added. Mold may be tightly sealed and packed in ice and salt if a frozen salad is desired.

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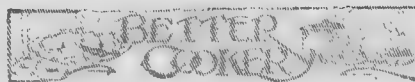
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W.K. Kellogg
Kellogg's
CORN
FLAKES



Continued from page 89

Plain Frosting

White of 1 egg Flavoring 1 t.
Cold water 2 t. Powdered sugar.
Beat the egg white, add the water, vanilla, and enough sugar to make it of the right consistency to spread.

Chocolate Frosting

Melt chocolate creams with soft centers, over hot water, beat well, and spread on the cake. A mixture of flavors is as good as those of only one flavor.

Seven Minute Frosting

Granulated sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Water 3 tb.
Egg white 1. Vanilla 1 t.
Put the unbeaten egg white, water and sugar in the upper part of the double boiler, and set on the stove over hot water. Beat with the double boiler for seven minutes, flavor and spread on the cake.

Chocolate Frosting 2

To seven minute frosting add 1 square of melted unsweetened chocolate.

Caramel Frosting 3

In seven minute frosting use 1 cup of brown sugar instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ c. white sugar.

Maple Frosting

Use maple sugar in seven minute frosting recipe.

Marshmallow Frosting

To seven minute frosting add 12 marshmallows cut in pieces.

Marmalades and Jams

MAKING marmalades and jams in the spring time has the very big advantage of being done when it is pleasant to be in the warm kitchen, instead of in the boiling weather of August and September. Since there has come on the market, a pure pectin to use in jelly-making, the labor has been reduced to a mere fraction of what it was formerly. With the pectin comes a little book of recipes, which it is wise to follow. From it many delicious jellies and jams may be made. Many people think these jams take so much more sugar, but there is a far larger amount of finished product from the same amount of fruit. If one makes a careful record of all costs and counts the number of glasses made by a recipe without pectin and compares it with the supply made with pectin, the cost per glass will be found to be just about the same. The shorter cooking time needed with the pectin gives a result with more of the natural fruit flavor. A number of delicious jams may be made with the dried fruits, soaked and cooked, such as dried apricot and pineapple, canned strawberries, apricots, apple, cherries, peaches, plums. The juice may be drained from the canned fruit, and made into jelly, the fruit crushed and made into jam. Delicious grape jelly may be made from bottled grape juice.

Apple Tomato Marmalade

Apple pulp 6 c. Tomato juice 4 c.
Sugar 6 c. Spices to taste.
Lemon juice 2 tb.

Cook the apples as for jelly. When soft rub through a coarse strainer to remove the seeds, core and skins. To 6 c. of the pulp add 1 can of tomatoes, strained, the sugar, and spices, either the whole spices tied in a bag, or the oils. Cinnamon and cloves are suggested. Simmer till thick, about 30 or 40 minutes, remove the spice bag, add the lemon juice, and seal in jars. This is especially good with cold meats.

Orange-Apple Marmalade

Oranges 1 doz. large. Water 6 c.
Apple pulp 6 c. Sugar.
Juice of 4 lemons.

Slice the oranges as thinly as possible. Cover with the water and let stand 24 hours. Simmer till the oranges are tender, in this water. Add the apple pulp, made by paring and coring and slicing the apples, then cooking till tender, and mashing, or by washing, cutting up and cooking the apples without paring or coring, then rubbing through a sieve. Measure and add as much sugar as there is fruit and juice mixture, and simmer till thick. When nearly done, add the juice of the lemons. This is a milder marmalade than when made with oranges alone.

Continued on page 91



For salads that tease and please

SERVED on a crisp lettuce leaf with cream or mayonnaise dressing, an aspic of tuna fish or salmon, diced chicken or shredded veal, tomato, pear, apple, peas, peppers or sliced cucumber, makes a salad that is impossible to resist. And for such delightful salads there is nothing so sure, so pure, so nourishing and satisfactory as Cox's Gelatine.

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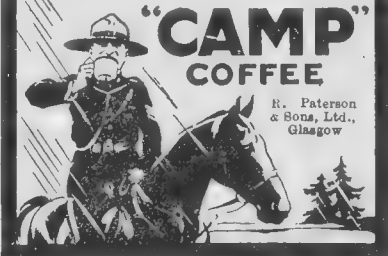
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Continued from page 90

Orange Marmalade

Oranges 1 doz. Lemons 6.
Water 6 qts. Sugar.

Slice the oranges and lemons as thinly as possible. Cover with the water and let stand 24 hours. Bring to the boiling point and cook 15 minutes. Let stand another 24 hours. To every pint of fruit and water add 1 pint of sugar, and simmer till thick, (30 Minutes or longer.) Pour into jelly glasses, and when set, cover with melted paraffin.

Cranberry Conserve

Cranberries 1 qt. Water to cover.
Sugar. Oranges 3.
Raisins 1 c.

Slice the oranges very thinly. Cook with the cranberries till the berries break and the oranges are tender. Measure and add an equal amount of sugar. Simmer till thick, adding the raisins when partly done.

Dried Fruit Marmalade

Dried apricots, prunes of peaches 2 c.
Water 3 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Raisins 1 to 2 c. Sugar 2 c.

Soak the fruit after washing it, in the water for some hours. Skim from the water and chop the fruit, then return to the water, and simmer till partly tender. Add the sugar and salt, then the raisins, and cook carefully till thick. It is apt to burn unless cooked in a double boiler or on an asbestos mat.

Spiced Cranberry Relish

Cranberries 1 qt. Raisins 4 c.
Oranges 4. Vinegar 1 c.
Brown sugar 4 c. Spices 2 t.

Grate the rind from the oranges, peel, cut the pulp in small pieces. Add 1 c. water, the vinegar, (diluted if very strong) sugar and orange pulp to the cranberries, and cook slowly 10 minutes. Add the raisins and spices, any that are liked, and cook till thick.

Composite Conserve

Dried apricots 2 c. Raisins 2 c.
Layer figs 1 c. Water 1 qt.
Dates 1 c. Brown sugar 2 c.
Lemons juice of 2.

Wash the fruits, and cut in pieces. Cover with the cold water and soak overnight. Add the sugar and lemon juice, and cook slowly till thick.

Plum Conserve

Canned plums 6 c. Raisins 2 c.
Plum juice 3 c. Sugar $3\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cut the plums in pieces, add the raisins, sugar and juice and simmer slowly till thick.

Spiced Prunes

Prunes 1 c. Vinegar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Raisins 1 c. Water 2c.
Spices 2 t. (cinnamon, cloves, allspice,)
Chopped nut meats $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Brown sugar 1 c.

Soak the washed prunes and raisins in the water over night. Cook till tender, remove the pits from the prunes, and cut in pieces. Add the sugar, spices, and vinegar, (diluted if necessary) and simmer till thick. Add the nut meats a minute or so before taking from the fire.

A FEW WAYS OF USING RICE**Curried Rice**

Cut chicken or tougher pieces of beef in pieces suitable for serving, and stew till tender. Remove to the center of a large platter and surround with a border of boiled rice. Thicken and season the gravy in which the meat was cooked and add 1ts. or a little more of curry powder, and pour over the meat and rice on the platter, and serve at once.

Rice Pancakes

To a little left-over boiled rice add egg and milk, etc., making the pancakes according to any favorite recipe, but substituting the rice for part of the flour. The grains of rice give them a pleasant texture, and the pancakes are more easily digested than when made with flour alone.

Rice and Meat

Cooked rice 4 c. Meat cut in cubes 2 c.
Fat 1 tb. Tomato 2 c.
Onion 1. Salt and pepper.
Butter.

Cook the onion, cut in small pieces, in the fat till yellow, add the tomato and any cooked, left over meat, season with salt and pepper. Put a layer of rice in a buttered bake dish, then the meat and gravy, and cover with the remainder of the rice, dot with butter and put in the oven till thoroughly heated. Uncooked chopped meat could be used, if cooked with the onion and tomato till browned.

Rice or Macaroni and Cheese

Make a white sauce of milk, 2 c. fat 2 tb. flour 4 tb. salt 1 t. mustard $\frac{1}{4}$ t. In it dissolve the desired amount of cheese. In a buttered baking dish, put a layer of boiled rice, or macaroni, a layer of the sauce, and repeat till they are both used. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the top is brown.

Rice-Fish Cakes

To 1 c. cooked rice add 1 egg, a little salt and pepper if needed, and 1 c. or less of salmon, flaked. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased frying pan and brown on both sides.

Salmon-Rice Surprise

Line a bowl with a layer of hot boiled rice. In it put canned salmon, flaked. Cover the top of the salmon with a layer of rice. Set in a steamer, covering the bowl with waxed paper. When ready to serve, turn on a platter, and surround with tomato sauce.

Rice-Meat Croquettes

Rice, boiled 1 c. Eggs 2.
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter 1 tb.
Chopped cooked meat 1 c.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Scald the milk, add the rice, meat, and seasonings. When it reaches the boiling point, add the beaten eggs, after reserving the white of one of them unbeaten, and stir well. Cool then shape in croquettes, either balls, flatround ones, or cylindrical, dip in the egg white and cracker or fine bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat or brown in the oven, or the frying pan.

Italian Rice

Make a sauce of 2 c. tomatoes, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Heat till the cheese is melted, add 4 c. boiled rice, and if one wishes, a little chopped pimiento. Mix well and pour into a baking dish, and bake till thoroughly hot.

Spanish Rice

Make a tomato sauce, and to it add a chopped green pepper, either fresh or canned. A little cooked chopped meat may be added if one likes it. Put alternate layers of cooked rice and tomato sauce in a buttered bake dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Macaroni

Macaroni boiled in salted water may be used in any rice recipe.

Macaroni and Oysters

In a buttered bake dish put a layer of cooked macaroni. On it put a layer of oysters which have been carefully picked over and drained. Season highly with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Cover with a second layer of macaroni, cover with buttered crumbs, and moisten with rich milk or thin sauce, and brown in the oven.

Boston Brown Bread

Corn meal 2 c. Molasses 1 c.
Graham flour 2 c. Salt 2 t.
Sour milk 1 qt. Soda 1 tb.
Flour 2 c. (white, whole wheat or rye).
Raisins 1 c. or more.

Sweet milk may be used if $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. of cream of tartar is added. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the milk and molasses and raisins and beat thoroughly. Fill well-greased molds $\frac{2}{3}$ full, cover and

Continued on page 92

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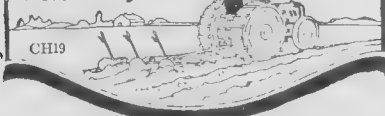


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fresh mint leaves

After Every Meal



Continued from page 91

steam $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Baking powder cans with their lids are excellent molds. Set the cans on a false bottom in a large kettle with a tight cover, and have the boiling water coming about half way up on the cans. A large covered roaster is good. To reheat, set the covered cans in a kettle of boiling water for a least half an hour. Cold, and cut in thin slices, this brown bread makes delicious sandwiches, spread with butter and cream cheese, or with butter alone.

WAYS WITH RAISINS

By Barbara Brooks

SO many recipes can be dressed up by the addition of raisins that it seems unnecessary to mention the fact here. However, it has been our experience that homemakers can always learn something from each other and enjoy an exchange of ideas, so we dare to tell some of our ways of using this versatile fruit.

First of all there is the old-fashioned creamy rice pudding. Raisins add both color and flavor to a white dessert. But do not put the raisins in until the last half hour of baking—otherwise the fruit acid may cause the milk to curdle. Next there is cornstarch pudding—dignified on menus by the words "Blanc Mange." If this dessert is sweetened with brown sugar instead of white and raisins added, it becomes a caramel fruit pudding which makes a pleasant change from the usual recipe.

Gingerbread is made better by the addition of raisins. Below we are giving our favorite recipe for Bran Gingerbread with raisins.

Raisins may be added to cabbage or combined with apples and celery in a salad. They may be put in the centre of baked apples with sugar and cinnamon and sometimes nuts. They may be ground with other dried fruits and used for stuffing prunes or dates. And speaking of stuffing—raisins are often used for dressing for ducks.

In addition to these ways we put raisins in bran muffins, in spice cake and in yeast bread. The advantages are that raisins add variety to common foods and from a nutrition standpoint they furnish a wholesome sweetening together with minerals which are needed by our bodies.

Raisin Bran Gingerbread

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening	1 teaspoon soda.
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.	1 teaspoon ginger.
1 egg.	2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup all-bran.	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk.
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour.	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses.
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins.

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add the egg; beat well. Add the all-bran Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add them to the creamed mixture, alternately with the sour milk and molasses. Add raisins. Bake in a moderate oven (370 F.) from 30 to 40 minutes. Yield: 1 loaf.

Sultana Corn Flake Roll

1 cup sugar.	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
1 cup raisins.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lard.
1 cup flour	1 tablespoon butter.
1 cup corn flakes	
1 teaspoon baking powder	

Put raisins, sugar, corn flakes into saucepan, cover with water and cook slowly until the raisins are soft and the juice like syrup. Sift flour, salt and baking powder into mixing bowl, add lard, mixing with finger tips. Mix to a soft biscuit dough with cold water. Roll to one-fourth inch thickness, spread with raisins and corn flakes, and roll up, pressing the ends firmly together. Place in well buttered pan and pour the juice over, add butter, and one-half cup of cold water, and bake in hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream.

The Successful Sandwich

SANDWICHES!—there is hardly an hour during the day for which there is not an appropriate sandwich. Breakfast?—what is a scrambled or poached egg on toast but an open sandwich? Luncheon?—sandwiches, hot or cold, as an accompaniment to soup or salad, or as the main dish of the meal, are always enjoyed. Dinner?—a dessert of two pieces of sponge cake

with ice cream between forms a delicious sandwich.

Restaurants and lunch counters in all parts of the country are featuring toasted sandwiches and many of these can be made at home. They offer a variety of flavors and combinations made more appetizing by the use of a toaster.

The woman who is catering to fickle appetites of growing girls can slip many a nutritious morsel into a sandwich which will do its bit toward building health. Many young people do not care for carrots as such—but grated raw carrot mixed with chopped celery and salad dressing will be enjoyed as a sandwich filling.

You have all been reading about the value of liver in providing food iron. Someone sent us a recipe recently for a sandwich filling made from cooked chopped liver, all-bran and mayonnaise. We tried it and liked it—and served it to others.

There are several good commercial fillings on the market which can be kept on the pantry shelf. Dried fruits, lemon or orange juice possibly a few nut meats can be put through a food chopper and a sweet sandwich filling made in a few minutes. This may be prepared in quantities and kept in a bowl in the refrigerator. Another "ground" filling is made from American cheese, dried beef, tomatoes and seasoning.

There are hot sandwiches of all kinds beginning with the elaborate club type and ending with a creamed meat, fish or vegetable served between slices of bread or toast. The latter should be accompanied by celery, chopped cabbage, or some other regulating vegetable. Sandwiches made from rye, whole wheat or bran bread are becoming more and more popular. The dark breads have more flavor and furnish roughage.

Date-Cheese Sandwiches

Use equal amounts of dairy cheese and stoned dates. Chop fine, and rub to a paste with a little thick cream and a shake of powdered clove. Spread between lightly buttered graham or whole wheat bread.

Spring Breakfasts

SPRING breakfasts are always enjoyable. There are so many articles of food which we associate especially with this time of year. Nowadays in nearly all sections of the country, we have a wider selection of food than formerly, but we welcome rhubarb with the same enthusiasm. It is a real spring tonic—one of nature's gifts to people who are not always wise in their use of fruits and vegetables. If the rhubarb is scalded, it will require less sugar, but even so it needs a good deal of sweetening.

One way to cook rhubarb is to cut stalks of rhubarb in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces, place in baking dish, add 2 cups of sugar to 1 quart of rhubarb. Cover, let bake in moderate oven until rhubarb is tender and deep red in color.

Stewed rhubarb may be varied by combining it with prunes:
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes. 1 qt. sliced rhubarb.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

Stew prunes with sugar and mix with steamed rhubarb to which has been added 2 cups of sugar. Let cook together five minutes. Cool and serve.

Maple syrup is another welcome addition to the breakfast table at this season. Waffles or griddle cakes with maple syrup sound most appetizing, and for a change try the following recipes in which bran is used:

All-Bran Waffles

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour.	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup all-bran.
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.	1 egg.
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder	
4 tablespoons melted shortening	

Sift the flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder together; add the bran, the well beaten egg, milk, and melted shortening. Beat well and bake in hot waffle iron.

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A One Window Bed Room

By Marilla R. Whitmore

ONE window bed rooms are hard to make attractive but one which I recently saw deserves a description because it was so exceptionally dainty and homelike. It was a young girl's room, the window faced south making blue, a cool color, the one which predominated. It was papered in plain cream paper, with white enamel trim. The curtains were of cream colored marquisette with blue organdie bands at sides and bottom. The white enamel single bed covered with a spread of unbleached muslin with blue-bird applique. The floor was sufficiently covered with one oblong rug, crocheted in blue and white rags.

A dark one-windowed bed room, should be treated with yellow, to give an effect of sunshine and light. It might be treated in much the same manner, using a stencil design for the applique work and using orange and brown colors. The rug should be made of orange and brown rags, either crocheted or braided, with light yellow curtains and shades for side lights. The bed should be placed against the inner wall, with head nearest the window, so the morning light will be back of the sleeper and thus not be trying to the eyes. The best position for the bed is so the light will not shine in the face of the sleeper, thus providing the greatest amount of comfort and rest. On the other hand, the dressing table should be placed so as to get as much light from the window maybe the best possible location being between the windows, if one has them, as in this way the light is thrown where it is most effectual. Lighting fixtures should be placed at either side of the dressing table, and if electricity or gas is not available, a pair of tall candles in shades to match the room will prove a good substitute in lighting the mirror.

As so many poor floors are found in many of the old homes, perhaps a word on this subject may be helpful.

Many of the old floors were made of wide boards of hard wood, and these wide floor boards are being laid in many of the new homes built nowadays. In case

there are wide cracks they can be filled with putty, the floor painted and waxed, and rugs used the same as on the hardwood floors of narrow boards. However, if the old floors are too bad looking, a popular way to cover them up is to use a plain colored linoleum, and rugs spread over this. This is rather expensive treatment but the floor problem once solved in this way, remains solved for some time. Linoleum may be varnished, waxed or oiled, the same as a hard wood floor. Matting may also be used to cover a poor floor, but it is short lived and not very satisfactory as it fills up with dust and when a little worn and faded is very dingy looking, unless one is looking for an inexpensive and temporary arrangement until such a time as a good floor may be laid. For a bed room floor, where there is not much wear, a plain denim of heavy quality makes a good covering and can be supplemented with one or two small rugs where the most wear comes.

Curtain material for the bed room for both glass curtains and drapes, are many and varied. Many women prefer just one set of curtains for the bed room, and in this event, perhaps the most effective are the ruffled curtains of dotted Swiss, organdie voile or dimity. In fact any thin material makes a pretty and satisfactory bed room curtain. Checked gingham and English prints are also used, making a heavier curtain of no longer wearing quality than those of thinner material.

If drapes are used, any of the thin casement nets for glass curtains are suitable. Marquisette and organdie may also be used, allowed to hang in straight graceful folds. Theatrical or opera gauze is a comparatively new material, is a loose meshed scrim and comes in linen color with stripes or squares in colors.

For the drapes cretonnes are always good in bed rooms, also cotton poplin, plain or figured, Terry cloth, and of course there are any number of lovely bedroom draperies, both for window, bed and dresser, which come in beautiful silk materials.

Dig In

IN A bit of biography the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll tells how he became a journalist. The story is of special interest to all those who write. At the close of the brief sketch, however, he says something that ought to be of interest to every young person, no matter what his inclination is.

"One thing at least is certain. . . . Without work, and work carried to the point of sacrifice, they will accomplish nothing," he said. And while he was speaking of the preacher and the journalist, the statement applies to any trade or profession. "In journalism, the man who works with one hand is soon thrown out, and it is this much more than anything else that sifts the crowd of applicants. They are afraid of work."

Sir William went on to speak of some dear friends of his in the ministry. He recalled what one of these friends said concerning some young men whom he liked, "But," he summed up reflectively, "not one of them knew what work means."

"Oh, but I have genius!" someone remarks. Suppose you have; it will not do you any good unless you tame it and train it. Note what some of the greatest men have had to say about genius. Lord Macaulay, whose sentences read as if they had flowed from his pen, who wrote so many pages each day, who sometimes wrote on his histories for twelve hours at a sitting, said, "I have made myself what I am by intense labour." When Turner, the celebrated artist, was asked the secret of his tremendous success, he replied that he "had no secret but hard work." Byron said, "The only genius that I know anything of is to work sixteen hours a day." Dickens made a similar confession. "My imagination would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily toil," said he.

It is possible for anyone to be successful who really works. Hard work is the key that unlocks the door to success everywhere. If young men or young women, with or without wealth, know

what is good, they will not seek the place that is padded with pillows and cushions. Do not be afraid of getting your hands dirty. The dirt will wash off, but the moral stamina that you gain will be stored up in a worth-while character.

See what others have done, by hard work. A paper recently pointed out that in 1890 the world's greatest motor-car maker was working in a bicycle shop; America's steel king was stoking a blast furnace; the President of the United States was turning a printing press; an international banker was firing a locomotive; a great merchant was carrying a pack on his back; a railway manager was pounding a telegraph key. In 1950, what will be your record?

The answer depends upon the way in which you tackle your job today. It means that you must roll up your sleeves, and dig into the work. Day dreams, wishes, hopes will never be realized by merely waiting. Work while you wait, and make your wishes come true.

It was a hot day and the traffic policeman was having a busy time. In the midst of it he saw an elderly woman looking across at him, so he held up a bus, four cars, a motorcycle or two, and two loaded trucks. The woman sidled up to him and the officer bent his head to hear her request. "It's all right," she said. "I only thought you would like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favorite hymn."

Shall he be held the Richer of the Two
Whose Wealth is Great—or he whose
Wants are Few?

There is no use in worrying about what people think of you. Probably they do not.

Spare moments and fat years are nearly related.

"They Say" is passing by—
Own Brother to a Lie



**USE IT IN ALL
YOUR BAKING**

**PURITY
FLOUR**

"More Bread and Better Bread"
and Better Pastry too

89

It is Real Economy to buy—

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HIGH GRADE TEAS**

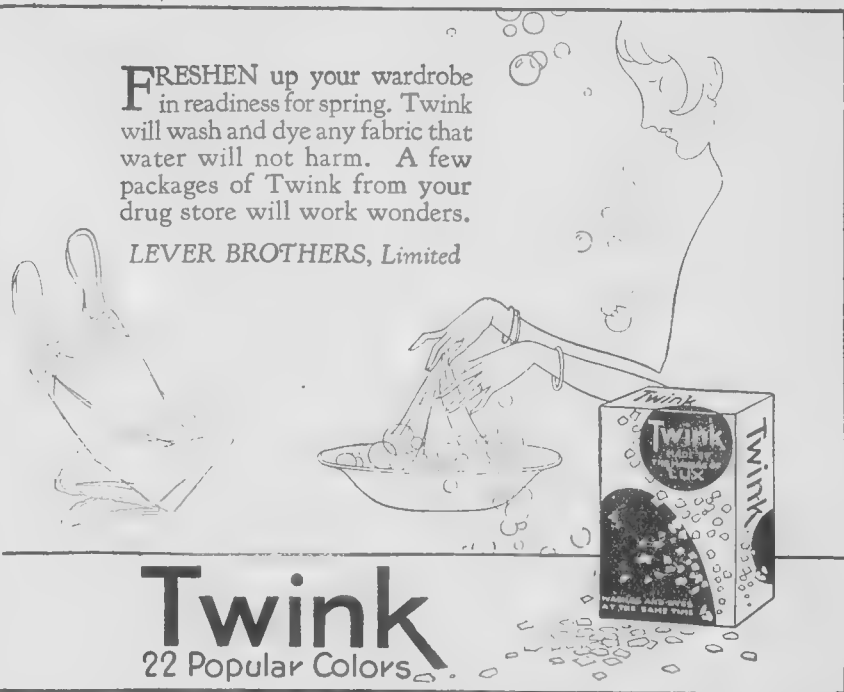
One pound of our tea brews over 250 cups,
because all the flavour of the growing leaf
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tight packages.



Sold only in quarter,
half and one pound
packages.



92



FRESHEN up your wardrobe
in readiness for spring. Twink
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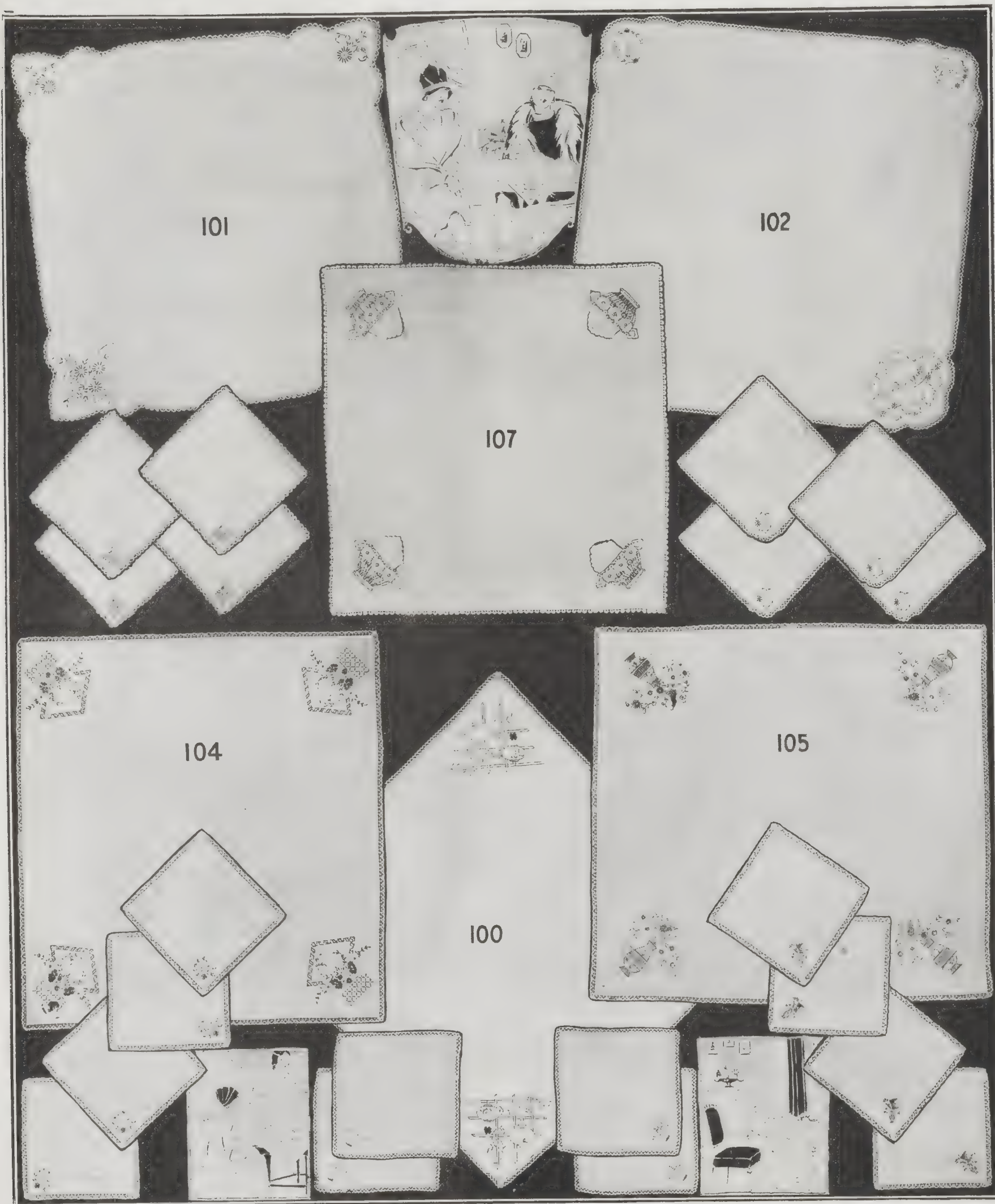
Spring Fashion Models

are now available to readers of The Western Home Monthly through our new Fashion Catalogue. Five hundred designs, patterned on the smartest selections from New York designers, will be of keen interest to every woman. There are also many new and practical patterns for misses', boys' and children's clothing, an extensive article on dressmaking and another on the simpler forms of embroidery, which makes this book indispensable to the woman who sews. Order your copy early.

Send Twenty Cents to
PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly
STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Hand Embroidery Decorates Luncheon Sets



Stamped Luncheon Sets, which include 1 36 inch cloth and 4 serviettes, shown above are among the season's newest and most distinctive. Material is a good quality unbleached cotton which will launder well. When finished as shown make

ideal shower or Xmas gifts or Bazaar items. Pocket Sets No. 107-104-105 are 69c and the plain sets 100-101-102 are 59c each. Instructions with each set, but price does not include silks or edging. Edging to complete each set 50c.

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Enjoy it now under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.

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Kotex Regular:
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Kotex-Super:
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Easy Disposal
and 2 other
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① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

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YOUR needs for dainty undergarments can be filled completely and economically from the extensive range of Stanfield's NOVASILK.

In style, these garments are the latest authentic creations. They are exquisitely beautiful in design and dainty finish, tailored by a firm that has been making fine underwear for nearly fifty years. The range of colors is complete. A dozen

bewitching new shades are offered for your selection.

Inquire about NOVASILK now. The prices are surprisingly low. Vests are priced from \$1.50 up. Bloomers and Chemises from \$2.50. Step-ins

from \$2.00, Costume Slips from \$3.50, Nightgowns and Pyjamas from \$4.00, Kimonas from \$4.50.

Made by Stanfield's Limited, Truro, Nova Scotia—makers of Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear for all the family.

Styles That Are Smart, Simple and Springlike

5774.—Cool and comfortable with short sleeves, and developed in pongee or linen, will this model be, and equally satisfactory in velveteen, jersey or flannel, with long sleeves for additional warmth.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the blazer, and 1 yard for the trousers in material 36 inches wide, if blazer is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5771.—Cotton print and linene are here combined. This design is also good for challie, gingham or voile.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 32 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on yoke bands, and cuffs.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5783.—Figured percale, foulard or gingham may be used for this design.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the apron for a medium size, and without contrasting material will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 inches wide. For facing of contrasting material on the pockets, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 7 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5779.—Percale, with linene for the pockets, is here shown. This style is also attractive in gingham or cretonne, with binding of a contrasting color.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size will require $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the pockets.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5792



5792.—Jumper dresses are again in vogue. The model here shown is delightful without sleeves, for warm days. The long sleeves may be added, as shown in the separate guimpe view.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make this pretty style for a 12 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the dress and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the guimpe of 40 inch material if made with sleeves. Without sleeves the guimpe will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5795.—Crepe de chine or voile, chiffon or taffeta would be very attractive for this model. Tiny sleeve caps or extensions finish the long shoulders of the dress, which has rows of shirring below a draped front yoke band and at the sides and back of the full skirt.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5773.—Cotton prints, challie, rep or linen may be used for this design. It may be made without the tunic (or skirt) portions.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size will require 2 yards of 36 inch material if made as illustrated in the

large view. If made without the tunic portions $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5770.—Challie and crepe are here combined. One could use figured and plain voile, or batiste in two contrasting colors.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27 inch material, together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for panel and facing on the collar if made as shown in the large view.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5783



Notice!

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

5779



for quality—every time insist on

DEL MONTE *Crushed* HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

It's the way to be sure—in advance—of exactly the goodness you want!

DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is pineapple at its best—luscious, sweet and mellow—with the full natural flavor of the finest field-ripened fruit.

The same dependable quality—the same assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy!

Let us send you our special folder of pineapple recipes, together with "The Del Monte, Fruit Book." Both free. Address Department 37-U, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



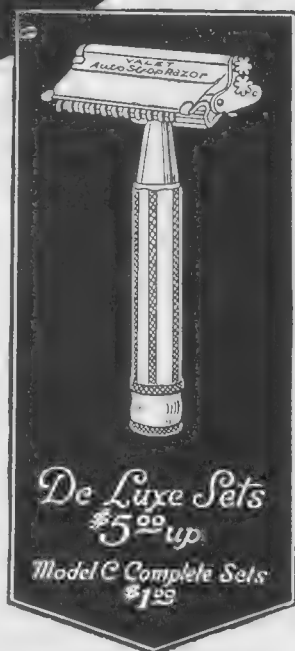
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MEN of all ages, but with young looking faces, are starting the day right with a feeling of pride as they pick up the handsome Valet AutoStrop Razor. There is something fascinating about stropping the blade—a moment, and it's back to its original super-keenness. This precision shaving instrument removes the beard in record time, once over—ALWAYS JUST RIGHT—smooth as velvet—and the skin keeps young and fresh. Then the razor is cleansed and put away with no parts to assemble or dis-assemble.



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blade
keeps the face
young**

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We are anxious that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to your Razor affecting its perfect service, just send it to us and we will restore it to a new-like condition without charge.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LIMITED
(52M) TORONTO, CANADA

The Iliad of the Wrangel Indians

Continued from page 37

half-caste girl, whose name and age and place of birth she gave, were still living. If they could find her, he asked that she be told that he was her father, and that he was deeply repentant of the way in which he had treated her and her mother. It was his desire to make what amends he could. If she were found he wished her to be educated at the Convent, then the only girls' school in Western Canada, and taught Christianity. He said he would pay for whatever efforts should be made in the girl's behalf.

It took nearly a year to bring about any result, and then it was only through enlisting the services of the Hudson's Bay Company. British Columbia was a wilderness in those days, with a meagre string of forts, which were the only means of communication. They were the centres of the fur trade, however and to them, at some time or other throughout the year, deputations from all of the native tribes gathered. News of the search for the half-breed girl was spread abroad, and at length she was discovered in the person of "The Russian Princess."

This was in 1867. She was then in her early 'teens, living in her own village, in a large log house, painted white, where she held a sort of court, for she had many slaves and was accounted a rich woman. More than that, she was surrounded with more or less of a mystery. She was so wholly different from other native women. The priest who was sent north to find her describes her as tall and slim, with long heavy masses of golden brown hair, that rippled away from her olive-skinned face. Her features were cast in the Indian mold, but were perfectly regular. She carried herself with regal grace. With Indian-like calmness she received the message from her father. She showed no surprise, no emotion. "I will go with you, she said, "because I desire to learn and to become wise. But my father's treatment of my mother I can never forgive, though he was always kind while he was with us."

Chests of fine clothing, magnificent furs, and costly ornaments were the dowry that the Russian princess took with her to the Convent in Victoria. She brought with her, too, all the native grace and dignity which distinguish the best of her people. These qualities she always retained, invariably holding herself a little aloof, gently, proudly alien.

"I have but one thing to be ashamed of," she said, to her greatest friend among the nuns, "and that is my strain of white blood. I wish with all my heart that I was wholly Indian, like my mother's people."

DURING the seven years she remained at the convent under the guidance of the gentle nuns, the thought of vengeance which had been uppermost in her mind, began to lose its strength. All of the teaching which she received impressed upon her the idea of forgiveness rather than punishment.

When word came from her father that he wanted her to come to him in Australia, she hesitated. Perhaps it was the sisters' influence which decided her. After many days and nights of anxious thought, she made up her mind to go to her father.

But first she wished to pay a farewell visit to her own beloved north country, the lovely islands which had been her childhood's home. She would go, not only to Wrangel to her own tribe, but she would make the long voyage to Sitka.

And now, at this belated date, the Sitkas, age-long enemies, contrived to do her honor, hoping perhaps, in some small way, to atone for the treachery of the past.

She reached Wrangel, where she was made welcome by her relatives, her friends and her slaves. To the slaves, faithful to the promise she had made the nuns, she gave their liberty. To her friends and relatives many presents and tokens of esteem. Then she prepared to travel to Sitka at the invitation of the Sitka Indians.

As she opened her door to leave her house, she saw before her a vast crowd of natives, and in their midst a handsomely carved and inlaid canoe, embowered with vines and flowers. In this she was invited to take a seat, which she did with a gracious smile. Then the canoe was lifted to the shoulders of ten stalwart Indians, who bore it to the water, wading in and setting it gently on the tide. A procession of canoes followed, all decorated with evergreens and flowers, and filled with men, women and children. For days they travelled down the Narrows and around the islands, stopping now at one Indian village, now at another, and feasted wherever they went.

At last before them they saw the rocks of Sitka. From the old castle built of logs clinched with copper which stands there overlooking the bay, the watching Sitkas sighted the flotilla. Immediately the signal was given, and a score of gaily caparisoned canoes put out to meet the princess. When they were within a few yards of the beach, the canoe carrying her was raised on the shoulders of those who had been paddling, and who had sprung over the side into the water. She was conveyed in her dripping flowery vehicle to the door of the castle and given a royal welcome.

Festivities of all kinds followed. There were days of feasting and dancing. Great fires lit up the beach at night, and eloquent speeches from the Sitka chiefs were replied to by the Wrangel head men. Thus forever was buried the hatchet. The long-drawn-out feud which had its beginning in the kidnapping of the beautiful Timmelsoo, died when these honors were bestowed upon her granddaughter, and she received them with the spirit of forgiveness.

The princess stayed with her people for some months. She might have become the wife of the chief of either the Wrangels or the Sitkas, and so widely had her fame spread that chiefs of far-distant tribes had dreams of possessing her, and began to count the wealth they had to offer. But the call of the white blood was strongest in the end, and she left the north country for her father's people.

The Beautiful Russian Princess is but a memory now. She has been dead for many years. But there is no more enmity between the Sitkas and the Wrangels, nor will there ever be again.

Anyhow He Sang

Mother (to Bobby)—"Surely you did something else but eat at the school treat?"

Bobbie—"Yes, mummie. After tea we sang a hymn called, 'We can sing, full though we be.'"

Mother learned later that the hymn selected had been, "Weak and sinful though we be."—Dublin Sunday Independent.

If a man is square it is easy to put up with his sharp corners.

The lazier a person is, the more willing he usually is to work his tongue overtime.

There is something better than stopping to count ten when you are angry: count a hundred.

The Judas Kiss

Continued from page 24

The silence in Saint Philips was as intense as it had been when the Rev. Andrew Sainty had intimated his intention to resign. It was broken once more by the booming of the organ, and again the congregation filed out.

Little groups gathered here and there in the roadway, discussing the new phase with rising anger.

"That comes of being too good to him," said one.

"Nothing should have been done in the way of presentations until after his resignation had been placed in the hands of the powers that be," indignantly commented another.

"Can't read between the lines."

"Slow as a funeral to see that he is not wanted."

"Just think of it!—after all our kindness—the loving-cup, the gold watch, the portrait in oils, the illuminated address."

"I shall never worship another Sabbath at Saint Philips."

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

George Greenback-Smythe was furious.

"The doddering old nuisance!" he fumed to Horace Graball. "Get James Grouch, William Blunt, Thomas Tempest, John Savage, and as many other elders and managers as possible; meet me at my office tomorrow afternoon. This simply cannot be allowed to go on. The Rev. Andrew Sainty has to be told plainly and clearly that we are through with him and he with us; and the sooner it is over the better. If his feelings have to be hurt in the operation, that is his lookout, not ours. The like of it!—after all we have done for him. What does he think we dined and feted him for?"

The mayor lowered his brows ominously, tooted his horn and rolled away.

"Don't forget!" he shouted over his shoulder to Graball.

"No, George, I won't!" replied the butcher.

WHILE the indignation meeting was being held in the mayor's sumptuous down-town office next day, the Rev. Andrew Sainty had a visit from his old and trusted elder, William Lang—grey-haired and dim-eyed like himself; round-shouldered from the burden of years, but simple in heart as a child.

The minister received him in his study and, for a time, the two old friends talked together of love, of duty, of the godly old friends who had gone before them and of the time when they, too, would be called to account their stewardships. At last the conversation veered to the burning topic.

"It was very kind of them, William," remarked the minister, "to show their love for me as they have done. My heart is overflowing with gratitude." He sighed deeply and went on. "Yes!—it is good for a man to know, in the fullness of his years, that his labor is appreciated here below. It is a balm, William—a balm of Gilead."

The old elder looked long and earnestly at his pastor. Through his own brimming eyes, he saw the holy light in Andrew Sainty's, and he caught the fervor in his voice. He knew that soon, very soon, disillusionment would come to the godly man. He dreaded the thought of its approach and the effect of its arrival.

As he sat in silence, a voice spoke within him with startling clearness. "Tell him! Tell him all!" it said. "It will be easier for him if it comes from you."

His hand trembled and his worn-out heart beat fast. He opened his mouth to speak, but held back.

Again the voice came to him: "Tell him! Tell him all!"

He knew then that he had been chosen as the instrument of disillusionment. He wished that some other had been selected for the work, but he knew his duty—and William Lang never shirked a duty. If his dear old minister were to be hurt, better that the hurt should be given tenderly, by those who loved him, instead of furiously and harshly by those who loved only themselves and the garish show.

As he tried to speak once more, the words came in a broken whisper:

"Mr. Sainty—I am sorry I cannot share the joy you feel. But I do not believe them; they are hypocrites—hypocrites. Their gifts, their speeches, their driving and their luncheons are the offsprings of their untruthfulness. Did they ever make presentations to you, sir, all the long years you have served your God and them? Did they ever feast you? Did they ever drive you around in their carriages? No, Mr. Sainty—they did not—and may God forgive them for their neglect."

William Lang stopped. He closed his eyes; his lips moved in silent prayer for strength to go on. Then he spoke again:

"Their flummery, their noise and their show are all because they thought you were going away. They were pleased at your taking it into your own hands to resign. They wanted a change. They thought of the fine impression their palaver would make with a new, incoming minister. They thought of the advertisement it would be for themselves, and incidentally for Saint Philips."

William Lang stretched out his arms to his minister.

"Mr. Sainty—that was all they meant. It breaks my heart to have to tell you—but—you know it already—I can see it in your face."

He rose and placed his gnarled hand on his ministers' shoulder.

"Don't take it like that, sir. I would not have spoken, but—"

The Rev. Andrew Sainty raised his eyes. His face was grey, and he looked weary.

"Say no more, William. I know. I know. I never thought of it that way—I can see it all now. It is true—true. May God forgive them, William; may God forgive them—as I forgive them."

His voice quivered and broke; and he dropped his head on his desk before him.

The old elder rose and went quietly out of the study.

AT THE front door, the luxurious limousine of George Greenback-Smythe was drawing up. Its owner, with a number of influential members of Saint Philips, descended and hurried up the steps leading to the house. They had no eyes for William Lang; and William Lang had none for them.

The mayor strode toward the minister's desk. The old man's head was still down among his papers. He had evidently fallen asleep.

George Greenback-Smythe laid his hand on his pastor's shoulder and shook him slightly, but the pastor did not respond. He placed his hand on the minister's brow—it was cold as marble. He raised the old grey head; the eyes were glazed; the face was impressively tranquil. He drew back, open-mouthed and amazed. Then his eyes narrowed. He drew himself up and his underlip protruded. Without a word, he beckoned to his followers to retire with him.

All was well. The deputation had been a success. The Reverend Andrew Sainty had resigned his charge.

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5

Ancient Art of Smuggling

Continued from page 27

improve smuggling methods. They bought fast ships, and farms that were conveniently situated on the coast. On these farms they kept their spies, their inland carriers (lingtownmen), and large numbers of horses.

Once the stuff had been brought ashore, it had to be hidden, for the preventive men were always on the lookout, and they knew the coast well. The smugglers, therefore, ran a lot of their stuff ashore at night, and they generally had it hidden by the time the preventive officers confronted them. The latter knew, of course, that the stuff was hidden nearby, but how to find it was a knotty problem, for the shore-dwellers were all in league with the smugglers, and the hiding-places were ingeniously devised. At one farm house near the shore, the hiding-place took the form of two underground chambers, one above the other. The local preventive officers occasionally found smuggled goods in the upper chamber, and congratulated themselves, but they never discovered that this upper chamber was a "blind" until the Inspector-General of the Customs at Edinburgh, urged on by his suspicions, discovered the lower chamber. In it he found 80 chests of tea, 140 ankers of brandy, and 200 bales of tobacco. This zealous and capable official was a sort of specialist in underground hiding-places, and he scoured Galloway with experts in excavating work. He found many underground hiding-places, and made a lot of soldiers rich by his discoveries, for the military, when they assisted, shared handsomely in the seizures.

There was one hiding-place, or "brandy-cellar," that the King's men were long in probing. It consisted of a fire-proof cellar built under a farm kiln. Every time a preventive officer approached this farm—they were always under surveillance—the kiln fire was lighted. The cellar was reached through an iron trap-door in the kiln fireplace, so when the fire was going it was impossible to enter the cellar, or locate the entrance. When the smugglers were obliged to hide their stuff hurriedly along the sandy sea-shore, they buried the kegs and bales, and they marked the burial places by whitening chips over them. This casual marking did not attract the attention of the preventive officers until they found out its significance.

But in addition to man-made hiding places, the Scotch smugglers used the many caves that are found along the Southwest coast of Scotland. Some of these caves are very curiously formed. One, on the Badenoch shore, appears to end in a deep black pool. A closer inspection, however, reveals the fact that the vaulted roof does not quite touch the water, and the smugglers, by passing through the narrow space between the roof and the pool, found themselves in a second chamber, which was dry and commodious. One can imagine how secret, and impregnable, such a retreat was. There is another cave on this coast that is always deep in water near its mouth. The tides rush in and out of it, and the smugglers used to run small boats into it. It was a very convenient place in which to unload contraband, for a ledge had been cut all around its walls just above the water level. This cave, like most of those used by the Scottish smugglers, was almost impossible to locate, its mouth being hidden. Another cave—known as the Smuggler's Cave, is to be found on a prominent headland. In the old smuggling days it was the most popular rendezvous of the Free-Traders, and it was practically unapproachable. From above, none but a daring climber could hope to reach its mouth.

The seaward approach was also effectively guarded by a very narrow rock-passage which ran at an angle towards the cave-mouth. By using this narrow passage one man could easily hold the cave against a dozen invaders. I remember, as a boy, climbing down the cliffs to the entrance of the cave of John Paul Jones, and exploring that fearsome and historic cavern. It was probably never used by the great American patriot for smuggling purposes, but I dug hastily in the silvery sand in a search for Spanish doubloons. But I got as much for my search as John Paul Jones got from the United States for his years of brilliant service—nothing!

SOME people think that smuggling is easily stopped. A lot of Canadians have the idea that it is only in Canada and the United States that smugglers play fast and loose with their respective governments. But where fiscal conditions suggest smuggling—and we have such conditions in Canada—the traffic is hard to suppress. The best of people will smuggle in a trifling way, and boast about it. The man who advocates import duties will smuggle just as readily as the most rabid Free-Trader. There is something about smuggling that appeals to the romantic side of the average man's nature. And then, of course, even our most prominent pillars of society are not above beating the government if they can do it with dignity and safety; income-tax collectors know this. And then, of course, if one considers that Canadian distilleries donate heartily to Canada's political coffers, one begins to see the hopelessness of trying to stop smuggling in Canada. It would take a Roosevelt to handle the job, and we haven't got a Roosevelt in Canada, apparently.

The British government had a job on its hands when it was trying to stop smuggling in the Southwest of Scotland. Public opinion in the smuggling area was against it, and the feeble preventive service was treated as a joke by the daring and prosperous runners of contraband. The King's men, if open to reason, were handsomely bribed or, if too officious, they were man-handled. Sometimes, if they were really nasty, they were given a free trip to Holland, or were murdered. On the sea, the smugglers invariably had the best of it, for they were superb sailors, knew every foot of the coast, and owned ships that were faster than those of the government. They had the courts beaten, too, for a jury picked in the smuggling area would never convict a smuggler. That was why they were sent to Edinburgh for trial. Even when the discouraged preventive officers made strong stands against the smugglers on land—and they sometimes did, with military backing—the powerful and well-armed smugglers overwhelmed them. It was nothing unusual for a band of smugglers to number over a hundred, with twice that number of horses carrying the smuggled goods inland. A verse from the old Galloway poem, apropos a celebrated smuggler called Johnny Girr expresses aptly the impotence of the preventive service:

*"Outwitted were the gaugers a',
Auld Johnnie Girr was aye their
match,
For ne'er wi' a' their plans sae sly,
The dodging smuggler did they
catch."*

I commend a study of the history of British smuggling, and the final scotch-ing of it, to the public men of Canada.



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The Unexpected Desert

Continued from page 32

down on the desert, but the Yuma and Cohuilla tribes clung to their hot sandy homes, and when the early prospectors for gold seized their precious springs the red men dug wells. Some of these old wells can still be found, with a pathway dug out of one side leading down to the very heart of the well, where the Indian women came with their earthen ollas or jars to get some of the precious water that oozed up so slowly.

Now on some of the sites of the old Indian villages the white man has built modern towns where tourists can come to rest or see the wonders of the unexpected desert or to get well, for there is healing in the pure hot air, and the winter climate is fine and fresh. So, in addition to the natural wonders of the Colorado desert the traveller may encounter another surprise and see golf being played on the desert. That the flat, sandy floor of the desert furnishes no natural hazards does not spoil the game here.

But it is to those who venture out to camp on the desert that a real revelation of the mystery and beauty of this desert comes, with its great mountain views and its nearby interest in the plants and little scurrying lizards and chuckwallas and horned toads that share the sands of the Colorado desert. Rattlers there are, too, and any camp must be prepared against this unwelcome company.

But, taking it all in all, the lover of the out-of-doors remembers his desert trail, not for the discomforts of heat and sand and possible snakes, but for the experiences of rare and strange beauty and the surprises that this unexpected desert seems to enjoy springing on the tenderfoot lucky enough to have the chance to get acquainted with the Colorado desert.

Furs of All Kinds Scarce

IF THE people of America, both in Canada and the United States are to continue to wear furs, and to increase their use as in the past few years, then the farmer and stockman must come to realize that it is for him to produce all manner of foxes, mink, fisher, musk-rats, rabbits, etc.

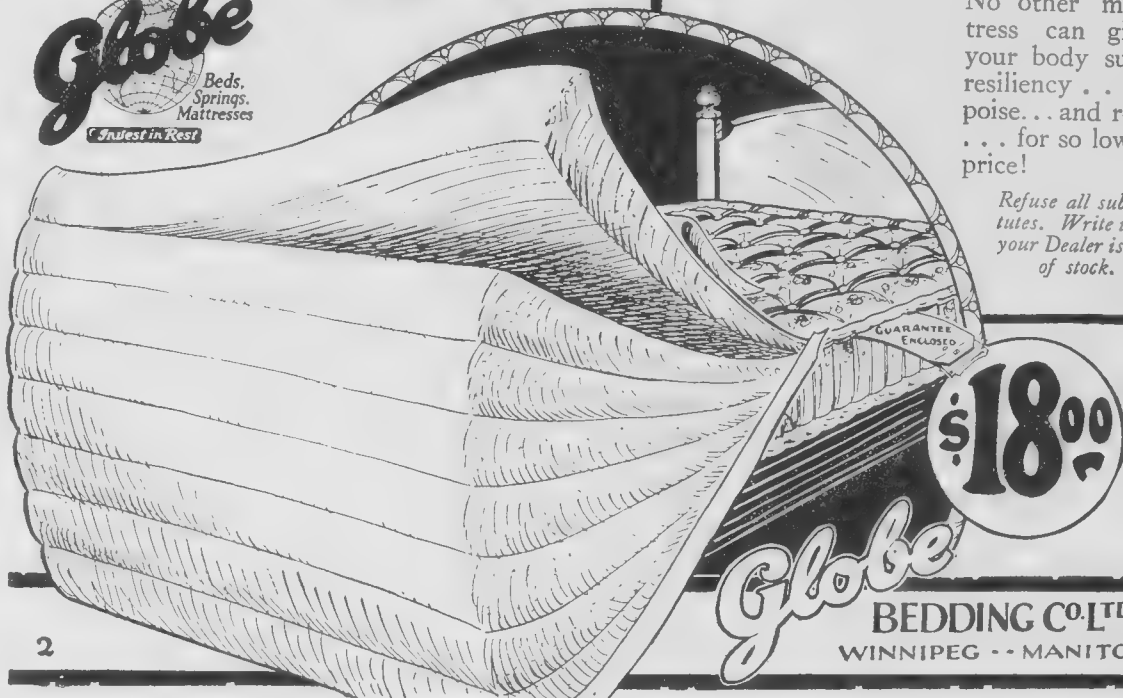
Too many farmers are dependent upon wheat, oats, corn and ordinary livestock, whereas the real future for money accumulation is not in the common vocations such as wheat-farming, cattle-raising, etc., but in new industries that have arisen as the times and conditions have progressed.

Think of it! The demand for furs has increased 200 fold in the last two or three years, with the prosperity of the country. Why, into the United States alone there have been imported the following during the year 1925, and how many more for 1926, is only problematical. Beaver 158,000 Foxes 2,270,000; Hare and Rabbit 96,820,227; Marten 781,000; Mink 558,000 Musk-rat 1,946,926; Squirrel 14,993,000; other furs 19,814,000. 17,000,000 Rabbit furs alone were brought from Australia last year to the United States.

What are the people, the ranchers especially, thinking of in Canada and the States, two of the finest climates in the World for producing furs of all kinds? Why should a man put all his labor and money into grain and cattle, or sheep production, when he can enter this opportune field? Rains and winds and hot sun have no effect upon the fox, the mink, or the rabbit—the fur comes on in winter, and the worse the weather the better the fur! Anyone can raise them, but anyone and everyone can not go into the business, for it takes some capital but that is the best argument for the business. If every one could raise furs they would soon be plentiful, but all are not situated in the climatic centres suitable for fur production, and many who would like to enter it, haven't the first payment on a pair or two of foxes, this opens the way for the man who has. It is a business that should have the attention of farmers who are disgusted with grain markets and the everlasting worry about the weather and labor conditions.

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Farm Beautiful

Continued from page 22

THE next morning came warm and sunny. Grace and she, with the two little girls started early to the station. They would not have a taxi, for they wanted their last few moments for quiet talk. Grace forgot her purse, and as she wanted to shop, she returned. She let the little girls go on with Louise, and she ran back for it.

Grace had not caught up with them when they reached the local hospital. As they approached it a small muddy car drew up. There were several visibly excited men lifting and carrying a large limp form. Through their excited voices these words came to her: "His big black—"

From another: "Must have been riding some."

And then someone with a hoarse voice: "Is he hurt much, Doc?" And then for a moment, as they carried him to the open door, she got a full glimpse of his face. Her heart turned to water and her cheeks paled. It was Jimmy—her man! There was a fleeting glimpse of a white-capped nurse; the door closed, and the only sound in the quiet street was the chirping of the birds in the trees overhead. Blindly she walked on, a dancing little girl holding each hand.

Breathless and rosy, Grace caught up to them, slid her arm through Louise's, and chatted happily. Once, glancing at her companion's white face she stammered: "Louise, are you sick—have you seen a ghost?"

But Louise managed: "No, I am all right," and as they passed on down the street Louise answered Grace while her heart was crying out: "He's hurt! Jimmy's hurt and perhaps he'll die!"

Just before they would have crossed the street to the station Louise turned to Grace and said breathlessly: "I can't go—I'll see you at home later, and explain," and before Grace had time to utter a word she was across the street and away. It seemed to Louise as in a dream that she was barely moving, but people she passed turned to look after the swiftly moving girl with her white, set face. Over and over she was saying: "I don't care who

she is—she doesn't live here—it will be a few hours before she comes, and he may be dead then—he needs someone now." Never once did she waver; straight to the door of the hospital, and up the stairs. The air was heavy with drugs. At the top of the stairs she followed down the hall to where she heard voices. The door was partially open. She brushed past a nurse who whispered, "Relative?" and she nodded assent. They were giving restoratives and she stood quietly at the foot of the bed till they went to prepare the operating room. Then she knelt by the bed and touched the hand nearest her.

"Jimmy!"

His eyes opened, and when they fell on her face he tried to smile through set lips. Tears rushed to her eyes, but she forced them back.

"Jimmy, I'm not the girl you want most, of course, but I thought I might help you a little till she gets here."

Something in her face caused the man's heart to leap, and, though dizzy with pain he forgot it long enough to reach up with the arm that was not injured and draw her nearer.

"Dearest, what do you mean about the girl I want most?" She drew her breath sharply.

"You—you know the one—the one that you keep the roses blooming for."

Amazement on his face, he said: "That—why, Louise, that was for you, dear; I was riding too fast, I knew it, but I wanted to get here before the train left."

In the white, clean room there was no sound for a full minute; it seemed longer to the girl kneeling by the bed. "Down on my little farm I've been waiting for you—years." A look of pain crossed his face—"I kept hoping that some time you would understand, and like it."

"But Jimmy, I do—I do—I love it so it hurts."

"And you think it's a beautiful farm?"

As she nodded he drew her close, and though there was a sob in his throat he whispered: "Such a long, long time."

Canadian Red Cross Has Spent Six Millions Since the War on its Peace-Time Programme

THAT in round figures the Canadian Red Cross Society has disbursed since the war six millions (\$6,000,000.00) of dollars in furthering its national peace-time programme; that about one-half the revenues of the society, available at the end of the war with the revenues accruing since, has been spent for the benefit of disabled members of the Canadian Forces; that the other half has gone largely into the public health and health education activities of the organization; and that last year the sum of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$650,000.00) was spent on Red Cross work in all parts of Canada, will be the gist of a statement to be issued at an early date from Red Cross Headquarters in Toronto.

This statement, which has been prepared by Dr. Jas. W. Robertson, chairman of the Central Council of the Red Cross in Canada, and Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Biggar, M.B., chief commissioner, will deal in detail with the causes which made it imperative at the close of the war that Red Cross work should go on without pause; will outline the peace-time constitution of the world League of Red Cross Societies and of the Canadian Red Cross; will show that Red Cross health education is furthered by the Red Cross and other health agencies in Canada; has been largely responsible for the fact that since the war many

thousands of Canadian school children have been medically examined; will refer to the fact that the Junior Red Cross which originated in Canada in 1914 has now over 100,000 members in the Dominion and has spread into many other lands where it to-day numbers ten millions; will state that in the past three years 11,000 women have taken the Red Cross Home Nursing courses; will announce that 5,873,745 pieces of health literature have been distributed by the Red Cross; will describe the invaluable services afforded settlers in the hinterlands of the Dominion through the thirty-nine Red Cross Outpost Hospitals now in operation in many provinces; will make known the very definite contributions made to safe and satisfactory settlement of immigrants through the Seaport Nurseries of the Red Cross and the follow-up records kept in these unique institutions; will enter into details regarding what has been done by way of Disaster Relief in the past seven years and will outline the tasks for the future if all such urgently necessary work is to be carried forward.

It is understood that this statement will precede a nation-wide campaign for national support of the Red Cross and that this campaign will be launched on Empire Day in all parts of the Dominion and will continue until Dominion Day, 1927.



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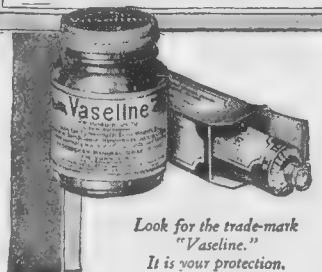
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Have You a Perfect Complexion?

THE charm of "a skin you love to touch" is so rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

They neglect it, then use some powerful remedy, or take excessive care of it for a time, thinking to undo by a miracle what weeks and even months of neglect have brought about.

Spasmodic care and neglect of the skin, slowly, but almost always, results in some skin trouble like blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin, shiny nose, etc.

Is one of these conditions already keeping your skin from being what you want it to be? Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. No matter what the condition, it can be changed.

Don't say, "But it's useless to try to change the skin itself."

Every day your skin changes in spite of you

As old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. This is your opportunity. The new skin will be just what you make it.

By giving this new skin proper care as it forms every day you can make it just what you would love to have it.

What will you make this new skin?

No two skins are just alike. Some require more persistent care than others. Remember, if your skin is not as it should be, it did not get into that condition in a day, and cannot be changed in a day. Use your treatment persistently, and the result will come.

In cases of serious skin diseases, your physician or a skin specialist should be consulted at once.

How to Reduce Conspicuous Nose Pores

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should. Instead, the pores collect dirt, clog up and enlarge.

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with a good facial soap, then hold it to your face.

When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of soap. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Finish by rubbing your nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice or dash of cold water. This treatment cleanses the pores and strengthens the small muscular fibres so that they can contract properly.



How to Correct that Shiny Nose

That bugbear of so many—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes. Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will do much to relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition. First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with a reliable facial soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, work up a heavy lather of soap in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and you will see a marked improvement—a promise of the lovelier complexion which the use of this treatment brings.

The New Treatment For Tender Skins

Many people with tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face is bad for the complexion. A well known Doctor in his book on the care of the skin says, "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate in the skin is a poor substitute for a clean, clear skin, and is a constant invitation to various disorders."



The following treatment used once a day is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant.

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of facial soap and dip your cloth in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face lightly with clear cool water and dry carefully.

See what a difference this facial soap treatment will make in your skin. Even in ten days you will have a promise of greater loveliness.

How to Make Your Skin Fine in Texture

If the delicate pores of your skin have become enlarged and coarsened, it may be because of cleansing methods unsuited to your skin. As a result, the pores have lost their power to contract and expand as they should. You can help restore them to their normal, healthy condition and rebuild a smooth-textured skin by persistent use of the following treatment. Dip your wash-cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take the cake of facial soap, dip it in water and run the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

Soap is an Antiseptic

Most people have little idea of the real antiseptic value of soap. Physicians, trained nurses and surgeons depend on soap and water alone for protection against infection. They say that absolute cleanliness is the safest insurance against germs.

Even for the disinfection of wounds, a thorough cleansing with soap and water is the simplest and most efficient means. "Soap solution" states a well known authority, "easily permeates the whole surface of the wound, washes away all debris, and leaves the tissues able to withstand infection and to heal better."

Nowadays, skin troubles are being traced more and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. Every time you do such a simple thing as wash your face and hands, think of the antiseptic value of the cleansing lather you rub into your skin.

No cold-cream cosmetic will keep away wrinkles so successfully as the milk of human kindness.

That was a wise old rural philosopher who called worry "interest on trouble paid in advance."

When you reproach a friend with the memory of a kindness you have done him, that kindness has become an offence.

Do not hunt for temptation just for the sake of wrestling with it.

No other person in love acts so foolishly as the person in love with himself.

Laziness, discouragement and poverty follow one another like ducks in a puddle.



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The Black Swamp

Continued from page 12

into the swamp where he lay with his head buried in the black ooze.

In her room, Beth had sat motionless, thinking of Bertha's wrath. Her step-mother had been an old maid of fifty when Jake married her. She was righteous and hard. She would be found that evening, reading her Bible for long hours. Then she would pray for a long time to her primitive conception of God to visit her erring daughter with chastening punishment. Beth turned from thought of Bertha and found her self wondering what her father would say to Christopher. Suppose he spoke as Bertha had done! The blood pounded in her ears at the thought and she sprang up. She would go up and stop him. She should have thought of that before. She put on her hat and went out. To Bertha's "Where you goin'?" she gave no reply.

WHEN Christopher recovered consciousness, he found that the arm he had fallen on pained severely, his head ached and blood trickled from a cut above his eye. Half dazed, he tried to rise and fainted. When he again recovered consciousness, he began crawling toward the steps of the house. He saw the handle that Jake had flung down and, laboriously moving towards it, pushed it under the steps where it would not be noticed. Then he struggled inside and lay on the floor half conscious. Vaguely, rehearsing the morning's events, he remembered that Jake had put his haversack on the door-step; all the countryside knew that there was always whisky in that haversack. He made his way towards it painfully. He found the half-empty bottle and struggled with it to a chair. He did not know how long he had been lying senseless; when he could make the effort, he meant to look at his watch. Meanwhile, he took the stopper out of the bottle and held it to his lips with shaking hands, spilling some of the liquor by his trembling. Then he set the bottle on the table before him and held his aching arm to try to ease the pain.

Sitting thus, he heard a horse cantering around the house and smiled wanly in his relief that at last, his expected men had come and he could get ease for the damnable pain. In his eagerness, he moved his good arm carelessly and knocked over the liquor that sent its pungent odor swimming about the room. Then he fainted, slumping forward on the table.

A rap at the door and Beth stood on the threshold. She was eager and somehow luminous with purpose. But the light died out of her face and there came pain and bitterness in its place. She clutched the door, leaning against it for support. So Christopher drank! She turned away, sick at heart with a shrine that had held an idol for eight years, suddenly empty. She went on her way down to the saddle road again and with her rode Pain, who jabbed and hurt so that her tortured soul revolted at the companionship and she decided to have none of it. "I'll forget him," she told herself, and resolutely thought of other things—the farm, her father—why, she hadn't found him! She had better go down the other way; perhaps something had happened to send him that way and he would not be riding carefully and the track was difficult—She turned back, making for the track that led down the valley.

She found her father, lying as he had fallen, his horse cropping the grass nearby. Down on her knees in the mud, she went and felt his heart. It was still. She hauled his great form around so that his head was out of the mud. She was panting with horror and from her exertion when she mount-

ed her horse again and rode up to the house.

A week later the funeral was over. Bertha, who had never before looked on the death of one of her own household, in spite of her fifty-odd years, suffered from shock, took to bed and began to fear that she, too, would be harvested by the Grim Reaper. So she bade Beth go for the doctor.

The girl rode slowly. She had not the heart to do otherwise lately. The doctor was not at his house.

"You might find him at the hospital," she was told. So she set off for the hospital, three miles away, and half way there was joined by Mike.

"Beth, have yer been thinkin' over wot I asked yer?"

"No."

"Yer dad 'adn't anything worth much ter leave yer. Yer better marry me, Beth. I won't say anything about you bein' at Fairbairn's. I'll fergit it."

Without a word, she struck Beauty into a gallop and left Mike staring after her.

The doctor was about to go to an urgent case and could not go to Bertha. He gave her medicine and written instructions. As she was about to leave, the matron said:

"There is a patient in room five who wants to see you before you go. Just go right in," she added.

Pleased to be wanted, believing it must be some old schoolfellow, Beth went towards room five quickly. She knocked, entered and stepped back a pace with a half-uttered cry.

"I saw you going along the verandah, Beth," said Christopher Fairbairn moving his bandaged head so that he could see her better. "Won't you come and sit down?"

"My arm is broken and my head slightly hurt; nothing much. Aren't you coming nearer? I can shake hands with my left hand," he smiled.

"How did it happen?" she asked, as he took one of her rough little hands in his.

"I—er—had a fall the day after the storm," he explained with an awkwardness that she was quick to note.

"Fell while drunk," she thought, and withdrew her hand.

"The men I was expecting, you remember, arrived a couple of hours after the accident and brought me here."

She was ill-at-ease; her heart was pounding and there were tears in her eyes. She was fighting a battle wherein the tenderness that welled up in her almost defeated her better judgment.

"He looks so helpless, lying there," urged Pity.

"He drinks," said her sterner self.

"He is so handsome—"

"He drinks, I tell you—"

"He is so handsome—"

"He is so much paler than—"

She clenched her hands.

"He drinks, he drinks, he drinks!"

A faint scent, associated in her consciousness with pain, was in the room—the scent of a jar of ferns. He noticed her glance toward them.

"I asked for them; they recall something I like to remember."

"I must go," she exclaimed and moved toward the door.

"Beth!" he called sharply. She halted.

"Get me a cigarette—please. I can't manage myself."

She returned and, with unsteady fingers, took one from the box by the bedside, handed it to him and found her two hands grasped in his free one, his lips pressed on them. Still holding them, he looked up.

"You see how it is with me, Beth—little Beth—whom the storm sent to me. And you?"

"I—I must go. Please, please let me go," she begged, her voice almost a whisper.

"I've scared you. I did not intend to rush you like this." She wanted to fall on her knees by his bedside and tell him of the love that she had carried in her heart for him ever since she was a little girl. "But he drinks; he will be as your father was," said that stern voice within, and she jerked her hands out of his hands, saying: "No, no," and rushed from the room.

As she hurried along the verandah, a tall figure in stockman's dress loomed up from a seat.

"Good-day, Miss Martin; how'd you find the Boss—pretty chirpy?"

"Some crack that 'e got on the 'ead. If we could find the brute that done it, we'd see 'e got justice done 'im."

"He said it was from a fall."

"Fall! Course it was, seein' yer can't rightly stand up when ye're knocked silly with a club."

"Oh!"

"We found 'im faintin'. 'E'd crawled inside; 'im with a broken arm, too. Lucky for 'im 'e'd found some whisky somewheres about the place. He'd knocked it over and the place smelt like a bar. When we goes in and sees 'im lyin' there, I says to Jim: 'Oly smoke, the Boss is blotto!' Then we discovers the true state of affairs an—"

He ceased his narrative, pausing open-mouthed and scratching his head as he pondered on the strange ways of the opposite sex; for Beth had suddenly darted from him into Christopher's room.

She found him lying with eyes closed.

"Pull down the blinds, nurse, please; my head is aching."

"Christopher!"

He opened his eyes.

"I didn't know you were hurt when I found you. I thought—" She drew her hand across her forehead as if it pained. "I thought you were drunk."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean. Where did you find me?"

"I was looking for my father and I went to your house and you were sprawling across the table soaked in whisky."

"I see. That is how Tim found me."

I went away and left you. And you were hurt. I—I thought you had fallen and Tim says someone struck you. I— Her voice died into a throaty gulp from which it arose in a whisper, "Was it my father—who—"

"Beth, come here." She obeyed, walking slowly.

"Are you sorry that you misjudged me?"

"Yes."

"And would you like to make amends?"

"Then, dear, you must never ask me anything about my assailant; and Beth, little Beth—"

She answered the yearning in his voice, bending swiftly to his lips.

A knock sounded and Tim entered.

Good-day, Boss. Sorry! I thought the young lady must 'ave gone out another door," he said, twisting his hat in his hands.

"Don't apologize, Tim. It's great to see you," answered Christopher. "I want you to meet my future wife; the Montagues and Capulets are at peace at last," he added, to the mystifying of Tim, who replied genially:

"Say! So you are hitchin' up. I offers me congratulations. If I was you, if you'll pardon me for presumin' to advise, the first thing I'd do, if I was a member of the new firm, would be to drain that there dirty, black swamp. It'd make first class fattenin' land."

Christopher's eyes sought Beth's. She nodded.

"It shall be done," said Christopher.

August in Oxford

Continued from page 19

which we had noticed by the bridge, we set out upon our homeward journey. This we made by a foot-path along the river for a part of the way, and then across the fields. This, to me, at least, was the most delightful part of the long tramp. The tranquillity of the late afternoon, the lengthening shadows, the riverside flowers and birds, the golden fields of grain, the perfectly defined dome of sky drawn round by the spacious circle of the horizon, the sweetness of the meadow scents, the coolness of the air, the pleasure of moving through all this created an influence that made me feel in perfect harmony with the whole. It was as if our minds were swept clean of all unnecessary rubbish, and we fell into the universal rhythm.

When the path began to grow dim, and we were beginning to feel somewhat puzzled as to how to continue, we met a clergyman—the only encounter of our long walk home. It was lucky for us that we met him, for he was able to direct us how to find our way, which from this point on became somewhat complicated.

He asked us if we had seen the church at Wood Eaton, and was very sorry to hear that we had found it locked. "That should not have been!" he exclaimed. He asked if we liked Islip. We spoke of having been impressed with the atmosphere of living devotion that seemed to pervade the church. His face lighted up. "Oh, I am so pleased that you felt that," he said. "I am the Vicar."

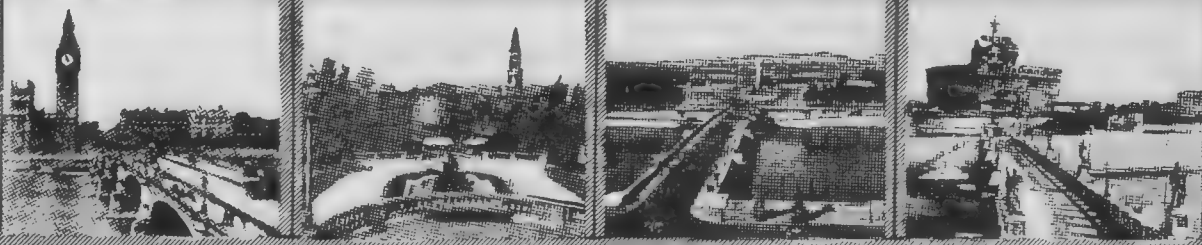
We got home for a late supper—a very late supper—tired but still exuberant. And Mrs. Thurber, our kind-hearted servant, was as happy as we were that our walk had been such a success. I think she felt a certain creative pride in it such as she felt when she tempted our palates with some delicious dish of her own invention.

I HAVE already referred to Wytham. It was one of our favorite walks. I shall never forget the first time I went there. That was in October of the previous year. It was a frosty morning, and I had gone out merely to enjoy the air. Starting out at random through Botley, I turned to the right at the foot of Cumnor Hill. Soon there was a gate to open, and from that point on the road had a truly pastoral aspect. It indeed wound through "green pastures and beside the still waters" where a tributary of the Thames followed its homeward course a little way below the road at my right. Afterwards I found that this stream marks the boundary between Berkshire and Oxfordshire. I was in Berkshire. Cows were browsing contentedly in the meadows, crows cawed with dramatic effect; thrushes sang from the hedgerows; and those hedgerows were gay with hips, haws and holly; frost melting from the grass and other herbage perfumed the air. I truly believe that there is nothing more vivifying than the fragrance of mingling frost and sunshine—not even the smell of the sea or of pine forest.

At the next gate a pleasant-faced, rheumatic old man opened for me. Another pasture. More cows. More gay hedgerows. More thrushes. A smart two-wheeled cart passed me. Another gate. A barrage of tall trees on my left—beeches, tamarisks, pines and plane-trees. A sharp curve in the road, and there it nestled—the sweetest little village imaginable. There were thatched cottages clambered over with blossoming rose-vines, and gardens gay with chrysanthemums, and fruitful with apple-trees. Everything seemed to be arranged in the proper

Continued on page 106

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relation to everything else. The houses were set at a precise angle to give the most picturesque effect. Coming upon it so suddenly was such a delight that it almost took my breath away. It was like turning over a page in a picture-book and finding something unexpectedly beautiful.

"What village is it?" I asked of the happy-faced woman who stood by the gate of the first cottage.

"Wytham," she replied.

"And you must be a very happy woman," I said, "to live in such a charming village."

She smiled and said: "You should come in June for a strawberry tea."

A strawberry tea! I could imagine it all—the dainty table set out in the garden among the June roses and Madonna lilies under the June sky.

I sought out the church, which lies hard by the Manor House. Fifteenth-century, I took it to be, with its square scroll-topped arches over gateway and door, and its perpendicular windows. Some of the glass, I am told, was taken from Cumnor Place, the very mention of which conjures up romantic traditions. The yew-hedge around the church-yard is one of the finest I have ever seen. Altogether it is an unspoiled corner, where rural charm still lingers.

But I have never been able to lead anyone else into Wytham, casual as I have tried to be, in such a way as to produce the same thrill of delightful surprise that I felt that frosty October morning.

NOT far from Wytham one comes upon Godstow Nunnery—nothing but crumbling ruins now. It is an exercise for the imagination to think of it as it was when it was new, a beautiful modern building replete with the passionate struggle and earnest striving of a bevy of nuns. They have left their mark upon the history of Oxford and of their time. The names of Saint Friedeswide and the Fair Rosamund have almost put on flesh and blood for me since lingering about these ruins.

One comes down to the river by the nunnery and the Trout Inn. And one may return to Oxford along the tow-path, or one may cross the bridge and go through Wolvercote and along Woodstock Road. We liked the tow-path best. Across the water one sees the Port Meadow, a great common almost four hundred and fifty acres in extent, so we are told, which has belonged to the people of Oxford since the time of Edward the Confessor. There always seems to be plenty of swans on the river at this point, and wherever they appear in a landscape they make a picture. These truly regal birds are the property of the King, I believe, and are marked around the leg with his silver ring. Equally picturesque are the flocks of geese coming down in stately files across the meadow to the water. These are clannish creatures, each flock keeping distinctly to itself.

One hot afternoon we found ourselves seated in the tranquillity of the old Cumnor Church. No, we had not been transported thither by magic, nor even by motor. We had walked every step, and a long and weary way it had seemed through the dust and heat. After passing under the arch and up the steps into the churchyard, however, one seems, of a sudden, to have stepped back into the dewy freshness of the sixteenth century. Like a little oasis is that church-yard breathing sweetness and peace. There Nature has wrought a wonderful harmony of stones and verdure. One rejoices in the beautiful outline of the church among the trees against the sky. How perfectly it is knitted to the form of the hill, as if Nature had adopted it for her very own! We draw in deep

August in Oxford

Continued from page 105

breaths of aromatic air in which all the richest perfumes seem to mingle—pine, lavender, roses, rosemary, thyme, clover. We are cooled by the breezes of the Berkshires, and we forget the hot and thirsty climb, the noisy thoroughfare with its dust and honking cars. We have stepped back a little through the vista of the years, and the real people are Elizabeth, the great and piquant Queen, Lord Robert Dudley, Amy Robsart and Anthony Foster. And if these personages have once been clothed for us in fictitious magic by Sir Walter Scott, they now appear to us as their more real and human selves. Within the altar-rails, we find the imposing tomb of Anthony Foster, his wife and children, and we make out from the long Latin inscription that he was a highly respected, deeply honored citizen. He was a member of parliament for Abingdon, a man of influence and culture. Amy Robsart, wife of Lord Dudley, lies in the choir of the Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin in Oxford. We find exhibited in one corner of the church letters of Lord Dudley, the Countess and Foster from which we are able to judge somewhat for ourselves of their characters. Near the letters is a very quaint statue of the Queen which has rather recently been rescued from the ruins of Cumnor Place.

If our interest is inclined to centre in the Elizabethan phase of this church we must not forget that it was more than three hundred years old at the time it came into the hands of Anthony Foster in 1561, and was already rich in historical associations.

After resting, and browsing about to our hearts' content both inside and out, we were ready for tea. We went to the old historic inn down by the river, a cool and picturesque spot. What romance! What poetry! But we were told, alas, that a cricket-tea was on, and that they couldn't possibly take us. Wearily we went up the hill again to the inn near the church, and there we were once more refused. Five were there ahead of us and that was as many as they could provide for. So, in an altogether famished state, we had to make our way back to Oxford. What an opportunity for some really enterprising person to open a jolly-good tea-place on Cumnor Hill.

ONE of our favorite short walks was the two miles along the tow-path to Iffley. It is a pleasant walk on a Sunday morning with the church-bells ringing. A few punts, canoes and swans gliding on the river give the necessary touch of color and movement. Cows nibbling in the low juicy pastures add a sense of completeness and perfect contentment.

The system of locks at Iffley is very interesting. It is here in this stretch between Folly Bridge and Iffley Locks that the famous boat races take place. At almost any time one can see some sort of craft going through the locks.

The little church is a delight from whatever point it is seen, whether from near or far—a perfect little gem of Norman architecture. We never tired of it, and each time saw fresh beauties. I close my eyes and can see it now—the approach, the rose-twined vicarage, the perfect little holly-tree beside the ancient wall, the great chestnut-tree at the gate, the square, solid tower. Again, in imagination, I pass around to the west end, and stand lost in admiration of its wonderful archway, absorbed in its details—the chevrons, the beak-heads, and the signs of the zodiac. Then I go around the corner and see the rich southern arch, so obviously restored in Tudor times. Once more I stand beside the great gnarled yew-tree, I dare not venture how many centuries old, where it keeps its venerable watch among the tombstones. One Sunday we were there at vesper time, but the church was full, and we stood outside by this old yew-tree and heard the singing, and a thrush nearby blent his notes with the human praise.

It would be delightful to attend vespers here in autumn or winter; for there is no way of lighting except by candles, and by candle-light its aspect would be most romantic. The interior is just as interesting as the outside. It presents architectural phases and contrasts with some unique features that repay close attention. I have been in no other church of this period in England where I have so distinctly felt the spell of the Norman builders.

Beyond Iffley we went one perfect summer afternoon along the tow-path to Sandford Lock, crossing there the river to see the Norman church at Sandford-on-Thames, and compare it with its neighbor of the same period at Iffley. A part of the church is indeed older than the one at Iffley; but it has been so built over at various periods that it cannot compete with that church in charm and interest for most visitors. However, from the historical point of view, it makes a strong appeal on account of its association with the Knights Templars who established themselves there in the later part of the thirteenth century. And in those days what a nucleus of romance and adventure it must have been!

We crossed the river again and followed along its banks to a point almost opposite Nuneham Park, which Hawthorn, in "Our Old Home," has described with such unstinted praise. This stretch of river and valley, on

that particular afternoon, was fairly vibrant with the essence of poetry. What rhythm of cloud and shadow! What harmony of color! What richness of picture-detail all caught up and bound together in a satisfying unity! We were touched by that magic and ourselves became a part of what we saw.

Opposite Nuneham, we turned away from the river in the direction of Radley, a picturesque village replete with gypsy lore, of which it still smacks. It is still frequented by these wanderers, now having succumbed more or less to the ways of civilization, and having settled somewhat permanently. We enquired our way of a grimy creature with rings in her ears. She was carrying sticks into her makeshift abode at the side of the road.

We had thought from this point to return to Oxford by the most direct route through Kennington. But my companion's mind kept turning longingly to the village of Sunningwell. She is a great admirer and champion of Roger Bacon, feeling rather passionately that he has never received the honor due him for the great part he played in the advancement of learning. That great scholar is said to have made astronomical observations from the church-tower at Sunningwell. It appeals to one's imagination—the thought of that devout adventurer in the quest of truth sitting there in that quiet tower and making notes on the movements of the universe.

There are other names associated with the place, and it is worthy a visit for its own picturesqueness; but ours was a pilgrimage of homage to the memory of Roger Bacon.

Standing by the church our meditations were disturbed by execrable sounds issuing from within. They were evidently having a choir-practice. The choir seemed to be made up of all men and no boys. As we wended our way along the winding path through the green pastures toward Boar's Hill, we could still hear their disharmonious voices vibrating through the evening air. We had no desire to return for a Sunday-morning service.

The approach to Boar's Hill from this side was particularly pleasing. The Berkshire Hills, in the long evening light, took on very beautiful tints—the quiet, deep colors of opals and amethysts.

Here we felt that we were treading on sacred ground, for Boar's Hill is not only the haunt but the abode of poets. Among them the most illustrious are Robert Bridges and John Masefield.

Mr. Masefield has a charming house among the trees, and beside it he has built a little theatre where he promotes community acting. All classes of society from butcher-boy to countess are brought together in a common love of the art.

Mr. Bridges' house glistens like a great white palace on the hill-side, going around in the direction of Cumnor. It may be seen from afar.

This region is also made precious by Matthew Arnold. A little house is pointed out where he lived at one time. And one feels that at almost any turning one might meet again his Scholar Gipsy.

ONE sunny afternoon we pursued the route across The Seven Fields from South Hinksey to Ferry or North Hinksey. We spoke of Arnold, for it was one of his favorite walks. The Seven Fields! It is a walk just as full of pastoral sweetness as it sounds, and we could appreciate how Arnold must have felt about the continuous view it affords of Oxford's towers and spires—"That sweet city with her dreaming spires."

Continued on page 110



A Peaceful Scene off the Scottish Coast

Legal Information

Continued from page 52

the note. Being a holder in due course cures any defects in the prior holder's title to the note. Any person who acquires title through a holder in due course even after the note is due, is not affected by any prior defects in the note unless he is a party to some fraud against the drawer of the note. In our opinion you are liable to have to pay the amount of the note.

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Q.—My son died in January. He had very little property. He owed some accounts. I am the beneficiary under his insurance policy for \$2500. I have collected the insurance from the Insurance Company. Two of my son's creditors are now trying to make me pay them the accounts which he owed. They say that I must pay these accounts out of the insurance. Please let me know whether I need to do this because my lawyer advises that it would be very expensive for me to administer my son's estate and try to pay the creditors because all my son's property was in Saskatchewan, and it is not enough to pay all of his debts.—R.L.T.

A.—No, you do not have to pay any debts out of the insurance. We understand that the policy was payable directly to you as beneficiary. If the policy had been payable to your son's estate, or to his executors or administrators, then you would have to apply the money in payment of the debts. The creditors cannot recover from you for this policy.

Solitude

By Beresford Richards

"Unless ye become as little children."

I lay among the windless elms
With hyacinths in drifts around me,
In vistas of great quietude,
When silence found me.

She stood between me and the world;
Her great calm eyes were on my face;
Then—bodiless—she so did lift
Me into space.

I sighed and stirred, perhaps to break
The linking closeness of her holding,
But, hush! she said, her arms about me
The nearer folding.

And hush, she said, and touched my face,
When sorrow stilled and all desire,
And I was one with earth and air
And cloud and fire.

And all these glorious, nameless things
That come with dawns in life and day,
On far, unhastening, rhythmed wings—
I, great as they.

She held me as a mother holds
Her child, the while her heart is
weaving

Fair destinies for that frail thing
Against her cleaving.

Her seeing eyes revealed to me
The flame in things I thought were
dead,
And life a poem glowed, when she
Interpreted.

When Felindy Reads the Scriptures

By Will am Thompson

When the purple clouds are waitin'
For the sun that's driftin' west,
With their arms a-stretchin, tow'ds him
For to clasp him to their breast,
Then the gospel rest is in me,
I'se at peace with God and man—
When Felindy sits beside me
With the scriptures in her han'.

When the spirit of the mornin'
Slowly pulls her curtain back,
And the day is just beginnin'
With it's trouble and it's rack,
There's a calm gets in my nature
And ther'es sunshine in the land,
When Felindy sits beside me
With the scriptures in her hand.

When the mists of death are fallin'
And my sight is growin' dim,
I'll be clingin to God's promise
What Lord Jesus made for him.
When I'se through the earthly troubles
Of this cruel, unfriendly land
I wants Felindy 'side me
With the scriptures in her hand.

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Graceline
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mahogany or
art colors.

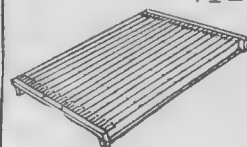


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as for one.

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Pay your debt of sleep to nature

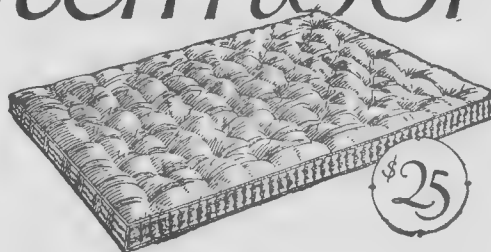
SLEEP is a debt you owe to nature. A debt that is most pleasant to pay. But, unless it is paid in full nature claims heavy interest.

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Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

The Ash Bin

Continued from page 18

for one tenant, was accessible only from a stairway in Tom Murdoch's garage.

Sam went round into the garage yard to the stairs, which were in a little-used corner, while Ruth remained in the store. Presently he came back with a couple of chairs and then returned for more. When the set were assembled below he began to pack them in readiness for their removal.

As he was thus engaged, Rufe Murdoch appeared in the doorway. The old man looked up with a welcoming smile.

"Hello, my boy. Where's your father? I haven't seen him today."

"Dad's busy," Rufe replied, shortly and rather disagreeably, with a movement of his fiery red head. "I've come to see you about that there stockroom of yours," he went on truculently. "You know, we can't have you keep trotting across our yard and up our stairs to fetch your things. It ain't right. Now we've bought our places, if you want to use your stockroom you'll have to build a staircase direct from this store."

The smile slowly dying away, Sam stared at the newcomer as if not comprehending his words.

"But, Rufe," he stammered at last, his voice breaking pathetically, "we've done it for years. We're not going to quarrel over it now, are we?"

"It ain't no question of quarreling, Sam; it's a question of what's right. Dad and me own our place now, and we've got to look after it in the proper way—"

There was an interruption from Ruth:

"If you continue like this, Rufe," she said, "before you know where you are the friendship of your family with the Glaums will be ruined. Think of it! Your father and Mr. Glaum have been good friends for years—and so have you and David. Do you want a paltry bit of ground and a dilapidated building like this to cause a quarrel?"

"It ain't no question of quarreling—" Rufe repeated angrily. "Right's right, and the law's the law. We've bought and paid for our place and—"

"All right, Rufe," Sam begged wearily, "don't say any more about it, please. I'll see what I can do. Tell your father to come round and have a chat with me as soon as he can, will you, my boy?"

Rufe slouched off. "I'll tell him—but it's no good trying to get around him."

His thoughts in a torment, Sam walked blindly round his crowded little store. His feet stumbled against china-ware and polished mahogany chests, but he took no heed of the scratches and damage his heavy boots caused.

He paused suddenly and cried in a painfully halting voice to the girl:

"Ruth, Ruth, a friend is one of the delights of life. Why should timber, bricks and mortar—and the ownership of them—change a man and threaten a friendship, as this building is doing? Before he bought his garage, Tom Murdoch was a man happy in our friendship. Now he's changed—changing still—"

Ruth put her arms across his stooping shoulders in a comforting gesture.

"Don't think about it, dear Mr. Glaum," she counselled. "Surely Mr. Murdoch will not continue with this attitude. Isn't it just a feeling of pride of ownership, which will soon wear off?"

"I don't know, my dear," the old man answered in a still troubled voice. "I had the same feeling of pride and greatness, and the suspicion that everyone was going to harm the place,

when I bought my first house. But I was young then and the feeling did not last long, because I became more successful and bought more property. Tom is old, though, and has no money to buy anything else. He has only the one place to lavish this feeling on."

He stopped, for Tom Murdoch came heavily into the shop.

"Rufe says that you want to see me about the right-o'-way up to your stockroom. Be as quick as you can, Sam—I'm busy today."

Sam winced at the gruff tone. Gone, without a single comforting trace, were the friendly words and the boisterous humor which Tom had hitherto used. Then he had never been too busy to talk; now—

"Rufe was quite right, you know," his father went on. "I know you had the run of the place before, but things have changed now. We were tenants then; now the place is ours and we've got to run it right. That's what the property laws are for."

"But, Tom, surely laws are not so important between friends? If we trust each other—"

"I know that sort of thing sounds very nice, and, of course, I trust you, Sam; but it ain't practical. Suppose you were to die or sell your store where would I be with my rights when the next occupier came along?"

DAVID GLAUM came eagerly into the little back room that evening, and his face lit up when he saw Ruth there alone. The talk of last night about the Murdochs had slipped from prominence in his young mind; these days there was another person who loomed larger in his thoughts than his father's neighbors.

Soon, however, he became aware of the troubled atmosphere, and he was apprised of the recent developments by Ruth.

"It was only last night," she told him, "that I tried to show Rufe the effect his own and his father's attitude was having on Mr. Glaum. But because of their pride of ownership, friendship is a danger rather than an asset in dealing with them. They are afraid we shall take advantage of it. I think Rufe in particular is behaving abominably. I told him so; but he seemed not to mind, except that he got very angry—"

"You quarreled, Ruth?"

"I'm afraid we did, David; and it has done your father's cause no good."

Recently David Glaum had become cognizant of the fact that his friend Rufe was a rival for Ruth's graces. Now, with the news of the quarrel, a fierce joy, stronger than his friendship, assailed him. Ruth did not seem unhappy—for herself—because of her break with Rufe. A great hope surged in his breast.

"Ruth, my dear," he enjoined, "you mustn't take this matter so much to heart. It will right itself soon. Try to forget it."

"But it feels like one of my own problems, David—"

"I know how you feel about it," he interrupted, "but let's forget it now. I've got some tickets for the charity dance tonight—I wanted to take you, Ruth—"

She said she would love to go, but until the proposal was put before Sam she hesitated to promise definitely.

"We must do our best to entertain you sometimes, my dear, in return for your kindness. Forget all unhappy thoughts and enjoy yourselves—like children."

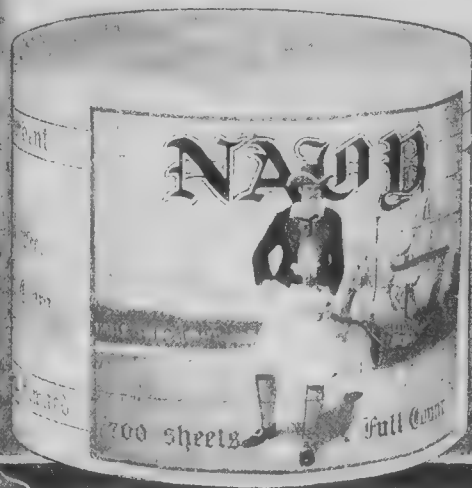
Like children they danced and enjoyed themselves. . . . Like age-old lovers they declared their love. . .

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The next day Murdoch's son spoke to Ruth again, pleading with her to forget their quarrel and his hasty words, and to meet him that evening.

"I will willingly forget the quarrel," she answered, "but I can't go out with you again. I am engaged to David—"

Thereafter the break between the two families was quite open—on the Murdochs' side, at least. Before, Rufe had exhibited some caution because of his love for Ruth, but now there was no need; David had beaten him and they were no longer friends. He contrived to keep his father's mind obsessed with the idea that Sam was trying to "get something for nothing" out of his—Tom Murdoch's property.

AND so the days passed, with old Sam Glaum steadily growing more unhappy at the collapse of his ideal friendship. . . . until the ash-bin intruded its battered shell again.

The old man had just completed the purchase—for considerably more than its actual worth—of a shabby arm-chair from a haggard woman, when both Tom Murdoch and his son marched into the store.

Rufe spoke first.

"That damned ash-bin of yours has got into our yard again—d'you know that? I thought you said you were going to shift it. I tell you, we can't keep on like this—these sort of tricks have got to stop—"

"If we don't look after our place, Sam, we won't be able to call it our own soon—"

In mixed tones of amazement and protest, Sam said:

"But I shifted the ash-bin, Tom, when you spoke of it before. It can't be in your way."

"It's just in the same place as when we told you about it before."

Ruth Halsey stepped into the group. "I think," she began to protest indignantly, "you might be a little bit reasonable. The dust-collectors have only just called—they must have put it back again in the old place."

"Well, why don't you tell them where it should go? It's not our job."

Stumbling over to Tom, Sam touched his dirty sleeve appealingly.

"Tom! Don't let's go on like this. We're friends—"

"Friends!" Rufe scoffed. No doubt you'd like to be—it's quite a profitable thing for you, making use of your friends' places and paying nothing."

"You know that's not true!" Ruth flashed. Think of all Mr. Glaum did for you, Rufe, and your father, when you were hard up!"

Her telling words brought the young man's temper to blazing point. He caught his parent's arm.

"Come on, Dad, let's get clear of this hive of cadging sneaks! If they try any funny business again we know what to do—put the law on them!"

He stamped angrily outside, there to wait for his father, who followed more slowly.

"Tom," Sam called feebly. "Tom!"

There was perhaps a suggestion of a pause in the elder Murdoch's walk, but he continued on his way without looking back.

Sam Glaum was really a simple-minded old fellow, with practically a single interest in life—the creation of happiness.

It was, for instance, the sole reason for the existence of his store, which enabled him to buy and sell things in the poverty-stricken district to the unwitting advantage of his needy customers. He had, in these days, sufficient means to carry out this philanthropy. He was a man who did the right thing habitually; an evil action pained him.

Yet in certain circumstances the most righteous of us will commit an unworthy act. At that moment there was being prepared for Sam Glaum a

crisis in which he would have to choose either the strictly right or the strictly wrong course. And he chose deliberately the course which was in the accepted order of things wrong, in the belief that it was the one desperate remedy against the final severance of his friendship.

Ignorant as yet of this imminent crisis, he sat on in his hard chair in the room behind the store, until at length he lost all sense of surroundings. . . .

A smell, utterly unlike any of the accustomed odors of his store, finally brought him to realization. It was a pungent smell, puzzling at first. Concentrating upon it, and with the aid of the accompanying sound, he knew what it was. A subdued, crackling sound, and the smell, the smell of smoke. . . .

His first instinct—the right instinct—was to hurry off to the fire-station, five minutes' walk away. But, instead, he stood there, thinking. What if the wretched building was burnt to ashes. . . .

Almost leisurely he walked out of the store, giving no thought to the possible salvage of his own stock, to the yard, where he peered through the garage window. The interior was blazing fiercely, the flames nearing the corner in which the gasoline was stored. . . . but still Sam made no effort to summon aid.

However, unseen by him, some passer-by saw the flames and rushed away to give the alarm. Almost immediately a crowd gathered and the fire-pump arrived. Shortly after, too, Tom and Rufe Murdoch were on the scene, aroused by some unknown person.

By this time the whole rotten structure was burning, and the firemen, recognizing a hopeless task, concentrated on preventing the flames from spreading to other buildings in the congested area.

As soon as he saw Tom Murdoch, Sam went to his side. For a time the former stood unconscious of him, muttering and staring at the fire in a dazed way; but gradually Sam's soothing, anxious words had the desired effect, and he grew calmer.

Being fed chiefly on sear timber, the fire rapidly burnt itself out, leaving nothing but a smoking mass of ashes where formerly the building of dissension had stood. In a few hours the brigade was able to leave, and then, after the gaping crowd had drifted off, the three men wandered about the ruins. Not an article was left in recognizable shape, except one that had been standing outside the building—the ash-bin.

They paused before it, as before a monument, each one of them recalling in his sobered mood the part it had played in their lives. Feverishly Sam began to outline his plans for the future."

"And, Tom," he ended, "you can build a fine new garage on all this ground—my bit as well as yours. What it will cost over and above the insurance money you'll get I'll gladly let you have."

Tom looked him in the eyes, his face embarrassed and a little shameful.

"What a rotten devil I've been to you, Sam, old man. It's been my damned pride over this place. From now on, though, if you'll let us, we're friends. Eh, Rufe?"

The old men, with eyes a little moist, gripped hands, while Rufe suddenly put an emotional arm over each of their shoulders.

"Yes, Dad," he said.

And so the lovers, David and Ruth, returned to find Sam Glaum happy once more, his one "unworthy" act justified. The remains of the quarrel were buried deep in the fire's sole relic—the ash-bin.

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It Spans the World

August in Oxford

Continued from page 106



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We were delighted with the little church at Ferry Hinksey. It is a very good example of the transition period between the Norman style and the more delicate Early English. The low side-window made us think vividly and sympathetically of those times when it was necessary to make such provision for the lepers who were evidently more or less at large in every community.

From Ferry Hinksey we went to Besselsleigh.

*"Over hill, over dale, through bush,
through briar"*

we went. There were partridges and pheasants in the woods, and the hedges were fragrant with ripe blackberries which were being appreciated both by birds and by human kind. In France blackberries are far more abundant and luscious than in England. But human beings there seem impervious to their charms. In England blackberry time is a happy time when duty and pleasure combine to call as many people as possible into the sweet wilds. Every now and then we met children or women with pails full of the delicious fruit. No long faces did we see, nor contentious voices did we hear.

Besselsleigh is an old-world village surrounded by beech-woods. The inn has an Elizabethan aspect that we found truly alluring, but we hastened on to find a church. It seemed a long way off, and we began to wonder if we had taken the right road, more especially as the tower that we kept expecting to see never appeared. After all it is not every church that has a spire. Instead of a tower, this has a double-bell gable, a style one frequently sees in this region. The church has a Norman foundation with an early English superstructure. It has not been restored, and one finds inside all that quaint paraphernalia, including high-box pews, belonging to eighteenth century worship.

dark-red antirrhinums that had grown up some eight feet high.

From our capable little guide-book we learned several interesting things about Eynsham, among them that it had been a Saxon town of importance, and that there had been a very consequential Benedictine monastery there of which there is no longer a trace remaining. We should like to visit Eynsham again and walk back through Cassington and Yarnton.

We did go to Yarnton one day, not starting out until after tea. We found it a fascinating place. But as we had gone a very round-about way, and as night was coming on, we had little time to linger over its charms. I have a haunting memory of a particularly picturesque church-yard, of some beautiful old glass, and of a wonderful reredos. But it was really too dark to see much inside.

Our walks took us through Abingdon, perhaps the most important of all the places we visited, Beckley, Binsley, Blenheim, Elsfeld, Forest Hill, Kidlington, Stanton St. John, Swinford, Wood Eaton and Woodstock. There were many other places we should have liked to visit, but we couldn't go on long pedestrian excursions every day. We are both looking forward to doing some more tramps in that region.

Not only from the point of health and pleasure were these walks worth while, but also the study of the architecture of the various country churches was most engrossing. And many points of history and biography were made more vivid. One only needs enthusiasm for that sort of thing and a good guide-book and an enjoyable holiday is assured. Or one may even dispense with the guidebook. It is more thrilling to search out for one's self the answers to the questions one's curiosity suggests.

One morning Mrs. Thurber proposed our going to the market to look for greengages and apples. Oxford is a really important market town. The pens were full of sheep, cows, calves and pigs; and the stalls were well laden with fruits and vegetables. The droves of animals coming and going on market days represent a bond uniting this classic town with the material realities of rural life.

One rainy morning as a herd came through Broad Street so replete with academic dignity, a cow rounding a corner into the Cornmarket, walked deliberately into a tea-shop. It must have been a matter of ordinary occurrence, for no one seemed much concerned or even amused. When the man who was driving came to the corner where his colleague was stationed to head off the animals the latter remarked casually: "Oh, by the way, one of the cows stepped into that tea-shop. It was reluctantly that she was persuaded to step out again, backwards.

Of course we explored about among the colleges. It was interesting and inspiring to look in on the old tapestry at Exeter, to wander through the varied architecture of Christ's Church, to follow the Addison Walk at Magdalen, to have a peep at the beautiful Shelley memorial at University College, to study the magnificent reredos at All Souls, or to loiter along the ancient wall of New College, which was also the old town wall. But that August was a month in which we specialized in country walks. And were I to write about the colleges I should like to describe an Autumn sojourn when the narrow streets are all vibrant with academic life. Or I might write of the spring-time, when the college-world lives on the river.

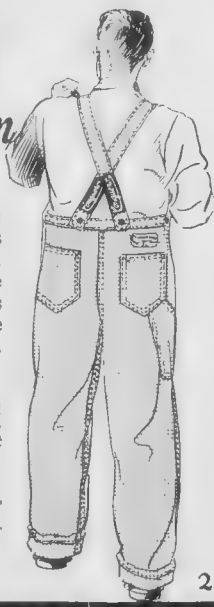
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A Perfect Lady

Continued from page 9

Robert did not get home again until 1920; he was so important to the Government, it seemed, that he was one of the last dollar-a-year men to be demobilized. He found his law practice, in his own phrase, "all shot to pieces," and he had to buckle down to hard work to build it up again. Naturally, he could not be expected to think of marriage under conditions of that kind, but he still seemed to admire Sally as much as ever.

He called on her regularly twice a week, just as he had done before he went away, and he constantly told her what a relief it was to see a real lady again, after those terrible war-workers in Washington. And to such dances as were attended by the married set, he always escorted her. Sally's contemporaries were practically all married now, so the married set dances were the only ones to which she was invited. Her dancing partners were the husbands of her girlhood friends, and they usually talked to her about the low state of business or about their children.

She seldom saw James Baird at any of the parties, and when she did he made no effort to approach her. James was asked to all the younger-set parties. He had come back from France handsomer and more unprosperous than ever, with a new recklessness and an interesting wound which made one arm a bit stiff but did not interfere with any of his activities. And the new flapper generation simply adored him.

Even Robert had been forced to make certain concessions to the increasing wickedness of an incorrigible world. He could no longer insist on ankle-length skirts for Sally. But she wore them eight inches from the ground. She did not bob her hair. She did not smoke. She did not vote. She danced only a very discreet one-step and—when the orchestra could be induced to play one—a waltz.

IT WAS at this period of her life that the astounding flappers who had sprung out of the nothingness into the very-much-here invented the nickname for her of "The Perfect Lady." And so in the strange reversal of the generation the title which had been an accolade was become a reproach.

Although she was so pathetically unfashionable as she drove about town in her electric brougham, Sally was still pretty. It was a futile sort of prettiness, like the prettiness of sweet rhyme that beats in a poet's brain but never gets itself written down on paper. Her life was so patently un-lived. There was a certain cold-storage suggestion about her freshness.

In August, 1924, her thirtieth birthday sprang upon her. She was shocked, panicky. Thirty years old! And Robert—she wondered bleakly if Robert would ever really ask her to marry him. But Robert brought her a beautiful set of Stevenson for a birthday gift and some delicate pink roses. And she forgot her panic and things went on much as before, except that in the back of her mind doubt was putting down its roots.

She was almost thirty-two when the terrible thing actually happened—when Robert for the first time broke the routine of his long courtship. The thing came upon her like the proverbial bolt from the blue. She was just stepping out into the garden to trim her early roses, with her big flower-basket hanging over one arm, when the telephone recalled her with its crude jangle. She hurried back. Perhaps it might be Robert, and he did so hate to be kept waiting.

BUT it was only Miss Effie Meekins, who in spite of the increasing infirmities of age was still the town's champion gossip. The two women chatted for some five minutes about one thing and another; then with a little feline spring Miss Effie darted her question at Sally.

"Are you going to Jessie's dance next Friday night, my dear?" she asked.

"Why, yes, of course," Sally answered absently.

"Well, I just wondered," Miss Effie was saying. "Because you usually go with Robert, and now Robert has invited that young widow who is visiting at the Mayfields."

Miss Effie's announcement hung on the rose-scented air, and Sally herself felt a queer sensation of smothering in the warm perfume. Meanwhile Miss Effie's thin voice came over the wire:

"What did you say, my dear?"

Sally managed a laugh.

"I expect you were surprised," she said. "Robert and I have become such creatures of habit. But this time we are breaking it. And really, Miss Effie, I'm awfully busy this morning, and I'll have to ask you to excuse me."

She hung up the receiver. Then for five paralyzed minutes she sat by the telephone-table. At the end of it she said aloud:

"Everyone will know. Miss Effie will tell everyone. I must not let them see that I mind. I must go out, as though nothing had happened."

The sound of her own voice acted as a stimulant. She rose, took off her garden hat, and put aside her basket and shears. She went upstairs and put on her street dress and hat. Then she gave a few casual orders to the servants and got her electric out of the garage. She drove down to the business section of town, ostensibly on banking business.

As she handed a check into the paying-teller's cage, she saw the door of the president's sacred room swing open and in the doorway stood the president himself, with James Baird. The president looked firmly, cold negative, like a bank officer who has just refused a loan. James wore his ironic smile, but Sally saw that his eyes were desperate.

Something that Robert had told her last week clicked into her memory. It was something about mortgages coming due. Robert had been sure that James could not meet the next payment, and then at last Robert would be able to gather in the ancestral place at rock-bottom price. It had taken a long time, Robert had said, but if you knew how to play safe, you could always get what you wanted in the end.

Evidently this was the end. Evidently James had failed to get a loan from the bank; consequently he would fail to make his payments, and Robert would gather in the lovely old Baird property. That was the meaning of the desperate look in James's dark, reckless eyes. Robert would take his home from him just as—just as Robert had taken her youth from her. Playing safe! The cold rage which had possessed her during the last hour suddenly burst into flame.

SHE snatched the bills which the paying-teller was passing to her, turned and fairly ran out of the bank after James Baird.

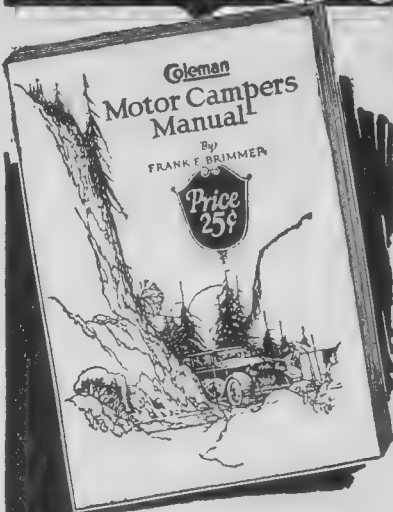
"Won't you let me drive you wherever you are going?" she asked. Her voice was breathless, but her gray eyes were steady.

James looked at her.

"Thank you, no," he said. It was quite evident that he wished no courtesies, however small, from her.

Continued on page 112

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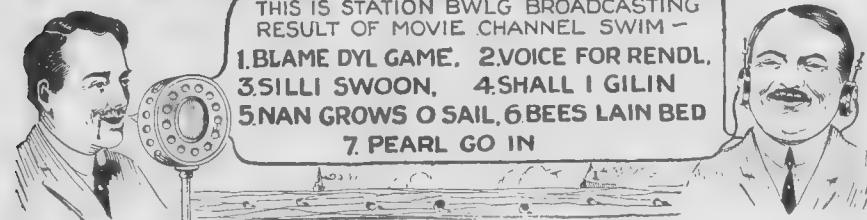
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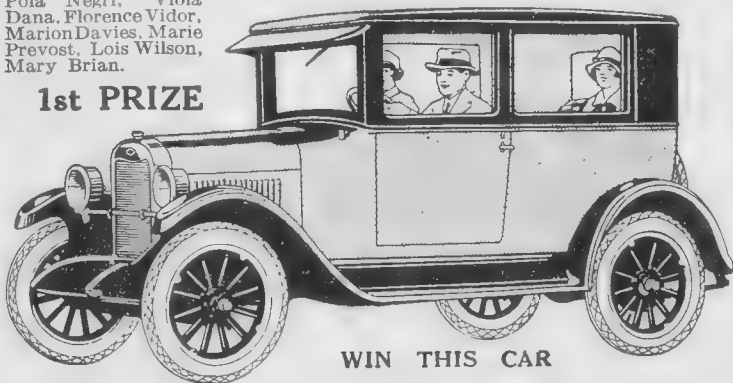
In announcing the results of the famous Movie Channel Swim Race, the Radio announcer deliberately jumbled up the names of the famous movie stars participating. For instance he gave No. 5 as Nan Grows O Sail instead of Gloria Swanson. He offered big prizes to those who could correctly name the first 7 to finish. Their pictures are shown here. Can you name them? If you can, send them in to compete for the big prizes.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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A Perfect Lady

Continued from page 111

"I wish you would. I have something to ask you—a favor."

"Well, in that case," he said. "But I am afraid it will take you considerably out of your way because I am going—home."

"That will suit me better," Sally told him. What I have to ask is pretty difficult. I will be glad to have plenty of time.

Driving very carefully, she kept her eyes straight to the front, and so James could see only her profile, clear-cut but non-committal.

"First," she said, "I'll have to tell you about Robert and me. I suppose you've thought all these years that Robert and I were engaged. Well, we haven't been. Robert has never really—well, he's never asked me straight out to marry him."

She paused, apparently expecting some expression from James, but he only said dryly:

"I see."

"It has been a little awkward for me," she went on. "People naturally expect us to get married. I mean, Robert has been attentive to me for such a long time. Of course there's nothing binding in that. Robert's perfectly free—"

"Yes. Robert would always be within his legal rights," the man assented.

"Oh, but there's no question of legal rights!" Sally was horrified. "Surely, you don't think I'm talking about breach of promise or anything vulgar like that?"

James looked darkly amused.

"Surely not," he assented. "You're far too much of a lady."

Sally gave a small, relieved sigh.

"Have you seen this widow who is visiting at the Mayfields'?" she asked.

"Yes. Quite an eyeful," James laconically remarked.

"Well, Robert has asked her to go with him to Jessie's dance next Friday," Sally said. "Miss Effie Mekins told me over the phone. You see the position it puts me in, don't you?"

"Oh, quite," he answered.

SALLY took a long breath and plunged. "I want you to take me to this dance. I know that generally you go stag, so it isn't likely to interfere with any engagement. And I shouldn't expect anything of you except just to take me and dance once or twice with me and bring me home again. Of course I'm going to pay for it. I think there's something that you need just as badly as I need this. Robert has told me about the mortgage coming due on your property."

"Oh, so Robert has told you that?" he asked.

"Yes. And they turned you down on a loan at the bank, too, didn't they?"

"Yes, they turned me down," he agreed.

"Well, I'll meet the payment for you. I'll lend you the money and you can make the terms about interest and all that," she said.

He whistled.

"Do you know what the mortgage is? Do you know what this next payment will be?" he inquired.

"No, I don't."

"Well, on the first of next month I have to raise five thousand dollars."

"I can manage. I can arrange that," Sally said.

"It's a stiff price to pay for two or three dances and an escort," James suggested. I fancy you could get a better bargain."

"It's not too high a price to pay for one's pride," she answered.

"But it's not quite high enough, gen-

erous as it is, to meet my price," the man said, slowly.

"Not high enough—" she faltered.

"No, not high enough. If I take you to this dance it will cost you more than the loan of five thousand dollars on easy terms. It will cost you some of the pride you are trying to save."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just this: 'You have made yourself into the kind of woman Robert likes—or says he likes. For years and years you've done just what he told you to do. You've been Robert's picture of Sally Pendleton. Well, now you've got to be my picture of Sally Pendleton.'"

Sally's voice was frightened.

"Just what is your ideal?" she asked.

"My ideal is a real woman instead of a perfect lady," he told her.

Across the years there possibly came to her some faint echo of Uncle Peyton's mockery: "God made women, but ladies were made by man." And instinctively she retreated as she had retreated in her childhood.

"Oh, but I can't do the sort of things you probably like," she protested.

James shrugged his shoulders.

"As you prefer. That leaves us where we started," he said. But before you definitely decide, ask yourself a question, Sally Pendleton. All your life you've been busy living up to somebody's ideal of a lady, and where has it got you? You have never been a real person, you have never done a brave thing, until today. Today you swallowed your pride to bargain with me to escort you to a party, when every word you said to me has stuck in your throat. Today you threw aside modesty and insincerity and you did a brave thing, even though a very foolish one. And for the first time in your life I respect you. But now you're afraid to go through with it. You are afraid of other people's opinions, and there is no lower cowardice than that."

For a minute after he had finished Sally found it impossible to speak, then she said: "I'll meet your price."

On the following day Sally went up to the State capital. This move was made under James' advice, and James himself saw her off on the train, an event which met the notice of certain depot-loungers and was swiftly known throughout the community. And everyone wondered just what Sally might be up to.

It was the first time in her well-conducted life that she had inspired so interesting an emotion as wonder.

Her going away without saying good-bye amazed Robert, but he was just a trifle relieved too, because he was saved from any embarrassing explanations about the widow.

On the night of Jessie's dance Robert's early arrival with the pretty visitor caused a little stir. She was so different, so very different from Sally. She wore a daringly-cut dress of pale yellow and long amber ear-drops, and she had applied a great deal of lipstick. There was something feline about her sinuous grace. Robert could not keep her to himself and she was besieged for dances.

But the interest in Robert and the pretty visiting lady was nothing to the stir of Sally's late arrival with James. At first people did not know her. Then a gasp went around the room:

"Why, it's Sally Pendleton! But it can't— But it is!"

From her glossy black hair, cut short and swirled about her small head, to the bottom spangle on her brief chiffon skirt, she was a brand-new Sally Pendleton. The newness of her was apparent in the very rhythm and ease of

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The Dispersal of Seeds

Continued from page 48

seeds. When these are ripe the ribs suddenly separate except at the tip, which is instantly and violently drawn up to the base by the outward-bending of the ribs. The rapidity and violence of the action scatter the seeds contents in all directions. I have seen children walking down a garden path bordered with these plants, start them bursting all the way along. The pods of beans and peas when perfectly ripe suddenly split and then twist spirally.

The pods of some tropical plants explode very violently, scattering the seeds with such force that they sometimes inflict painful wounds. The sand-box tree (Hura crepitans), of the West Indies, does this and the sharp detonation of the bursting pods has given rise to the name "monkeys' dinner-bell." A familiar but very small plant, the Herb Robert (Geranium Robertianum) is able to throw its seeds well over twenty feet. Considering its frailty and the apparent feebleness of the means employed this seems little short of marvellous.

The few instances given here by no means exhaust the wonderful ways in which plants endeavour to secure the successful growth of the next generation. Some bury their seeds, others produce seeds which bury themselves or, as with the parasitic mistletoe, attach themselves to the bark of trees, but all seem to show evidence of a desire for the continuation of the species and suggest the working of a universal plan which will not be denied.

STUDYING the various methods of dissemination one cannot fail to be impressed by their obvious uncertainty and in this lies the answer to the query as to the reason for the vast numbers of seeds produced by so many plants. For instance, the foxglove stem had ninety-seven pods, each containing from three hundred to four hundred tiny seeds. Taking the number as three hundred and fifty, and supposing each pod to contain the same, we get a total of thirty-three thousand, nine hundred and fifty. Nearly thirty-four thousand seeds from one small plant.

Some trees are well-known to produce prodigious quantities and dandelions and thistles yield great numbers. From this, I think, we may safely say that not one in a thousand grows, perhaps one in a million would be nearer the mark. The reason for this lies partly, indeed largely, in their uncertain dispersal. Some, no doubt, fall upon poor soil or in unsuitable places and others, wind-borne, are carried into rivers and seas. Vast quantities too, are consumed by creatures not tempted by pulpy coverings, to whom at certain seasons, these form the principal article of diet.

"Nature is never more magnificent than in her waste," said Kingsley and the seed-production of plants seems to be a forcible illustration of this. Perhaps, though, we should be thankful that only a minute proportion lives. Otherwise—who knows? The earth might be given up to the harder forms of vegetation and human existence be impossible.

Individuality

"His individuality consisted in having none." In these striking words, J. M. Barrie points out with unerring accuracy the vital flow in a youthful character otherwise gifted and attractive. "Tommy," he says, "was never the same Tommy two days in succession. He was always what others wanted him to be or what he fancied they would like him to be."

We wonder if this is not a characteristic which might, with justice, be attributed to others, also. To be what others want us to be, to trim our sails to catch whatever wind of popularity may chance to blow—how great the temptation is to all of us! "For nonconformity the world stings you with its displeasure," writes Emerson. Yet after all, is it not better to incur the world's displeasure than that of your conscience and your God? He who loses his individuality loses something distinctive and invaluable that he can never regain.

Patience, the gentlest of virtues, is not easily won, but those who gain it shall find that with it have come strength, courage, wisdom, and persistence.

The Heart of Alix

Continued from page 84

Before the rhododendron shrubbery was reached a turning branched off to the left. And here the plain-clothes man came to a halt.

"It's along 'ere," said Smith. "I was up this walk, takin' a bit of a nose round, when you arrived, sir. That's 'ow I didn't 'ear you come in. Them tiles, there, them's what I wanted to show you. . . ."

THEY had walked down the turning together. On the left of the path, a bare yard from the stone seat, three of the tiles were snapped off short. Two lay on the ground beside the path, apparently just as they had been broken off. The third was some distance away, the concave side outward, as though it had turned over on itself.

Mr. Manderton flung away his bag and dropped on one knee.

"The glass!" the inspector's fingers snapped impatiently.

Smith opened the bag and handed him the lens. Manderton stooped over the tiles. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation.

"We've beaten the rain this time," he said. "Look at that, will you?"

He held out to his aide the third tile, the one that had lain farthest away.

On its convex side—that is to say, the side which, when the tile was in position, had been turned to the path, sheltered from the wet—was a sticky brown stain.

To be continued next month.

If you would rather read this serial all at once hold the issues until the story is complete.

The Pensioner

Continued from page 7

was saying; "It's all right, little lady!" There! There! Now, don't be afraid of me. You've had a mighty hard time of it."

"Archie!" she whispered, "Archie?"

"Oh, that old pirate will pull through; but you didn't get him here any too soon. I had to kick hell, pardon me, out of a couple of my brutes to keep 'em off old Arctic. Darn his old heart, anyway! He dropped in his tracks about the same time you did. Never had my hands so full before. Brought all three of you into the cabin, did what I could for Evans, then began on you."

Arctic limped across the room and placed his shaggy head in her lap, while she had a good cry over it. Grady found it convenient to cough at that moment; then he continued: "I knew the old fellow had pulled you through. He's too old to work like that, but he's not too old to enjoy a pension. Evans ought to have killed me that time. Tomorrow I'll hook up my dogs and get your things. Might as well make your home here a couple of weeks until Evans gets well. It gets blame lonesome, and—" Grady managed to blush on that portion of his face not covered by his beard—"I've got a wife of my own coming up on the next boat; hope she don't have to face what you did; but if she does, then I'll pray that there's a toothless old Malemute lead-dog around handy."

When Evans opened his eyes, he was brought to understand what had happened by a strong handclasp and a few broken words from the bearded man and the cry of happiness from the brave little wife who had stood the test.

The pensioner paused in his eating. "Humans are a queer lot," he observed sagely, then resumed his meal—a mixture of rice and soup, prepared specially by the bearded man for a loyal old Malemute who had lost all his teeth.



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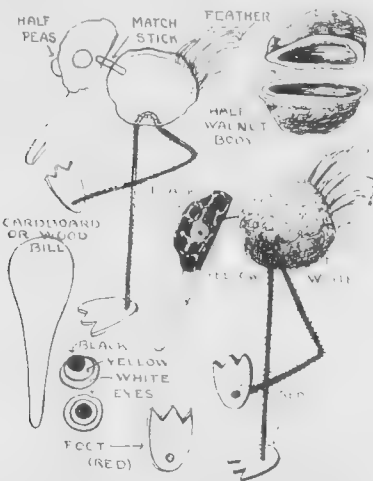
SOMETHING TO MAKE

A Wise Old Walnut Bird

THIS clever-looking, wise old bird will make a welcome addition to any dinner table, and as he is very easy to make if you follow the pictures shown here, you may have him join you no matter where you live.

The materials you require are: Two walnuts, one pipe cleaner, some cardboard, a little red, yellow and white paint, some dried peas, a match or a toothpick, and glue.

Take two half shells and cover the edges thickly with glue; now before placing them together bend your pipe cleaner, and place it between the shells for the legs, and the toothpick as shown in the picture for the neck, and the feathers for the tail. Now close as closely as you can, and let the glue dry. The long beak is cut out of cardboard as shown and half a walnut shell placed on it and glued to form the head. Paint two halves of a dried pea in rings as shown and glue these on for eyes; attach your feet by making small holes in the cardboard, drawing the pipe cleaner leg through the hole and fastening with a little twist. The bird will stand beautifully and you can twist him into all kinds of queer shapes, and make lots of fun about him. Try him and see.



SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS

Stop! Look! and Listen!

This year as usual we want you to keep a diary. This is a new kind, a "Stop, Look and Listen" Diary and it's Bobby Burke's own invention. It needn't be kept every day but there should be at least four entries in it every month. You begin it on June 1st and keep it until August 25th, then you send it in to Bobby Burke and the prize winner will be announced in the October number.

What do you do? Oh yes—once a week you go out anywhere you like, to the pasture, to the woods, to the river, to the street, to the barnyard. Then you just "Stop, Look and Listen" and go in and write in your diary everything you saw and heard. If you can draw, so much the better. I want to see how much you can observe. How much do you use your wonderful ears, your wonderful eyes? Try and see.

Here is an example—"I stopped, looked and listened in the schoolroom. I heard the teacher's voice, it is a quiet voice and goes up and down pleasantly. Her shoe squeaked when she walked across the floor, a fly buzzed on the window pane, and outside on the road a Ford car with a cough went by. There is a tree outside the north window and a wren has built a nest in a box in the tree. I can see her coming and going, she is feeding her babies."

There will be two prizes for this diary, one for boys and one for girls, and they will both be Brownie cameras, or fountain pens, whichever you choose, so say which you want.

Four entries a week from June 1st to August 25th.

Stop! Look! and Listen!

SOMETHING TO PLAY IN THE SUMMER

One's and Two's

Two players stand out, the remainder form a circle facing inwards, with intervals between them. One of the odd players is the chaser the other the runner. The chaser tries to tag the runner before he can place himself in front of one of the circle. If the runner succeeds in saving

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

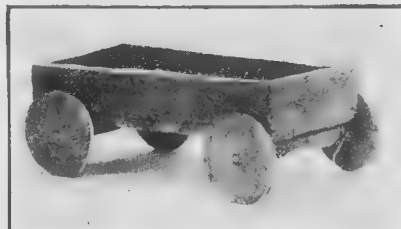
himself in this way, the player in front of whom he stands becomes the runner. If the runner is tagged before he reaches safety he becomes the chaser, and the original chaser starts the game again by placing himself in front of one of the players in the circle.

Black Peter

The players form a line and Black Peter walks up and down in front of them asking, "Who's afraid of Black Peter?" The children answer "I'm not," until suddenly Black Peter says, "Yes, you are!" Then the children try to cross the playground while Black Peter chases them. Anyone caught has to help Black Peter catch the others.

Change

The players form couples and stand in a circle with a small space between the couples. One player stands in the centre and gives directions "Back to back," "Face to face," etc., then suddenly calls "Change!" All the players in the inner circle then have to get a new partner, and the odd player tries to get a place.



Tom Nixon of Grosse Isle wins a gold button for his 1927 model.

Our Prize Winners this Month

Well we got some nice little carts, and I hope that the editor will be able to give you photographs of the two prize winning ones for they are splendid.

Austin Baker of Carnduff, Sask. wins the knife. He has made a splendid cart out of cigar and match boxes, four little tin wheels, and a bit of varnish. He's a smart boy.

Tom Nixon of Grosse Isle wins a gold button for his cart which is a 1927 model with wooden wheels.

The girls were this time not nearly as smart as the boys. The dolls were not as well made as the carts were and that is surprising.

The prize is won by Cleo Palmer, Waldeck, Sask., gold button by Gwen



Keeper of the Zoo

By William Thompson

I am the keeper of the Zoo,
I fear not man nor beast.
And when the creatures growl for food
I furnish them a feast.
The elephant's name, is Jumbo Jim,
The monkey's name is Sam.
The puppy once was very white,
But now he's black and tan.
The kitty is a real Maltese,
She has not any name.

McDougall Symons, 2344 Cornwall St., Regina.

Little Doreen Assmus, (do you remember her picture?) of Swift Current, Sask., wins a gold button for her dolly. She is just four years old.

Erica Mackenzie of Kinistino, Sask., also wins a gold button for a doll with a pillow and comforter.

Wasn't it fun making these things, girls and boys?



Austin Baker, of Carnduff, wins the knife for his stylish little cart

SOMETHING FROM BOBBIE BURKE

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner, In the May mail there were still more Blottems, but I am afraid that the Blottem family has grown too big and we will have to stop them now as we don't want to get tired of them. We must think up some new ideas every month so that there will be plenty of variety.

This is the month when citizen Bird returns and sets up housekeeping in the familiar trees, roofs and fence posts. See that you have a welcome for him, and do what you can to protect him from his enemies, the stalking cat, the small boy who steals birds' eggs, the weasel and the crow.

Have you heard about the great campaign they are beginning in Winnipeg to drive out the mosquito? Watch the newspapers and see what they are doing to get rid of this little pest which spoils our summers. In the Panama Canal Zone, where the mosquitoes carried yellow fever germs and other diseases, the American government started a campaign against them during the building of the great locks and now a mosquito dare not show his ugly face in that district which was once alive with them. Winnipeg, lying as it does in a low place, has its share

of the stinging nuisance, and the men who are successful in getting rid of them will be real heroes to the people of this country.

Now is the time to get after that enemy of cleanliness and health, the house fly. You know the kind of places he likes to breed, manure piles, or heaps of rubbish, dirty places, dirty yards. What can you do to help get rid of this pest? A great deal, can't you? See that garbage tins are kept clean and sweet, burn all rubbish, and use lots of chloride of lime everywhere there is refuse in the summer and you will stop this dirty germ carrier from increasing. Have fly swatters, the wire whisk kind hanging in every room and swat the fly every time you see one. Keep the screen doors mended and shut; don't leave food around uncovered. Do your part and help to make your home and your country cleaner and healthier.

Now that the holiday season is coming it is time to begin to think about our summer competition. You will find full particulars in another place on the page.

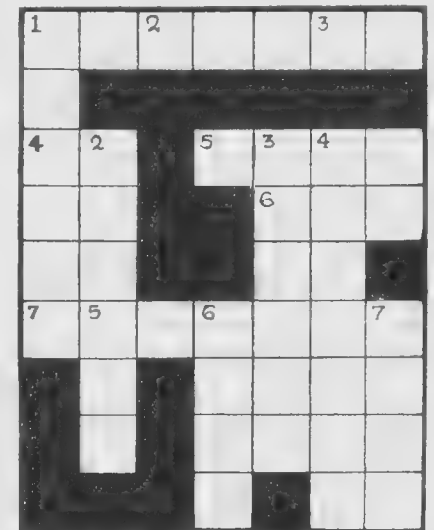
Don't you love the Twinkletoe stories? We have some more for you, and I know you will like them, and the pretty pictures that go with them that are made for the Children's Cosy Corner.

I hope you are learning the poems that come out in the Corner every month. If you are, you will have quite a nice collection one of these days because they are all well worth learning, and you can recite them at school or to your friends and brothers and sisters.

—Bobby Burke.

A Cross Word Puzzle

Dear dear, I'd forgotten there were such things, hadn't you? But here's an ambitious boy, Gordon A. Davis, 511-7th Ave. S., Lethbridge, Alta., who has made a puzzle and offers a prize for the best solution of it. Now that's sporting isn't it? Gordon wants you to fill in the puzzle and send it to him with your name, age and address. His prize is a book for both boys and girls.



Which Loved Her the Best?

"I love you, Mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden-swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said Rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her the best?
Anon.

Don't Praise Yourself to People who
May know the Folks next door to You.

Better than getting ahead of your
enemies is keeping abreast of your friends.

THE CROCUS FAIRIES.

By D. L. Ross.

SPRING was in the air. The prairies were being baked dry in the warm sun, and blown dry by the fresh breezes. The good smell of the chocolate-colored earth arose from one side of the trail, where last year's furrows lay under the sun; on the other side the faintly undulating virgin prairie, covered with the faded grass of other years, stretched to the pale blue April sky-line.

Under one of the stones that dotted the ground a tiny murmuring could be heard as the Crocus Fairy talked to her children. She was not scolding them, for, of course, good fairies never scold. But she had to talk to them seriously, because one of them wanted to get up out of her winter bed too soon. It would never do to let the little thing creep out before spring had really come; for even if the sun were warm and the snow fast disappearing from the hollows, the Frost King was still making his daily trip to the prairies after the sun had gone down.

The littlest Fairy didn't understand this. She was too young to remember last spring very well, and she did not want to take the advice of her older sisters and brothers, and remain in the warm earth bed a little longer.

Then the Mother Fairy thought of a clever plan. By promising the littlest one a reward, she would be able to persuade her to remain with the others.

"If you will wait" said she, "you will see a wonderful sight. You have never seen Human Beings, have you, little one? The prettiest and nicest of the Human Beings are the Children; and if you are a good fairy I promise you that you will see some Children and even hear them talking."

This seemed to settle the matter, and the littlest Fairy was content to wait a while. But she was a persistent little Fairy, and the very next day she began to long once more to peep out and see the blue sky and the sunshine, and to feel the balmy breezes of Saskatchewan blowing.

The Fairy Mother was really very worried about all her children. She dreaded lest the cold touch of the Frost King hurt her flower-like babies. But at last she gave them her consent to peep out several days in advance of the regular time, which Fairies measure by the Flower Calendar. Then the little ones felt glad, for of course, fairies never disobey; and yet they did so long to wander forth again after the long Winter.

WHEN the time came—it happened to be a Sunday morning, and such a lovely sparkling Spring Sunday as it was too!—a wonderful sight surprised the old Earth. Scattered everywhere on it were the daintiest mauve flowers. It seemed as if a magic lake must have been bewitched on to the endless fields overnight, they were so blue. But it really was all due to the Crocus Fairies. Led by the eager baby one, they had crept up with the blossoms, and suddenly, when the cup-like buds opened, there were the Fairies!

At first there were no Human Children to be seen, and the Fairies were a bit disappointed. But they knew that no Mother Fairy would break her word. The trouble was that it was so early in the day. The Human Children were still having their breakfasts.

Before the morning was over the Children did come, and oh how glad they were to see the crocus flowers! They ran about calling to each other in glee as they admired these first Spring blossoms.

"Oh feel these little stems," said the Human Baby, who was too young to remember last Spring very well. "They are all furry!"

Now it was the Fairies' turn to laugh with glee. Their gay laughter tinkled like silver bells, too fine to be heard by human ears. They hadn't any way of letting the Human Children know that this "fur" had been given the crocus flowers to keep them warm for the little Fairies to live in, when they wanted to peep up early in the year.

And if you will look at the crocus stems when the flowers open this Spring, you will find that they still have their soft furry covering to keep the fairies warm.

Mind gives a man the power to do things; character does things.

Who does one useful Thing you cannot do, For that alone deserves Respect from you.

The Pinkity Winkity Stories

By Marion Wathen Fox

Pinkity Winkity Goes Visiting

LATE one afternoon a knock came on the door of Pinkity Winkity's house in the low green valley. She hurried to open it, her mother being out at the stream back of the cottage, washing lamb's wool. There at the door stood an old man looking very tired and dusty.

"Are you Pinkity Winkity?" he asked.

"I am, Sir," answered Pinkity Winkity. "But won't you come in and rest, you look very tired?"

"Indeed I am, Pinkity Winkity, for I've walked clean from the far side of the valley. But tell me, have you a doll that can blow its nose?"

"I have indeed, Sir."

this old man—then a fine looking young man, had been "Joel" the coachman, who had many times given herself—then but a child, a fine ride on the seat, there by his side, in the grand coach.

So this made a very different matter of lending the doll to poor little Bright Eyes. And then Pinkity Winkity had just the loveliest idea;

"Oh, mother, lend me to little Bright Eyes along with the doll," she said. "It would be such company for her to have another little girl! And I know I can cheer her up. I'll take care of the doll myself on the journey."

"Bless your kind little heart!" said the old man. "That would please Bright



So next morning bright and early they started.

"Well, I've come to see if you'd lend that doll for a few days to my little grandchild, who lies lame in bed all the time—not able to walk or play like other children. A peddler travelling through these parts brought us news of the doll, and ever since, my little 'Bright Eyes' has had a great desire to see it. You see the two of us live all alone, and there are no other children in our part of the valley, so, little Bright Eyes is often very lonesome."

"Poor little Bright Eyes! I'm so sorry she's lame," and as Pinkity Winkity said it, her eyes were full of tears. "But

Eyes more than the doll. It would be the loveliest thing that has happened to her this many a day. But, alas, I fear it cannot be—you could never walk all those miles across the low green valley. I have neither horse nor donkey, having sold them long ago to pay the doctors who came to see Bright Eyes—and indeed none of them had it in their power to cure her."

Now, Pinkity Winkity had two brothers—Henry and Joseph, boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age, who, ever since their father's death four years before, had minded the sheep. That night when



"Oh—will it really blow its nose?"

—oh, I couldn't part with my doll, for the fairies gave it to me! And it's my dearest possession. It might get—lost going so far. But wait, and I'll bring mother."

In a few minutes the old man heard Pinkity Winkity and her mother talking on their way from the stream, and the mother was saying—

"Certainly not, Pinkity Winkity—lend your wonderful doll to a perfect stranger to carry away off to the other side of the valley? Who ever heard of such a thing! Maybe it's all a made up story and there's no such a person as Bright Eyes."

But, when Pinkity's mother saw the old man—why, he wasn't a stranger at all, but a man she had known years before, when she lived in the big outside world, far from the low green valley. It had been in a castle where great people lived called a Grand Duke and a Grand Duchess—her own mother had been waiting maid to the Grand Duchess, and

they came home from work and heard the old man's story, they said:

"Certainly, Pinkity Winkity must go to visit Bright Eyes and take the doll along. We'll spare her. 'Plucky' (one of their big sheep dogs), he'll travel fine hitched to the little red cart we made for Pinkity Winkity—and will make a splendid horse to haul her across the valley. Only you must take him out of the harness every now and then and rest him for ten or fifteen minutes, and Pinkity Winkity will need the change too."

So, next morning bright and early, they started, and to Pinkity Winkity, crossing the low green valley was like crossing the world. Many interesting things happened them on the way but at last, safe and sound, they reached their journey's end. And when little Bright Eyes saw Pinkity Winkity with the doll that could blow its nose in her arms she laughed till she cried; she clapped her hands; she kissed Pinkity Winkity over and over again.

"It's the first time she has laughed like that for many a day," explained her grandfather.

"You see it's the pain in my back, Pinkity Winkity," sighed Bright Eyes, lying there in her little bed. "But I'll forget about it now that I have you, a real little girl to play with—and, oh, the doll! Will it really blow its nose?"

So, right away Pinkity Winkity touched the button under the doll's arm and it gave its little pink nose a big blow. Bright Eyes laughed and laughed. And that night she had the doll in bed with her and when the pain was bad she had it blow its nose, and this made her laugh and not mind the pain so much.

And all the next day Pinkity Winkity and Bright Eyes had a lovely time together. But the second night Pinkity Winkity could not sleep, she was feeling so sad about dear little Bright Eyes having to stay in bed all day long and not being able to run about and play like other children do.

Next morning she talked it over with Bright Eyes' grandfather.

"Oh, dear grandfather Joel, can nothing be done? Can no doctor cure her? Have you tried and tried?" she asked him.

"Dear child, I've tried every doctor in the low green valley and nothing can be done," and the old man wept into his old red and yellow handkerchief, as he said it. "I've spent nearly all my money trying. Only of late there has come to the mountains far beyond the low green valley from nobody knows where, a mysterious dwarf doctor, who, they say, possesses a magic healing touch, and heals nearly all who go to him—even those who have been given up by all other doctors."

"Oh, dear grandfather Joel, we must take her there—we must, we must! I shall help to carry her."

"Tut! Tut, child! There are miles to travel, and streams to cross, and maybe mountains to climb—and how, without horse or donkey, could I take her there! And I have almost no money—and who would tend and milk our two goats while we are gone? And look after our hens? And feed the gray goose? These are what we live by. Alas, I fear it cannot be! And the strange doctor they say will not leave the mountains."

But, in two days after, Pinkity Winkity had found a way, and Bright Eyes was on her way to the doctor with the magic, healing touch, who lived in the mountains. And with her, clasped tightly in her arms, went Pinkity Winkity's doll that could blow its nose. It was to go to the doctor for healing Bright Eyes.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Baby Seed Song

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other:

Hark to the song of the lark—

"Waken" the lark says, "waken and dress you;

Put on your green coats and gay,

Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—

Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,

What kind of a flower will you be?

I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother; Do be a poppy like me.

What! You're a sunflower! How I shall miss you

When you're grown golden and high?

But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you; Little brown brother, good-bye.

—E. Nesbit.

A Letter

Marjorie E. Hilton of Kingston, N.S. would like to have letters from other Cosy Corner readers. Marjorie is twelve years old and sent in a Blottem which came too late. She is in Grade VI at school and has one sister. Marjorie goes in for good outdoor sports, snow-shoeing, skiing and skating.

Elsie and Ruth Thomson of Carruthers, Sask., sent in their Blottem too and funny ones they were, but alas, too late, too late!

Ruth McIntosh of Victoria, B.C. sent us a spring poem which arrived too late for the competition. Too bad Ruth.

There are many reasons why you should do your best; results are all of them.



Home

"THERE is no work in the world more important," said Lady Willingdon, the wife of the Governor-General, in addressing a Domestic Science meeting in Ottawa, "than that which a housewife carries on in efficiently making a home all that a home should be." The human race has many million times the power it had a hundred years ago, power won by harnessing the forces of Nature to do the work which human hands cannot do. We have conveniences our ancestors never dreamed of. Matches were unknown to our great-grandfathers as electric light and radio. We send messages through the air and under the sea, our engines are hitched to the distant power of waterfalls, the night is flooded with light snatched from beyond the ether, things we cannot see can be photographed, sight and speech are magnified, sound is stored, life is lengthened. And what is at the heart of all that man has done? The home—the nest for the mother and child, the centre and source of all that is best in the world.

Men and Women

THE last thirty years have meant more to women's status and opportunities than any five hundred years—it would not be too much to say any hundred years—in the previous history of humanity. Women are taking their rightful place in the world. Men and women, working together in the years to come, are going to achieve for human betterment far more than men alone or women alone could ever possibly achieve. There is a wise saying: Educate a man, and you educate an individual; but educate a woman, and you educate a family. This truth is going to have more meaning than ever in the future.

Flaming Headlines

A VANCOUVER reader of The Monthly writes that when he was in Seattle several weeks ago he noted something which, in his opinion, "calls for philosophic comment." One afternoon the Seattle newspapers proclaimed in headlines of large letters, that a British cruiser was rushing to Nicaragua. A day or two later the British Government announced that the cruiser had been recalled. There were no big headlines for that later piece of news, which appeared in a small and inconspicuous despatch in only one of the Seattle papers. The comment to be made obviously is that the men at the desks in the newspaper offices who wrote the flaming headlines over the despatch which seemed to give reason for expecting the thunder of naval guns off the Nicaraguan coast knew the value of sensational news. Anything indicating the imminence of fighting and bloodshed and destruction is important and undeniably interesting. When the average human being takes as keen an interest in news indicating a peaceable settlement of an international difficulty by the use of reason, and newspapers in every land print such news exultingly, with their largest headlines, the peace of the world will be more secure and civilization will have made a great advance.

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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR

WINNIPEG, MAN.

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An Important Minority of M.P.'s

A MAN who has a first class record as a member of the Dominion House said recently to The Philosopher, speaking from his knowledge of the membership of several Parliaments, that about one-eighth of the M.P.'s, say thirty, are keen students of public problems, real thinkers. "Every party or group has a few," he went on. "They are the men by whom new ideas are brought forward. They are sources of progress. The rest of the members are a jury to pronounce on their ideas, and it's up to them to try to convert the jury." This is a view of Parliament worth considering.

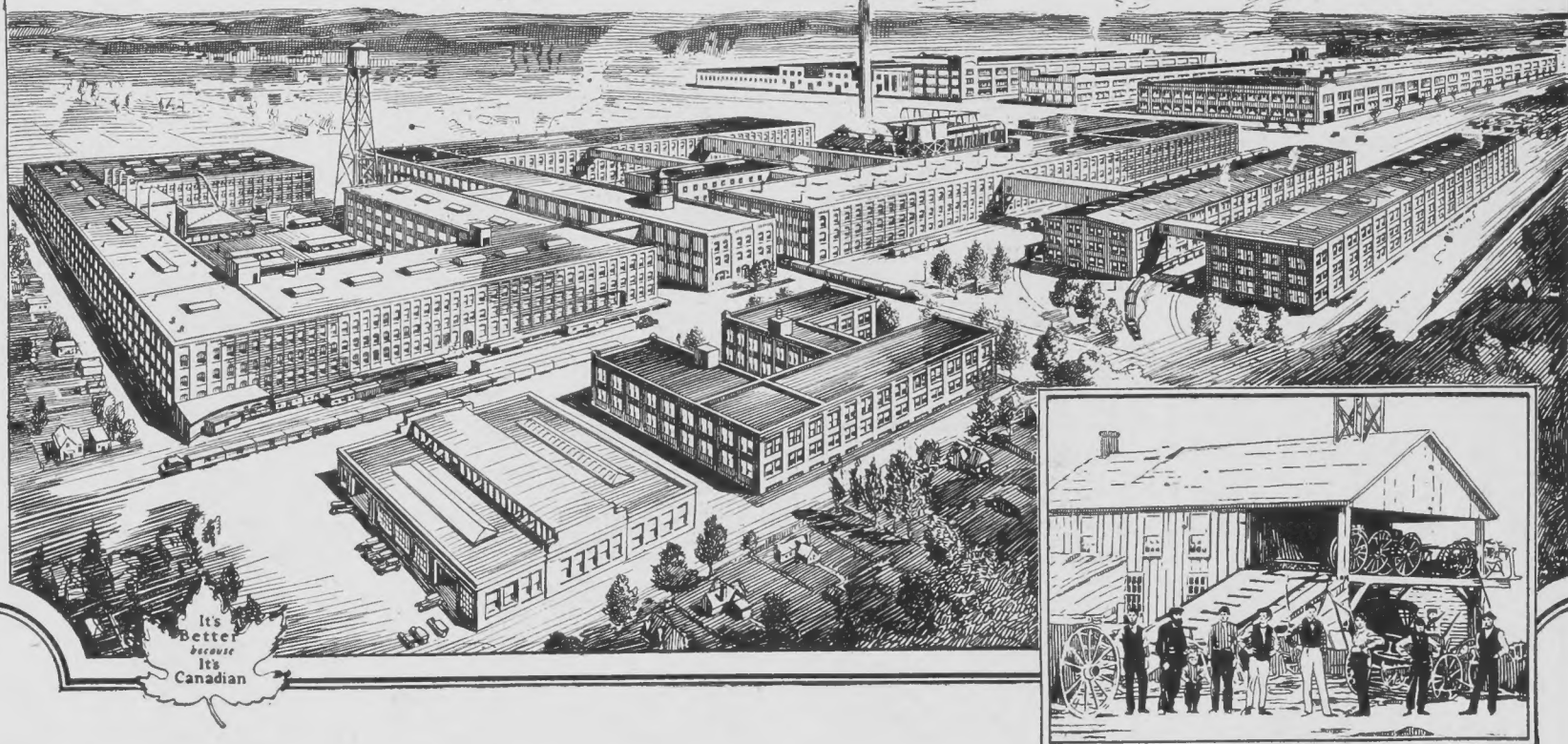
Control of Our Bodies

SOME of the best thinkers of the present time are writing books in which they try to peer into the future farther than human eye can see. The Philosopher has been reading in one of these books that in the future men and women will have greater control over their bodies than now seems possible. There are authorities who tell us that we perform even the commonest actions, such as breathing or standing, inefficiently. And we are constantly being given advice—usually conflicting advice—about the food we should eat and how we should eat it. We read that "efficiency experts" have obtained extraordinary results from careful study of the different bodily movements made by workers in factories, offices and other places where work is done. In some cases, it is stated, a man by being trained to eliminate unnecessary movements and to use only the most direct, efficient and time-saving movements has quadrupled his output. The athletes who break world records have to give careful study to their bodies as machines capable of breaking records. They have to work out ways of using their bodies so as to produce the desired results. It has long been known that the "holy men" in India known as fakirs can control their heart-beats and can even go into prolonged trances in which they seem dead. Though such performances are hardly to be regarded as achievements of the most desirable kind of efficiency, they may be counted among the indications of the control which men and women in the future may acquire over their physical organisms—if we are to believe the writers who tell us that human beings are constantly acquiring greater efficiency, both bodily and mental. On the other hand, there are writers on Eugenics who seem to think that human beings are steadily deteriorating. Let us hope that if we are getting no better, at least we are getting no worse.

This Jubilee Year

WITH the approach of the sixtieth birthday of the Dominion, there is increasing evidence of a quickening of the Canadian spirit. A new interest in the Dominion's possibilities, a new inspiration to make our country's future fully worthy of its past are making themselves felt. There is no power under the sun can hold Canada down. We Canadians have it in our own hands to make Canada great.

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Solve this New Great Mystery 1927 Chevrolet Car \$1200.00 in PRIZES



SOLVE THIS PUZZLE—WIN FIRST PRIZE

PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
Chevrolet Coach

2nd.....	Cash	\$150.00
3rd.....	"	\$60.00
4th.....	"	\$25.00
5th.....	"	\$10.00
6th, 7th,	\$5.00 each	
8th, 9th,	\$5.00 each	
10th, 11th,	\$5.00 each	
12th, 13th,	\$5.00 each	
14th.....	\$5.00	

Can you solve this puzzle? This Great Mystery Message contains four words and is the slogan of a well-known hosiery firm. Each little group of letters represents a word and forms a message of interest to you. For instance, the first jumbled group of letters is WRAEWLLE and when put in its proper order is WEARWELL. If you can solve this fascinating puzzle, you have opened the way to being declared first prize winner. This is not a sales contest for the biggest sales. YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS EQUAL.

WHY THIS CONTEST IS RUN

This is an advertising contest. We want to acquaint you and your friends with the wonderful Wearwell Hosiery made in all the better grades of Pure Silk, Silk and Wool, and Pure Wool, for every member of the family, and sold direct to you from the mill at Money Saving Prices.

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. Write answers in ink on one side of paper only. Put name and address and name of this paper in upper right hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Put anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy or typewritten answer. 2. You must be 15 years or over to enter. Employees of this company or their friends are forbidden to enter. 3. Final awards will be made by a committee of 3 Toronto gentlemen having no connection with the firm. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. Prizes will be awarded by points. 350 points, the maximum, or nearest thereto, will take the first prize. 160 points

will be awarded for the correct solution of the puzzle, 75 points for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation and handwriting of entry, and 115 for fulfilling the conditions of contest.



WIN THIS CAR

IMPORTANT—This Contest closes May 30th, 1927, at 5 p.m.

This ad. may not appear again. Rush your entry today.

Send Your Entry Today

The First Prize Winner can have the Car or Cash Value \$910.00.

Every contestant who solves the Mystery Message correctly and sends their entry promptly will receive an immediate surprise award in addition to any prize they may win. RUSH YOUR ENTRY.

WEARWELL HOSIERY CO., DEPT. A31 TORONTO, Ont.
76 YORK STREET

Mother's Day Memories

By Irene Wilson

IN all parts of the Continent the second Sunday in May is being celebrated as Mother's Day. It is a privilege to meet thus and pay tribute to our Mother, for "She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer, As I knelt beside that old armchair."

When the tempests of life overtake us and we are overcome with troubles and difficulties; when dark clouds overshadow us; when we are weary with cares and responsibilities, something within us echoes this cry—"Take them and give me my childhood again."

As a child, we may not have felt that ours was a particularly happy lot; but in later years as we look over the past, a Mother's love shines like a beacon light across the years; we remember the emptiness of home when she was absent, the longing in our hearts for her when distance separated her, and we appreciate the unbounded happiness of being blessed by a Mother's love, for,

"If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or work, or thought,
It is a Mother's love."

So, we are proud on this Mother's day to wear the carnation, the red if happily she is still living, or the white if she has gone to that echoless shore beyond the great divide. In all hearts that have known a Mother's love there is an altar on which we lay our offering of tender thought and fond memory. At the very earliest age the baby knows the soft crooning voice of the mother—that voice that whispers all through the years, even when the conscience becomes seared and the mind hardened to all the finer impulses and the softening influence of former years. The man with grey hairs and stooping shoulders still holds sacred the memory of mother, and though he has forsaken her teaching, cast aside her religion, imbibed false principles of living, and followed forbidden paths, at times he scorns it all and cries out:

"I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my souls wealth away;
Weary of sewing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep."

A girl seldom grows away from her mother. As her own children grow older and her responsibilities increase, she realizes more and more a mother's cares and anxieties, and she understands much that was puzzling in her younger days, and so the bond between mother and daughter is strengthened. She may become worldly and ambitious for wealth; she may neglect to visit or write a cheering letter; but there are moments when, perhaps she sits alone at the midnight hour, listening for footsteps that come not, her heart murmurs;

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother, my heart calls for you—"

The daughter at school and the boy at College may sneer at the old fashioned opinions and ideals of mother; with the sophism of youth they have imbibed what they consider more advanced ideas and more modern ways of living; but let trouble or sickness come, and the sudden turning to home and mother proves that her voice is still speaking, for "None like a Mother can smooth away pain." The Mother's presence brings solace, and "Slumber's soft calm o'er the heavy lids creep." The mother love has succeeded where medicines have failed, and in his dreams, "Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore," when, as a child he gathered wild flowers to make glad the heart of his Mother.

The second Sunday in May is really just a starting point each year for three hundred and sixty four Mother's days to follow; but as we give over this one day of the year as sacred to Mother, a feeling of sadness comes over us and our heart cries out,

"Mother, dear Mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened your lullaby song."

To the old, to the middle aged, and to the young, thoughts of Mother brings hallowed memories and sacred recollections, and although it may bring heart-aches and regrets, yet we are better able to face the future after having devoted this one day of the year—to the memory of Mother.

Gambling

The gambling spirit is very bad for a nation, because it repudiates the rational basis of acquisition, which is the natural relation of effort to satisfaction. Wealth would not be produced but for the satisfaction of consuming it, and the use of it ought to be the reward for some social service. There is much unjust distribution, but even this is better than mere chance. Property honestly earned is respectable; but property acquired by chance or fraud has no sacredness. . . .

The real seriousness of betting and gambling is realized only when we consider of what mental condition they are symptomatic. An utter lack of intelligent interests, a dreary boredom and discontent, an entire want of conscience about the getting and spending of money—these are the only states of mind that

could drive anyone to the gaming table or the sporting columns of the newspapers. To the man who has found his vocation this gaffly of boredom and monotony is unknown. When the educated man wants to unstring his bow, there are a dozen more interesting employments of his leisure hours waiting for him.

The evil may probably be attacked most successfully from the intellectual rather than from the moral side. This kind goeth not out, save by education and intelligent interests. It is a disease of barbarians, superficially civilized. These are the people who are always in search of excitement, and who plunge into one folly after another to escape the spectre of boredom, which after all they can never escape, because they are bored by their own empty-headedness.—Dean Inge.

Eventide: A Sonnet

"One moment more! One little moment more!"

The children plead, when sun is at its setting,
And they—unmindful of the long day's getting—
Deem the full hours too brief for pleasure's store.

"We are not weary yet; and round the door
Our feet would linger, careless of your fretting,
Until the dusk in its wide gossamer netting
Has shrouded the earth, and brought it to heaven's shore!"

Thus-wise we grown-ups, while life's shadows creep,
Hoping-Death may forget, and leave us playing
Far in the night, 'mid earth's bright-blossomed garden;
While weaker ones ask piteously for pardon,

Unto him clinging, and with weak voice praying:
"I am so tired, dear Nurse! Lull me to sleep!"

—J. M. STUART-YOUNG.